Collier's

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15¢

July 22, 1950

GREAT HEART OF CAT ISLAND

Bill Davidson's Tale of Wonderful Father Jerome

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July 22, 1950

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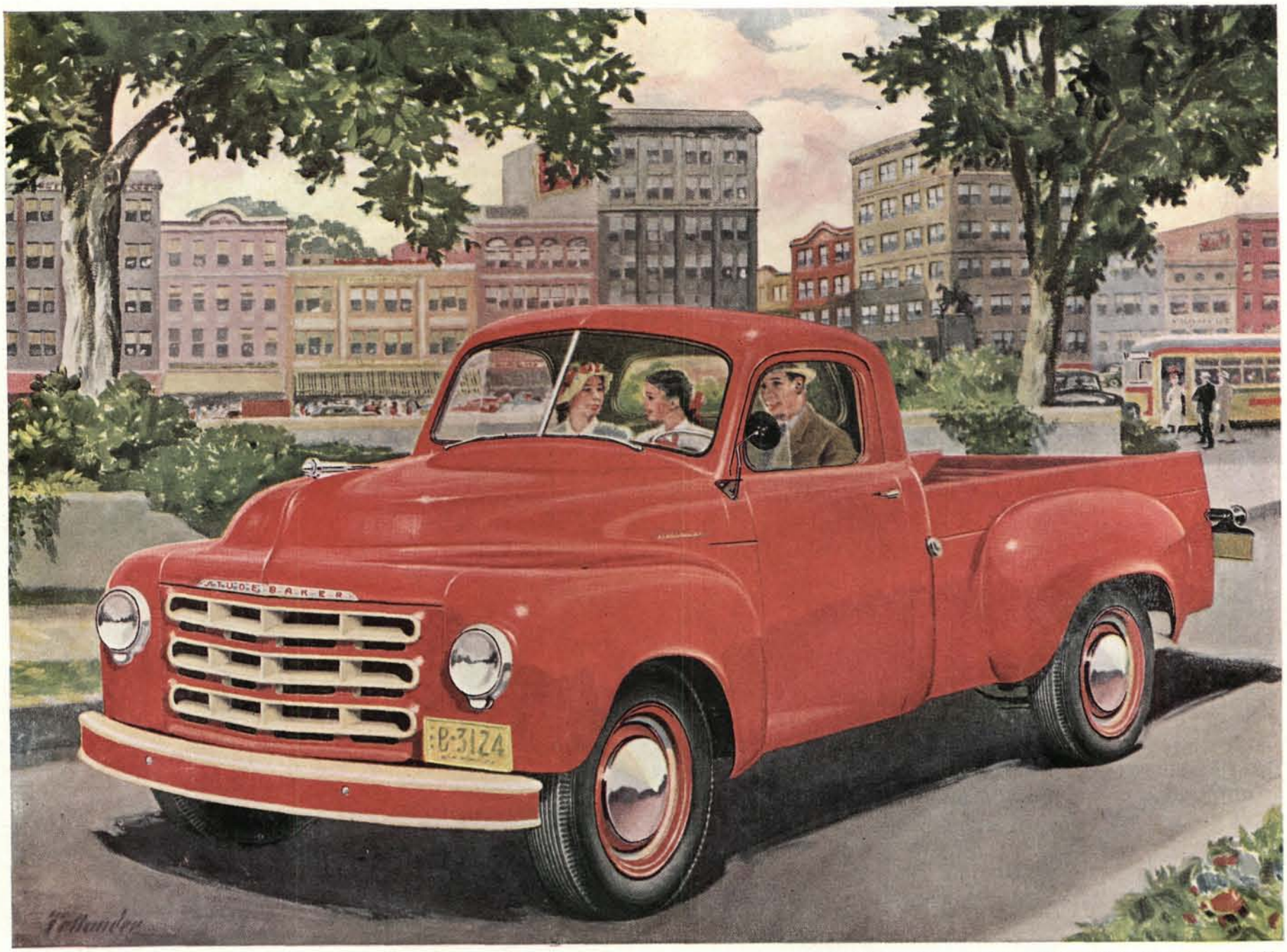

½-ton 6½-foot pick-up—¾-ton and 1-ton 8-foot pick-ups are also available

First trucks with thrifty automatic overdrive!

AGAIN Studebaker has been first to score with a real advance in truck engineering!

A new kind of truck transmission—Studebaker's far-advanced automatic overdrive—is available at moderate extra cost in the beautifully streamlined half ton and three-quarter ton Studebaker trucks.

This Studebaker automatic overdrive transmission starts paying its way right away in extra mileage per gallon—and, what's more, it lengthens engine life. When you're running in overdrive, engine revolutions are reduced about one-third—without affecting road speed!

Automatic overdrive or not, you save substantially on all your hauling costs with any of the rugged, reliable new Studebaker trucks.

You make your selection from a wide range of sizes and wheelbases. A Studebaker Econ-o-miser or Power-Plus engine, exactly right in torque and horsepower, comes through with superb, low-cost performance for you mile after mile. See a nearby Studebaker dealer now!

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS

Noted for low-cost operation

Hefty loads or small, there's a Studebaker truck just right for hundreds of different hauling requirements. Husky, handsome, powerful Studebaker trucks in ½ ton, ¾ ton, 1 ton, 1½ ton and 2 ton models.

Low cab floor—no strenuous climbing! Studebaker cab doors open wide—close securely on tight-gripping rotary latches. Cab steps are fully enclosed. Cab door windows have built-in ventilating wings.

Two foot-regulated floor ventilators let fresh air stream in and circulate freely throughout the cab. Wide cab seat has a restful Adjusto-Air cushion. Windshield and windows have exceptional visibility.

Father-and-son teams and other trustworthy craftsmen build wear-resisting ruggedness into all Studebaker trucks. This is real protection against costly repairs.

© 1950. The Studebaker Corp'n, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

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HE doesn't want that lovely girl he meets at the Beach Club to turn him down on a date.

He doesn't want that charming couple at the hotel to put a black mark on him when they are looking for a fourth for bridge.

He wants people he likes to like him. He wants fun!

So he's tucking a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic into his vacation bag. He calls it part of his passport to popularity. And so it is; because, as you know, Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution against unpleasant breath (halitosis) of non-systemic origin.

Almost instantly it sweetens and freshens the breath, makes it less likely to offend . . . helps keep it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

How About You?

Whenever—and wherever—you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Use it systematically morning and night, and before any date. Carry it in your suitcase or in the glove compartment of your car.

Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic comes in pretty handy as a first-aid for minor cuts and abrasions, and to alleviate the irritation of bites and stings that are part of a vacation.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before any date

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

to help you be at your best

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Guard hair and scalp from **Summer Sun!**

Your hair's handsomer, your scalp feels better, when you give them *extra* protection against drying summer sun. Use Vitalis "Live-Action" care—Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"—to guard hair, invigorate scalp. Get Vitalis today, at any drug counter or barber shop.

Use "LIVE-ACTION" VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

50 SECONDS' massage—*feel the difference* in your scalp. Vitalis stimulates scalp, prevents dryness, routs flaky dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

10 SECONDS' combing—*see the difference* in your hair. Neater, handsomer—set to stay. No "slicked-down" look. Vitalis contains no greasy petrolatum—just pure natural vegetable oil.

● **Many skin specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. The Vitalis workout *stimulates* scalp, prevents dryness.

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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July 22, 1950

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The Cover

This is the second Dave Mink cover depicting the perennial problems of the adult male; and upon receipt of positive proof that this isn't happening in most of the United States today, we'll eat the blue tricycles (and thereby save Pop a rough time). To him and to all harried car packers we commend the advice of the Maine guide who once told us that luggage should first be placed in three piles. The things you'd like to take go into the first; the things you think you'll need go into the second, and the things you know you can't do without go into the third. The first two piles are then left at home and nobody gets the bird cage in his lap.

Week's Mail

Pearl Harbor Memorial

EDITOR: I hasten to commend whoever was responsible for Collier's Memorial Day editorial (June 3d). The picture you show of the warped and rusted deck of the Arizona was the most vivid one both the writer and his family brought back with them following a visit to Honolulu this winter. The writer has felt ever since seeing this that a suitable permanent memorial should be built on top of or perhaps floating over this wreckage. THEODORE CART, Trenton, N. J.

. . . One of the members of our local Kiwanis Club was so impressed with your Memorial Day editorial and its implications that he read it to the club membership. As a result, the club unanimously adopted a resolution endorsing the sentiment expressed in this editorial and the secretary was instructed to advise Collier's of our action. L. M. OLDT, Winter Haven, Fla.

. . . Perhaps we could follow the lead of the ancient Greeks who buried the Spartan warriors at Thermopylae. After well over 2,000 years that mound still reminds the Greeks of today of brave men who are not forgotten. Thermopylae was also a defeat, but the courage some men displayed there is remembered in history. Perhaps we could do the same for Pearl Harbor. If our Congress is too busy building dams and political fences, perhaps the money could be raised by public subscription.

JOHN P. CONLON, Newark, Ohio

. . . A fine idea in your editorial. I have been there and I know what you mean. But say, mister, no Congressional appropriation for the memorial; it should come from the pocketbooks and hearts of at least half a million grateful Americans, not only as a memorial to those who died there in the past but as a monument for the present that we will defend our American way of living at all cost.

I like the idea so well, I will put some of my own money into it, so here is my dollar to start the fund.

PAUL C. PANCAKE, Huntington, W. Va.

. . . WE THOROUGHLY AGREE WITH YOU THAT THE ABSENCE OF A FITTING AND PROPER MEMORIAL TO THE MEN OF THE ARIZONA AND THE OTHERS WHO DIED AT PEARL HARBOR AND HICKAM FIELD IS A SITUATION WHICH SHOULD BE REMEDIED. WE DO NOT HOWEVER AGREE THAT THE NAVY SHOULD ASK CONGRESS FOR FUNDS TO ERECT SUCH A MEMORIAL. WE FIRMLY BELIEVE IN THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF FREE ENTERPRISE AND THE INHERENT DESIRE OF THE AMERICAN INDIVIDUAL TO DO THOSE THINGS WHICH CAN BE DONE VOLUNTARILY WITHOUT AID FROM THE CONGRESS. WE FURTHER BELIEVE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WILL CHEERFULLY AND REVERENTLY PARTICIPATE IN A CAMPAIGN TO RAISE SUFFICIENT FUNDS FOR THE ERECTION OF A MEMORIAL. THIS ORGANIZATION IS WILLING TO DEVOTE

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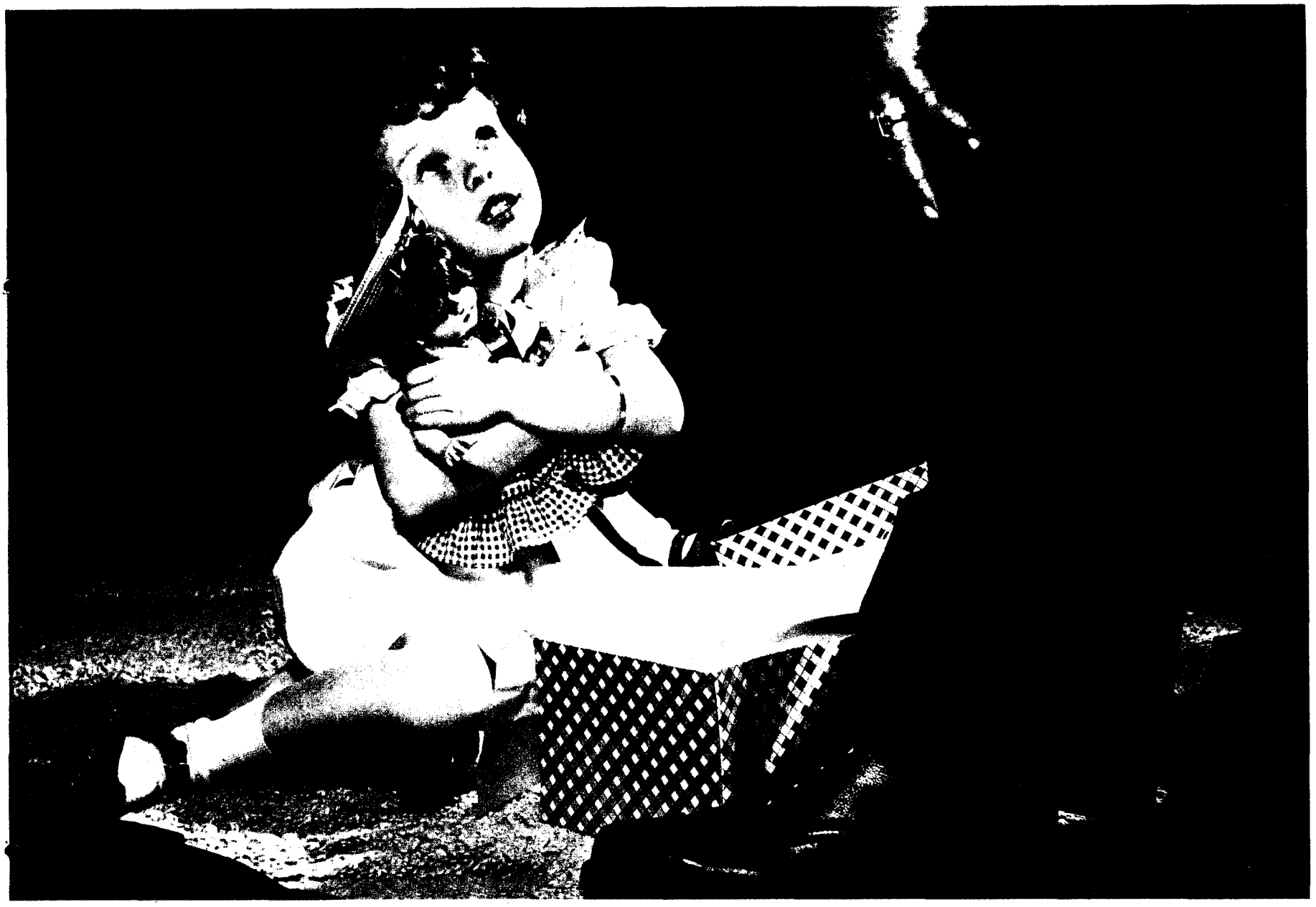

The doll my darling almost didn't get . . .

My little girl looked up at me with her special smile that says "thank you" and "I love you" all at once. She would never know how close she came to not getting a present this trip.

And it came over me again how much I owe to that guy I'll probably never see again—but whom I'll never forget. Here's what he did.

Usually, I'm strictly the salesman. But this trip was an emergency. I was delivering some special replacement parts. A city's water pumping system—*and* my job depended on it. Half way there I had an automobile accident. I was hurt—but I hitched a ride to the nearest town.

Only thing I could think of was to call the State Farm office—I'm insured with them. And am I glad I did! This Frank Simpson*, the State Farm agent there, was a prince! He packed me off to the hospital—told me not to worry. Then he took his car and drove 170 miles to deliver those parts!

A few days later my car and I were both good as new. Maybe you can see why I'm staying with State Farm Mutual for life!

Agents give personal attention

This situation, while admittedly unusual, is based on an actual case. It's another example of the extra benefits policyholders in the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company enjoy. Should you have an accident near your home, generally your claim will be *personally* handled by the man who wrote your automobile insurance in the first place. He, naturally, is *keenly* interested in keeping you a well-pleased customer. In addition, State Farm has 120 field claim offices, strategically located.

Away from home—same service!

Since automobiles were made to travel, State Farm service is geared to travel with the car. Wherever trouble occurs, in the United States or Canada, claim service is available.

Savings benefit policyholders

Efficient, friendly service plus *low cost insurance* is what you get as a State Farm Mutual policyholder. Why? Because State Farm desires to insure only careful drivers—who have fewer losses—keep costs down. State Farm is a mutual company—savings benefit policyholders.

The State Farm agent in your community will be glad to discuss any or all of your insurance problems. If you don't know him yet—simply look up State Farm in your phone book.

Note to new car buyers: *Before* you buy your new car, ask your State Farm agent about convenient low cost financing through a local bank—often substantial savings can be made on both the financing and insurance. And remember, once you have State Farm insurance, you can easily transfer it to your new car.

Do you know? *How small regular savings can build a comfortable retirement income if you start now? Ask your State Farm agent about the guaranteed savings and security program available in the State Farm Life Insurance Company.*

*Frank Simpson is a fictitious name, but his kind, thoughtful service is typical of State Farm agents.

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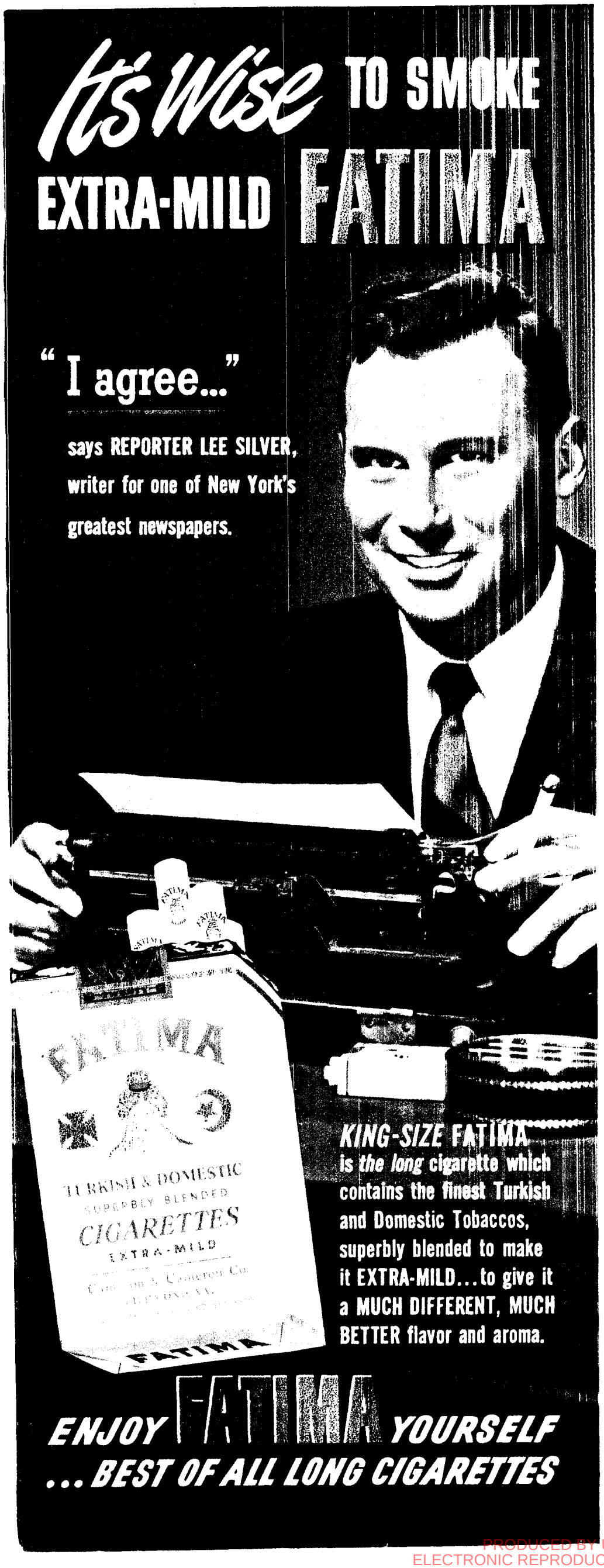
It's Wise TO SMOKE
EXTRA-MILD FATIMA
"I agree..."
says REPORTER LEE SILVER, writer for one of New York's greatest newspapers.
KING-SIZE FATIMA is the long cigarette which contains the finest Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos, superbly blended to make it EXTRA-MILD...to give it a MUCH DIFFERENT, MUCH BETTER flavor and aroma.
FATIMA
TURKISH & DOMESTIC
SUPERBLY BLENDED
CIGARETTES
EXTRA-MILD
ENJOY FATIMA YOURSELF
...BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES

THE TIME AND EFFORT NECESSARY TO ORGANIZE A NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN AND SEE TO IT THAT A PROPER AND FITTING MEMORIAL IS ERECTED.

J. WALKER OWENS, CHARLESTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CHARLESTON, S. C.

To Messrs. Conlon, Pancake, Owens and many other readers who have suggested popular contributions for a Pearl Harbor memorial, or who have sent us money for that purpose, we should like to quote a portion of a letter from Riley Allen, editor of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin:

. . . You will be interested to know that only a few days ago I attended a luncheon at which qualified and authorized officers of the Navy explained their plan for erecting a suitable memorial structure on the deck of the Arizona and of making this battered, memorable hulk more accessible to visitors. This plan has been transmitted to the Navy in Washington and I think will be soon approved. Your editorial, therefore, is very, very much to the point and comes with extraordinary timeliness.

You Like It or You Don't

EDITOR: The Cabell Phillips article, Truman's New Romance: The Businessman (June 3d), was excellent but the editorial insert really pointed it up remarkably. I do feel, however, that you were leaning over backward in trying to show both sides of the question and to be fair. Personally, it seems to me that fair play or sportsmanship in political analysis should cease. The color illustration for the article was wonderful.

GEORGE BOARDMAN, West Hollywood, Cal.

. . . I was shocked at the picture heading Truman's New Romance. I do not see how good taste would allow you to print it.

I didn't vote for Truman. I am no special advocate of his policies. But he was duly elected our President, and as such he is due respect for his office, at least.

H. J. OBERHOLTZER, Bakersfield, Cal.

Disheveled Ad Manager

EDITOR: A quibbling correction re Murray Campbell's first-rate article Wall Street Has a Sense of Humor (June 3d).

Of all the ads in the 1949 Bawl, Campbell singled out only one (ours) and devoted three paragraphs to it. I happen to be the "disheveled executive with a gun in one hand, a small microphone in the other . . ." —but I am the advertising and not the sales manager for Dictaphone Corporation.

Our sales manager has even less hair and could not have looked as disheveled as I.

A. DONALD BRICE, New York, N. Y.

Complaints and Explanation

EDITOR: Congratulations on your article Inside Women's Prison (June 3d) and the same to Virginia Kellogg for her courage in gathering the material. Prisons are a common institution in the United States, and yet it seems odd that most of us know so little about them. Yet it is well known that most of them serve merely to punish, humiliate and degrade.

I was disappointed in the fact that neither Collier's nor the author had the courage to print the names of the offending prisons. The average person is shocked when confronted with such information, but is apt to drop the whole subject when he finds that he can't pin anything down.

The article is too similar to the many which have been written about prisons and mental institutions during the past few years. It seems odd to me that Collier's knows the names, that the author knows the names, that the prison officials know the names, that the prisoners know the names, but that the public must be kept in the dark.

HOWARD A. LOEB, Cheboygan, Mich.

. . . I, along with others who have read Inside Women's Prison, was shocked beyond decent words to think that such a deplorable condition could possibly exist in these United States, and we were likewise shocked to know that the prisons where these terrible things happen cannot be made public.

We think that those who have the positive proof like Miss Kellogg and refuse to name names and places are equally as guilty by concealing these facts from the public.

E. F. GEBHARD, Uniontown, Pa.

Anonymity is not a policy of Collier's. The reason why names and places were omitted from Inside Women's Prison was explained in a box that accompanied the article. Identification would undoubtedly result in reprisals against the officials who made Miss Kellogg's revelations possible. Further, the disclosure of the names and places involved in the article would not cure the situations the article described. The prisons that Miss Kellogg visited are more nearly the rule than the exception. Her discovery that "most state penitentiaries for women are ridden with corruption and political favoritism" presents a deep-rooted problem that Collier's could not solve by naming names.

Poppy Pioneers

EDITOR: In your June 3d issue you showed a cut of a poppy with the slogan, Wear a V.F.W. "Buddy" Poppy Memorial Day. As a service officer in the American Legion for more than 25 years, I want to protest at this discrimination.

The American Legion, the largest ex-servicemen's organization in the country, was the first to establish a nation-wide "Poppy Day" and set the Saturday before Memorial Day each year as that day. Then the V.F.W. established their "Poppy Day" and set it at one week prior to that of the Legion.

While I concede the right of Collier's to publish articles, stories and editorials according to the best judgment of its editors, I assert you have no right to select one organization above the other.

It would have been far better if Collier's had simply shown a poppy and had a caption, Wear a Poppy on Memorial Day.

HERMANN A. WENIGE, Jeffersonville, Ind.

To settle any arguments before they start, the publicity headquarters of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars tell this story of the history of "poppy days."

The American Legion Auxiliary sold silk poppies made by French widows and orphans in 1921. The following year the V.F.W. conducted its first nation-wide sale of poppies, which were also made by women and children of the war-devastated areas, while the Legion offered the first poppies made by American veterans, patients in a Minnesota hospital. The V.F.W.'s present "Buddy" Poppy plan for the making of these artificial flowers in government hospitals was developed in 1924. It was also in 1924 that the Auxiliary took over the handling of the Legion's poppy sales.

Collier's did not intend to slight or discriminate against any accredited veterans' organization.

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Be cool! Be comfortable! Be colorful!

ARROW'S LIGHTWEIGHT "CHAMPS"

FOR a cool, comfortable vacation, pack your bag with Arrow's lightweight champs!

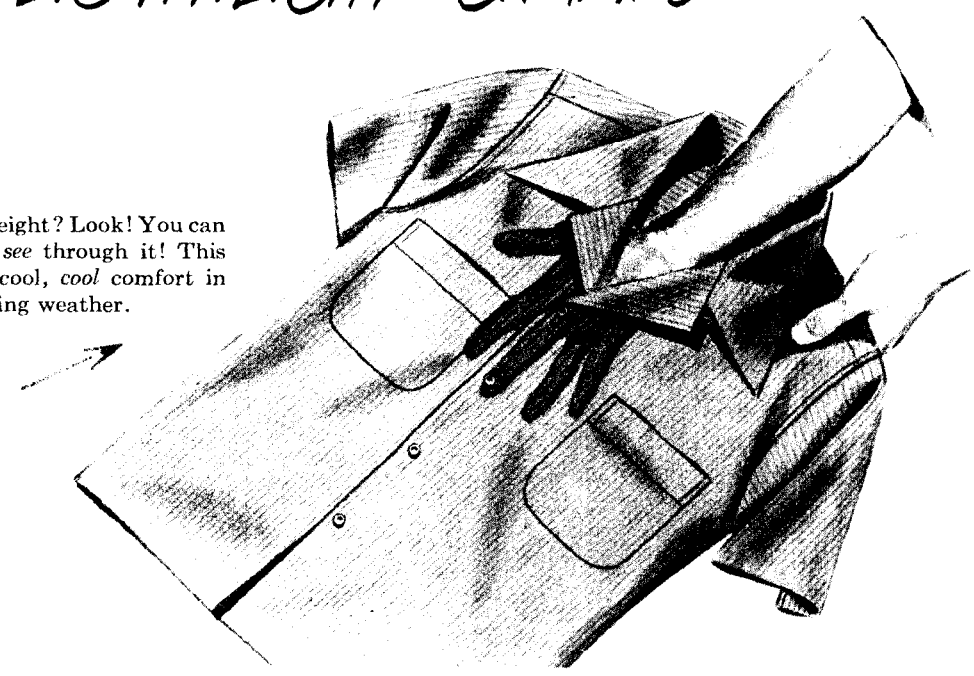
COOL Arrow Shirts—your favorite Arrows in "ventilated" fabrics! The air comes in (and *out*) on the steamiest days. $3.65. The smart, new Arrow tie above, $1.50.

COOL Arrow Sports Shirts—lightweight cotton and rayon fabrics, in a wide range of colors. Short or long sleeves. $3.65 up.

COOL Arrow Sport Knits—just the ticket for sports and beach wear! A wealth of new styles! $1.25—$3.95. And note this: ALL these shirts are WASHABLE! See them!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. Makers of Shirts, Ties, Sports Shirts, Underwear, Handkerchiefs.

Lightweight? Look! You can almost *see* through it! This means cool, *cool* comfort in sweltering weather.



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GIVES HOT ROADS THE
Cold Shoulder!
The NEW
Cooler Running
PENNSYLVANIA
Vacuum Cup Tire
Why let sizzling Summer highways rob your tires of strength and safety?
Change now to stronger, softer-riding Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires and enjoy the extra safety of their exclusive "Cold Shoulder" design . . . a design engineered to beat the heat of Summer motoring. You'll get extra mileage too, from these precision-spaced shoulder vents that make Pennsylvania Tires run cooler . . . last longer! And, for even greater motoring security, Pennsylvania Tires give you 528 deep-set vacuum cups for sure-gripping traction . . . safer stopping!
Buy a set today for safer motoring!
SEE YOUR PENNSYLVANIA DEALER NOW!
PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY
MANSFIELD
PENNSYLVANIA TIRES
OHIO

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

JACK MANNING

The U.S. has six monasteries housing some 620 Trappist monks

The Trappist, the strictest monastic order of the Roman Catholic Church, has six monasteries and some 620 members in the U.S. today. Excluding a few of high rank, these monks are forbidden to do many things such as to speak to one another, to read a newspaper and to listen to a radio. As the order has a special devotion to the Virgin Mary, each man when joining it is required to adopt her name and is known thereafter, for example, as John Mary Smith.

* * * * * * * * *

Probably few prisons take such precautions against escapes as the Illinois state penitentiary at Joliet. To make sure, for example, that no inmate has obtained and is hiding a file, tool or gun, each cell is searched periodically and its mattress is run through a metal-detecting machine. Rows of concrete blocks also prevent the driving of vehicles near either side of the prison wall, as seven convicts once scaled it from the top of a truck and escaped in a car parked outside. And above the recreation yard are strung wires that will wreck any helicopter whose pilot tries to pick up and carry off a prisoner.

* * * * * * * * *

Preserved in the Science Museum in London is the first heavier-than-air machine that was able to fly successfully under its own power, being the model that was made and demonstrated by John Stringfellow in 1848 in Chard, England. It is equipped with a tiny steam engine, weighs nine pounds and has a wingspread of ten feet.

* * * * * * * * *

One of America's cleverest swindlers was Frank Thompson who operated in New York for many years before 1916 when he was betrayed by an accomplice. He fleeced his victims in a "millionaires' gambling club" which he had set up in a mansion and in which he employed actors to pose as members. In a typical case, Thompson lured a small-town banker to his New York apartment and mentioned confidentially that, as he was going to be fired soon as the club's manager, he was about to cheat the house out of $400,000. His plan, he explained, was to take the place of the faro dealer for a few hours and, when the card paying four to one was to be turned up, he would signal a friend to bet $100,000 for him. As expected, the banker begged Thompson to let him put up half the money and place the bet. After consenting Thompson disclosed the signal, named the card, handed over his $50,000 in cash and told the banker to meet him at the club the next night. Although he followed the instructions, the banker lost the fortune as the card that came up was not the one on which he had bet. Convinced he had made a stupid mistake for which Thompson would never forgive him, he departed without a word and took the first train home. Thompson's system was ingenious because it made the sucker a co-conspirator in the attempted swindle.

* * * * * * * * *

Many words, when used in business and law, have a more specific meaning than is found in their definitions in general dictionaries. As illustrations, a horse is not mature legally until it reaches five years of age, a tract of land is not a farm unless it contains three acres, a piece of furniture is not an antique until it is 100 years old, and a fire is not a conflagration unless it spreads over a vast area or destroys a large number of buildings.

* * * * * * * * *

On June 22, 1893, 11 British battleships stationed in the Mediterranean were ordered to prepare for maneuvers by the commander of the fleet, Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, who was aboard H.M.S. Victoria. Then, within 90 minutes, he issued several orders which were so dangerous that they had to be repeated before the captains could believe them. As a result of the last order, one vessel rammed the Victoria which sank in 13 minutes with 358 of its officers and men—and the admiral. Survivors who had talked to Tryon that afternoon stated that he was neither drunk nor insane; what made this famous naval tactician issue the strange commands is still a mystery.

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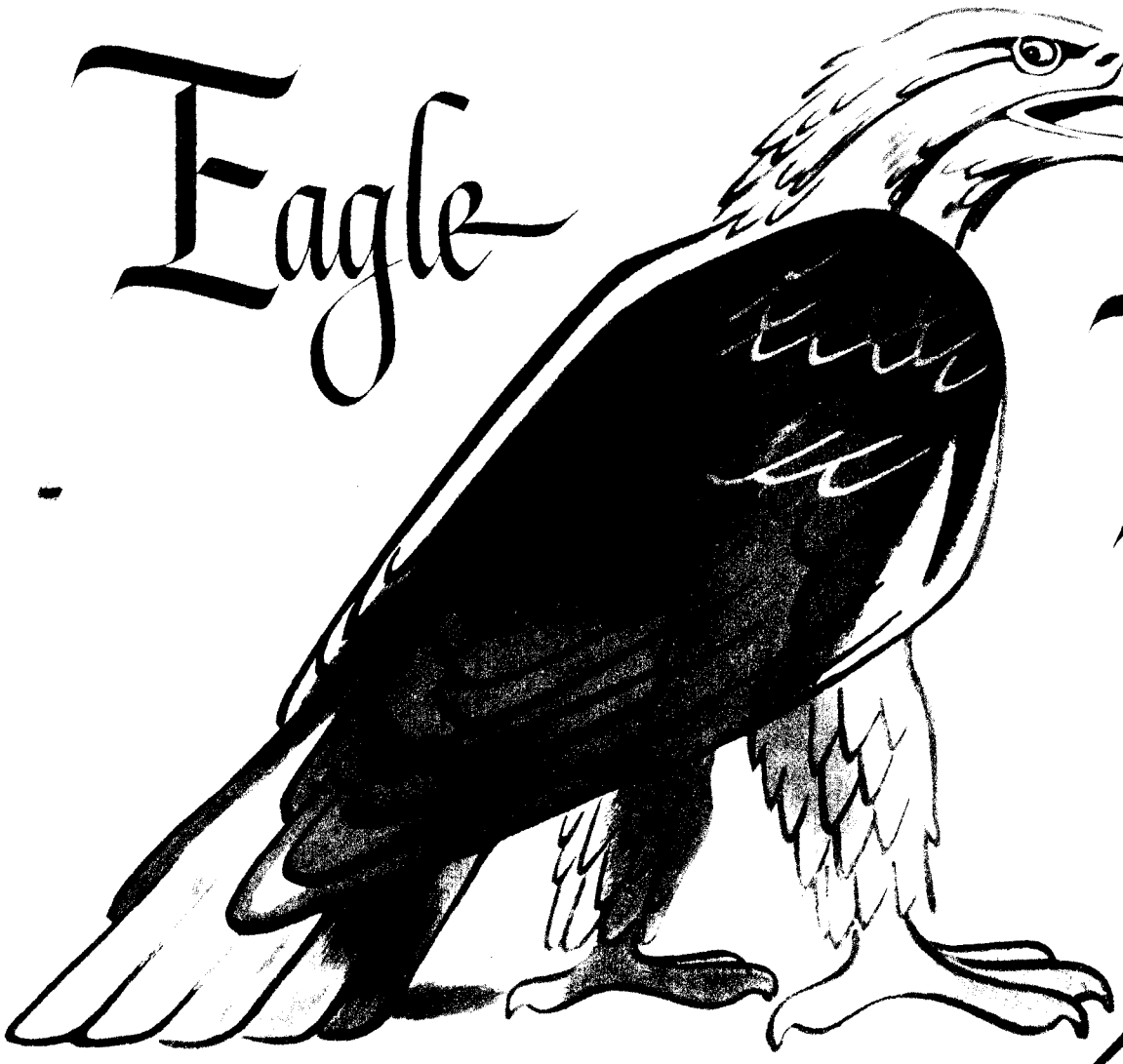
Eagle



Beagle

There's a tremendous difference
between an "**eagle**" and a "**beagle**"

– and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "Ethyl" TRADE-MARK gasoline !

"Ethyl" gasoline is *high octane* gasoline. That's why it brings out the top power of your engine—makes a difference that you can feel on hills, on the open road, and when you need quick power for passing or acceleration.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

ETHYL CORPORATION . . . New York 17, New York

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake . . . ethylene dichloride . . . sodium (metallic) . . . chlorine (liquid) . . . oil soluble dye . . . benzene hexachloride (technical)

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Which is really Linda Darnell?

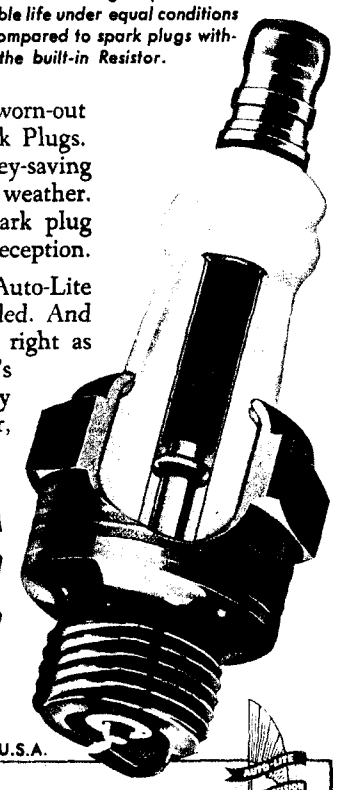
STARRING IN DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S PRODUCTION "No Way Out" A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

(See answer below)

only wide-gap Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs give

SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE DOUBLE LIFE and GREATER GAS SAVINGS

Cut-away view shows the 10,000 ohm Resistor which permits wider initial gap settings and makes these advantages possible. *Double life under equal conditions as compared to spark plugs without the built-in Resistor.*



THERE'S a reason why car owners are replacing worn-out spark plugs with new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs. They know they'll get smoother performance—money-saving gas economy—improved starting in extreme cold weather. They'll get the *Built-in Resistor* that doubles spark plug life and reduces interference with radio and TV reception.

Those who know spark plugs install the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs when replacements are needed. And those who know movie stars pick the girl at the right as gorgeous Linda Darnell, star of Darryl F. Zanuck's production, "No Way Out." At left is lovely Marley Patteson of Bronxville, New York. And remember, you're always right . . . with Auto-Lite.

AUTO-LITE

Resistor SPARK PLUGS

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—Patented U.S.A.

The Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs are the newest addition to the complete line of Standard, Transport, Aviation, Marine, Resistor and Model spark plugs—ignition engineered by Auto-Lite.

DON'T SIT THERE SNIVELING

If you're a flop this test will prove it

By CARL H. WINSTON

HAVE you ever thought of becoming a success? Excellent pay, short hours, long vacations and nice, clean working conditions are the reward of those who have the spunk and energy to make good.

Don't sit there sniveling and tell me you aren't fitted for success. How do you know—have you tried? Why, I wouldn't be surprised if you were a success already!

A little soul searching won't hurt you a bit. Just answer the following questionnaire as honestly as you know how and follow scoring instructions. We'll soon find out if you're a success or not.

1. Does your wife tell you she hasn't a thing to wear *before* or *after* she runs downtown and charges up $186 worth of stuff? Score 100 points if before, 50 points if after and give yourself 10,000 points if you've ever talked her into making her old clothes do for another year.

2. Do your fellow employees refer to you as (A) "Mister," (B) "Whatsisname" or (C) "That little guy over there with the big ears"? Score 100 points if the paymaster knows you, 50 points if the boss knows you and subtract 50 if the other guys dump all their work on you.

3. How long do your creditors permit a bill to run before they make it advisable for you to disguise your voice every time you answer the phone? Score 100 points for two months, 50 points for one month and 2,500 points if you've ever fooled a skip tracer by talking like a woman.

4. Have you ever won $136,729 in cash, an obsolete aircraft carrier and one year's supply of frozen snake food in a radio quiz? Take 100 points if you can answer "often," 50 points for "just once" and subtract 100 if you flunked out in the quiz on the correct spelling of your own name.

5. When you enter a night club, does the headwaiter say, (A) "Good evening, M'sieu," (B) "Hey, Gus, got a table for two near the kitchen?" or (C) "Sorry, Bud, you gotta wear shoes to get in this joint"? Score 100 for A, 50 for B, zero for C.

6. When you try to cash a check in a strange bank, does the teller (A) refer you to a vice-president, (B) ask to see your fingerprints or (C) step on the police alarm system? Score one point for every dollar you've ever got cashing checks in a strange bank.

7. If you are with a bunch of the boys and one of the party suggests going out for a good time, do they (A) ask your advice as to the best spot, (B) ignore you or (C) ask where they can drop you off on their way? Score 100 for A, 50 for B, zero for C.

8. When an insurance agent is trying to sell you a policy, does he start at $50,000 and work his way down, or start at $500 and let you work your way up? Score 100 if yes, 75 if no, 50 if sometimes, rarely or never.

9. Does your morning mail consist chiefly of (A) checks, (B) circulars from mail-order hay, grain and feed dealers or (C) threatening letters? Score 25,000 points for A, zero for B and if C, give yourself 10 points for every envelope you're not afraid to open.

10. When you are introduced to a beautiful young lady, does she generally (A) swoon, (B) say, "Pleezetameetcha," or (C) turn to her escort and snarl, "I thought you told me this was a classy place"? Note: Scoring in this category is rather complicated; you'd better let me do it for you. Just send me the phone numbers of all the beautiful young women you've met lately.

To figure up your final score, add your yearly income to the total number of points you have scored. If the result is more than 100,000, you're a huge success and you don't need me to tell you. If you're under 100,000 points but have more than 50,000, you're not quite a success, but you're having just as much fun as one, with fewer headaches. A rating around 25,000 indicates you have possibilities, but need a little coaching to correct that slice in your take-home pay.

Anything below 25,000 means the outlook is bleak. If your score is zero or less, I shouldn't have encouraged you in the first place. THE END

HARRY DEVLIN

Have you ever won an aircraft carrier and $136,729 in cash?

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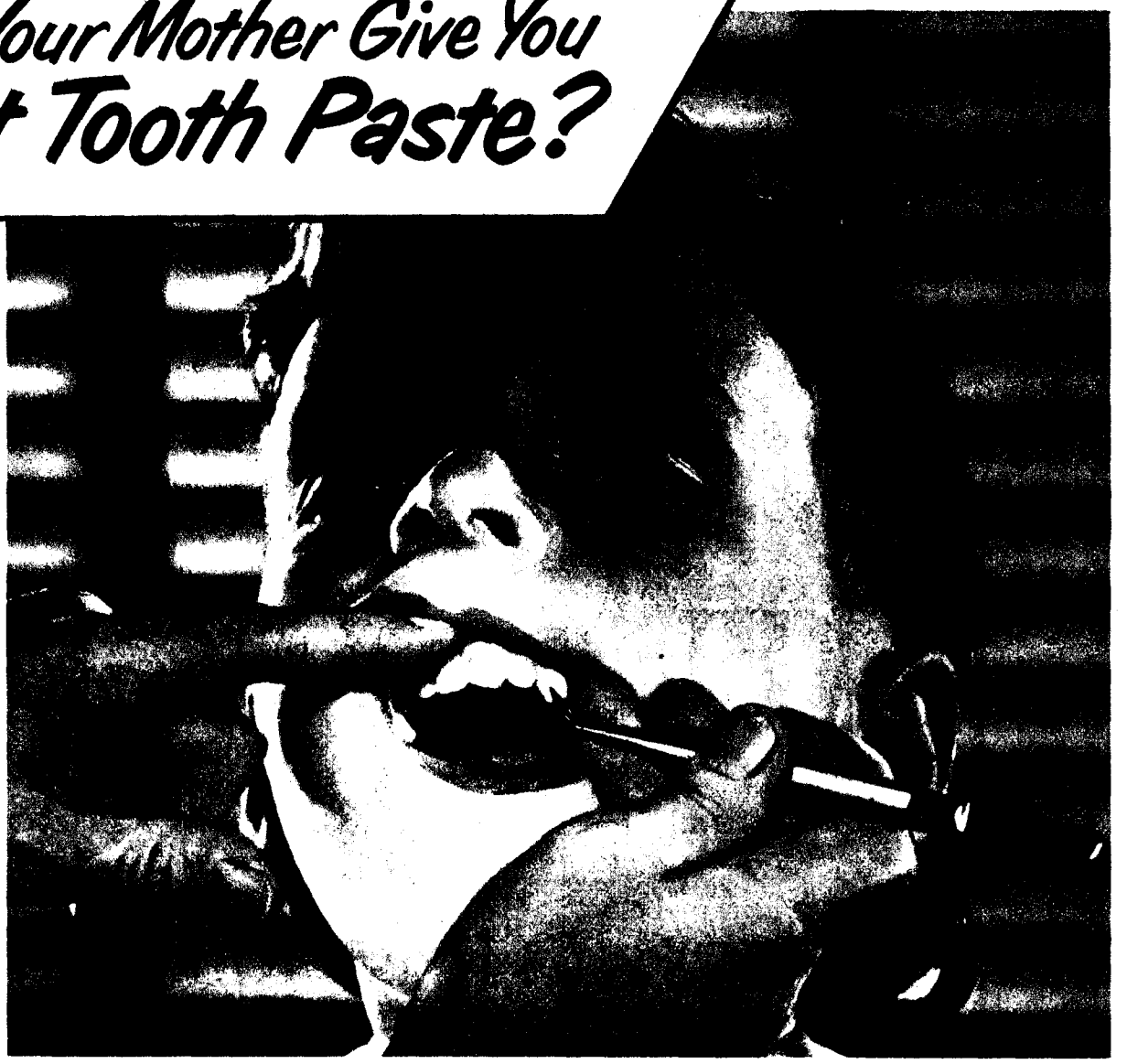
Why Didn't Your Mother Give You Amm-i-dent Tooth Paste?



Today more dentists recommend Amm-i-dent Tooth Paste and Powder than any other dentifrice in America!

NEW!
Giant Size 69¢

Too bad! This child has not had the benefit of ammoniated protection against decay. His mother was "too smart" to believe the ads that told her..

Amm-i-dent Helps Prevent Cavities!

No Cavities at Last Check

Think how pleased Mr. Lucatorto is! His son, Tom, was a boy who got lots of cavities. Mr. Lucatorto got Amm-i-dent for Tom during test research, in powder form. And this is the result: in four years, using Amm-i-dent, Tom has had but one cavity—a remarkable record for a growing boy. Think of it! One cavity in four years! How does that compare with the records of your children?

Mr. Lucatorto also started using Amm-i-dent himself at the same time. He has reduced his cavities, since using Amm-i-dent, by 52%. And the last time the Lucatortos went to the dentist neither had a single cavity.

(Mr. Benjamin Lucatorto and Tom live at 1423 Fteley Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. Their records of tooth decay, *before and after changing to* Amm-i-dent, have been seen and attested to by a Notary Public.)

"Just another exaggerated claim" this boy's mother thought to herself, when she read that Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste could reduce tooth decay. She didn't even bother to call her dentist, who could have given her the facts on Amm-i-dent. She just kept on buying the same tooth paste with which her family had been brushing—and having cavities—year after year.

And now, too late, she is sorry. At her child's regular dental check-up—*more* cavities! She wishes that she had followed the advice of the dentists of America. They recommend Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste and Powder more than any other dentifrice. Surely these men must know best of all what is right for you and your children.

If you have provided Amm-i-dent for your family, you can feel justly proud! Your family is getting the best protection against tooth decay any dentifrice can offer, as proven in actual tests with people who followed regular brushing habits.

If your family is not using Amm-i-dent, you as a mother have not done all you can do—all you should do—to help them to have strong, healthy teeth. You can prove it to yourself. Were there any cavities in your family last year? What did you do to help prevent those cavities?

Does Your Present Tooth Paste Do Anything To Help Prevent Cavities?

No ordinary tooth paste, without ammoniated anti-decay ingredients, can do much to help prevent cavities—beyond what the simple act of brushing will do. Certainly it cannot do what Amm-i-dent can do. Amm-i-dent supplies *for many hours* the ammonia content found lacking in the mouths of cavity-susceptible people. *For many hours*, mind you.

That means Amm-i-dent's anti-decay protection continues—no matter when you brush. You don't have to brush after meals to get Amm-i-dent's effectiveness. Regular tooth brushing at any time with Amm-i-dent helps prevent cavities.

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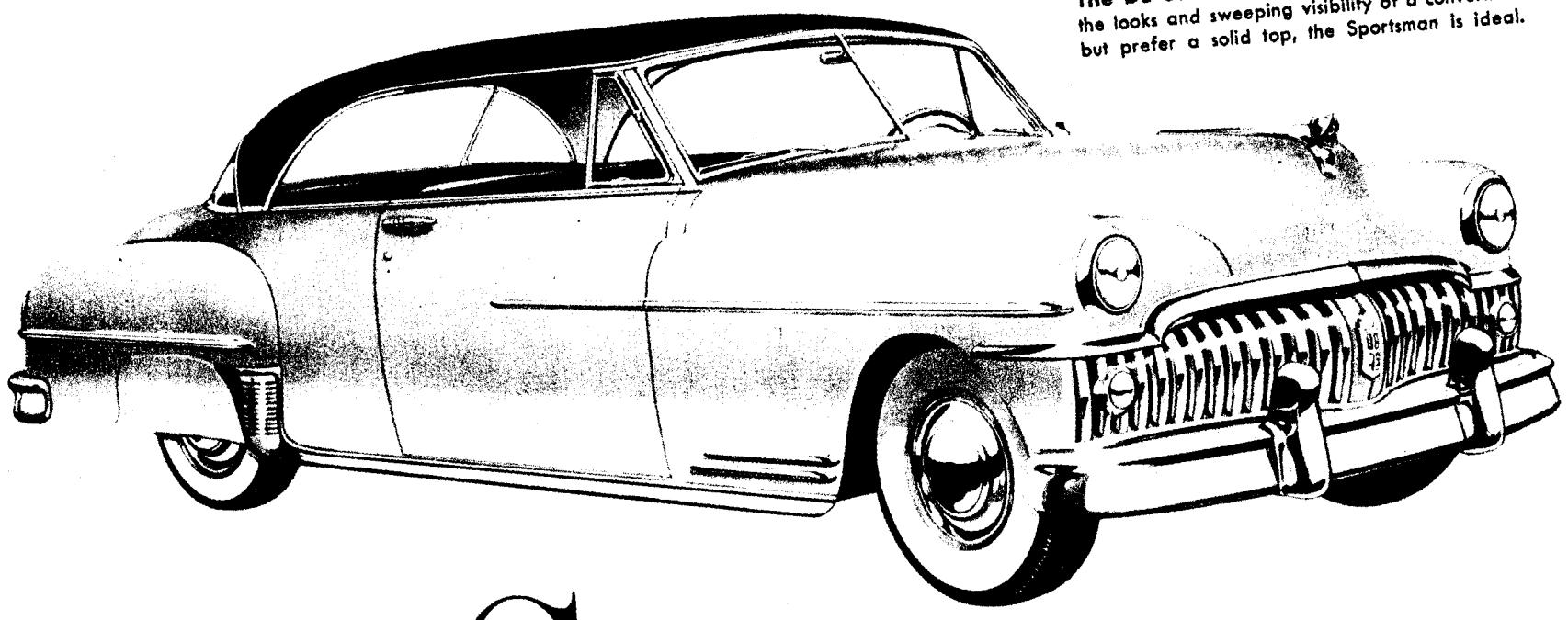
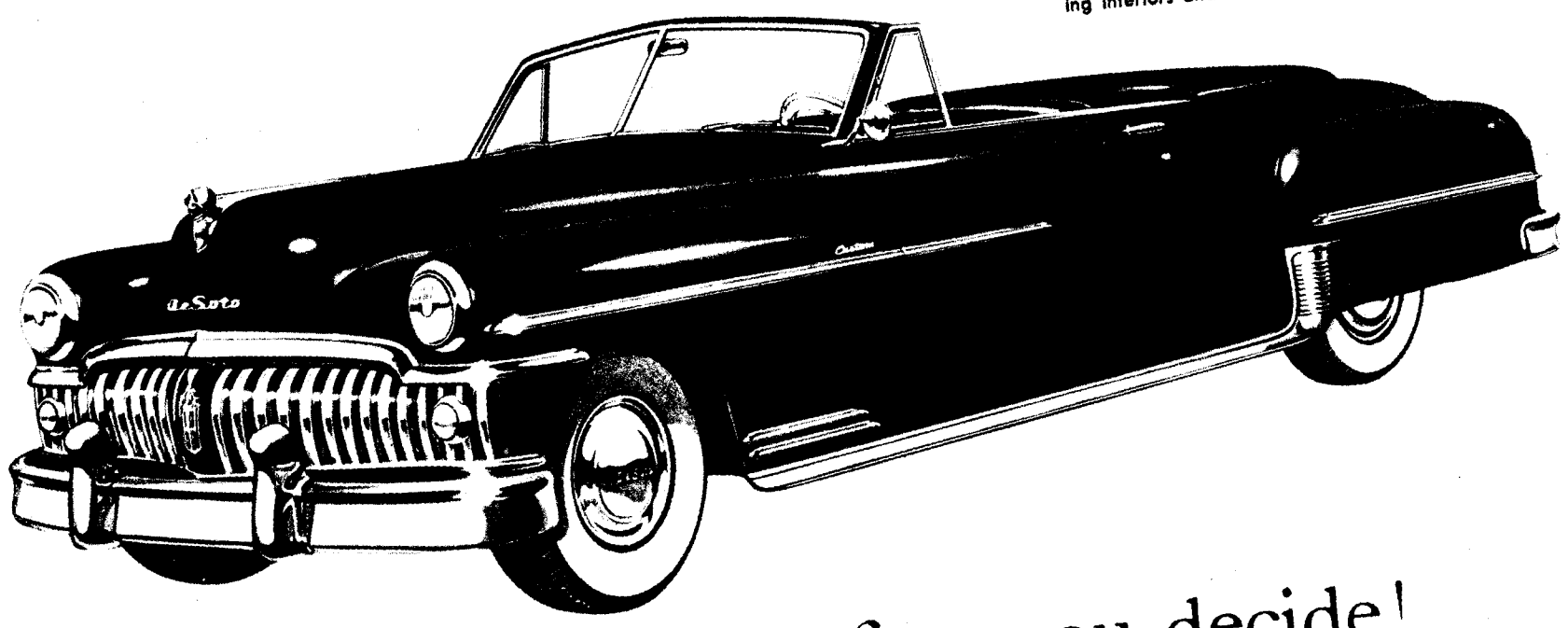


The De Soto Sportsman. For those who like the looks and sweeping visibility of a convertible but prefer a solid top, the Sportsman is ideal.

Is DE SOTO as wonderful as its owners say it is? Ride in one. Drive one. Compare it with any other car at any price. Then decide for yourself!

The De Soto Convertible. Touch a lever and the top rises or lowers automatically. Harmonizing interiors and full-vision rear window.



Drive a De Soto before you decide!

De Soto-Plymouth Dealers present "IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT" *starring Tom Howard every Wednesday night over CBS* · DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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Collier's, July 22, 1950

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AL TARTER

Cat Island is one of 20 inhabited Bahama Islands among the great number scattered through 14,375 miles of the Atlantic

Great HEART of Cat Island

By BILL DAVIDSON

On a lonely hilltop rising from a sun-beaten atoll in the Bahamas you will find one of the most remarkable men in the world today. His name is Father Jerome

LAST March in the British Bahamas, an American business executive, Edward T. T. Williams, was sailing in a yacht past grim Cat Island—an out-of-the-way atoll which he had been warned to avoid for three reasons: its treacherous waters, the complete absence of white people, and the unfriendly natives. As he approached the mysterious island, his attention became riveted on what appeared to be a snow-capped mountain. He knew snow was an impossibility in that part of the tropics, so he kept his binoculars fixed on the hilltop. Soon the snowcap began to look like a lighthouse. Then, suddenly, Williams realized what it was. The hill was crowned with a monastery—a tiny replica of twelfth-century abbeys he had seen in Europe.

Captivated, Williams went ashore and struggled up through the bush to the monastery. He spent the afternoon on the mountaintop, and when he came down he was slightly dazed. Later, after he returned to New York, Williams, a Protestant, told me, "On that mountaintop I found a man who is closer to Christ than anyone I have ever met."

A few weeks later, a million-dollar fire destroyed the famous Abbey of Our Lady of the Valley in Cumberland, Rhode Island. When Abbot Edmund Futterer began to cast about for one of the world's greatest church architects to rebuild the abbey, his search led him to Nassau, then to the wilderness of Cat Island and the same tiny one-man monastery on the hill.

These two isolated incidents added up to a mystery that made *me* the third American in recent months to visit the remote Cat Island hilltop. After a long airplane trip, plus a 150-mile voyage over open water in a chartered small boat, plus a mile-and-a-half hike through the bush, I met a man who surely is one of the most fascinating human beings in the world—a Catholic equivalent of the great Protestant missionary-physician-musician, Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

The hermit of Cat Island is a diminutive, seventy-three-year-old, white-bearded Englishman named Monsignor John Hawes, who—though he is a prelate of the Catholic Church—prefers to wear the humble gray habit of a Franciscan monk. He calls himself, simply, Father Jerome.

Ten years ago he retired from an active church career as an internationally famous architect, philosopher, poet, essayist, fox-terrier breeder, sculptor and collector of archaeological treasures (he also had been a Protestant minister, mule skinner on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, art expert, tramp, cowpuncher, Australian gold-rush priest and sailor); and he came to the lonely hilltop to meditate and to die.

However, he looked about him and saw the crying need of the poverty-stricken natives of the islands; and as he puts it, "I haven't had much time to accomplish *either* objective."

Since he "retired" to become a hermit in 1939, Father Jerome has built six churches, one boys' school, one monastery, one convent, one hermitage; and he has drawn up plans for three other churches, one cathedral, one huge technical school, one convent, one medical clinic, and three types of hurricaneproof houses for the natives. His completed buildings are half-modern, half-medieval architectural gems which tourists come to see from all over the world.

As acting-Bishop Bonaventure Hansen says, "He is our Christopher Wren. Tourists will be coming to look at his buildings a thousand years from now." Even more important than this, other authorities feel that his influence on the natives will outlast his buildings. James Rolle, brilliant young Negro commissioner for the southern half of Cat Island, says, "He will be in the mythology of the people for generations. Even now they call him The Great Heart of the Bahamas."

One of Cat Island's natives, a Protestant named Courtney Poitiers, told me: "Since Father Jerome came, the people are different. He is so good that we are ashamed to be bad in his eyes."

The old priest goes barefoot on the sharp coral rock (only occasionally donning sandals or sneakers "when the chiggers and land crabs become too

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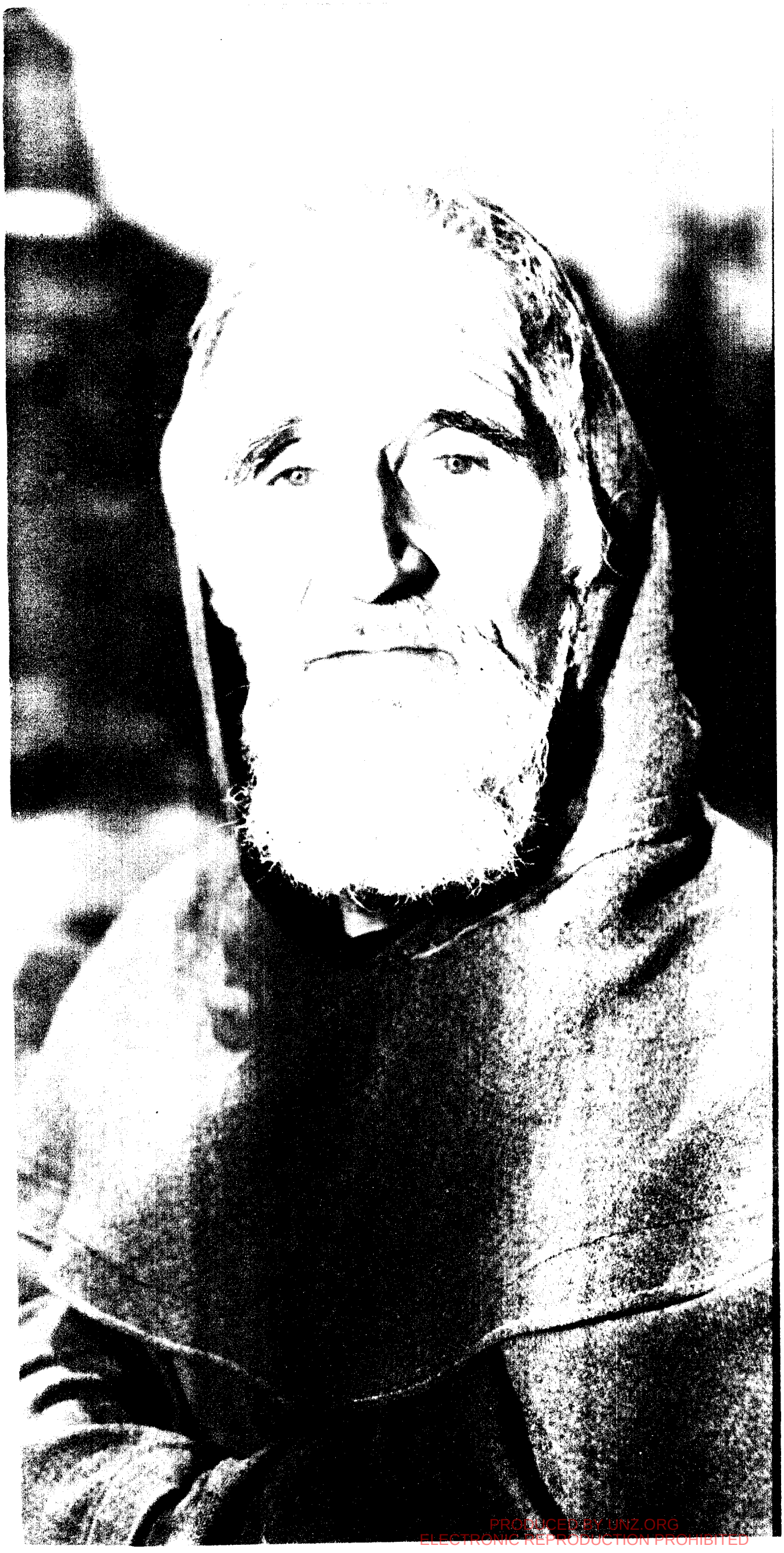

bothersome"), and on Sunday mornings he walks as much as 15 miles to celebrate Mass in one of the three stone churches he has erected on the island with his bare hands. People of all denominations attend his services.

Although he inherited a great deal of wealth from his family, he keeps none of it; and natives constantly climb the hill to his hermitage to ask for money to rebuild a house or buy seeds for a crop. He never has been known to turn anyone down. Saturday nights, he trudges the mile and a half down the hill and holds informal court in the priest's house alongside one of his churches. The people lay their squabbles before him, much in the manner of the ancient Biblical judges and, according to Commissioner Rolle, "He works out their problems before they turn into fights and murders and end up in *my* courts."

On October 4, 1941, one of the worst hurricanes in history struck the island, with winds of 200 miles an hour smashing everything flat. When a rescue party, commanded by a Captain Holmes, flew in from Nassau, they expected to find panic and despair among the natives, all of whom had taken refuge in caves. However, the relief workers were amazed to find everyone completely calm—principally because wizened little Father Jerome, the skirts of his habit tucked up, was bustling about among them, cheering them up, distributing food and blankets and comforting frightened children.

Working Day and Night to Rebuild

During the entire period of the reconstruction, the frail little monk worked day and night, outdoing the strongest of the relief party. He taught the people how to rebuild their houses of stone in such a way that ensuing hurricanes could not knock them down; he turned up all over the island, wielding hammer and trowel at building sites, with a straw hat crammed incongruously onto his head. The day the reconstruction job was finished, he disappeared up the hill again—before Captain Holmes could thank him in the name of the government.

More typical of his daily activity was a case recently in which an aged widow named Mrs. Jemima Thurston became involved in an argument with her family and had to move off her husband's property. She had no place to go; no one would take care of her. Next day Father Jerome descended the mountain and, under the ashamed eyes of the people, he spread out a set of plans and began digging the foundations of a new house for Mrs. Thurston. Before long, everyone in the vicinity had joined in. When the house was finished, Father Jerome paid the labor costs.

One of the priest's more interesting campaigns has been his unremitting battle against *obeah*, the local form of African voodoo witchcraft which persists strongly in this most backward of the Bahama Islands. His method is simple and direct.

One day, for instance, he was told that a woman was dying because she had eaten vegetables from a garden into which one of her enemies had tossed a voodoo-cursed rotten banana. Father Jerome immediately repaired to the garden and ate a small sample of every vegetable growing there. Then he found the decaying banana and, to the accompaniment of the gasps of the populace, he ate *that*, too. "Later," he says, "I did have to dose myself with stomach powders. But the woman recovered." In the same way, whenever he learns that a house is considered haunted, he unhaunts it in the eyes of the people by the simple expedient of sleeping there and emerging unscathed the following morning.

A curious thing about Father Jerome is that he has been through all this before—as a Protestant Anglican minister in the same Bahamas when he was a young man. (He did not become a Catholic until he was thirty-five years old.) The islands still are studded with beautiful Church of England structures which he erected before World War I. This has led to some interesting conflicts. For instance, in Clarencetown on the Bahamas' Long Island, he built years ago a white, double-towered Anglican church called St. Paul's, which is so striking that it is called the "Pearl of the Bahamas" by passing sailors. A hundred yards away, he recently designed an equally *(Continued on page 68)*

This is the first photo ever authorized by Father Jerome, "Great Heart of Cat Island"

Collier's for July 22, 1950

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Busy Father Jerome takes advantage of a rare opportunity to meditate beside the tiny hermitage he built with his own hands on Cat Island

At his writing niche (right) inside the cell of his hermitage. Beneath it is his bed, two inches off ground, of hardwood planks and straw mat

One of the world's greatest church architects, Father Jerome goes over plans for construction of St. Augustine Abbey Church on the Nassau site

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM STAPLETON

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WATERFRONT

"I had to find Blackie Clegg—before he found me . . ."
Beginning a new serial—the story of a desperate pursuit

By FERGUSON FINDLEY

I

WHEN I made my official Homicide Report, I said it happened at nine thirty on the morning of the first Wednesday in June. Most office workers had reached their buildings, crowded in and out of their elevators, found their desks, removed their coats, and sent out for coffee by that time. I was off duty, minding my own business, walking across the Avenue of the Americas at Forty-fifth Street on my way to Charlie Rothstein's when I heard a gun go off. *Wham!* it roared, not more than twenty feet from me, and then, in quick succession, *wham—wham!*

Then there was a long *zin-n-ng* as one of the three bullets ricocheted and went screaming away.

Cars were parked bumper to bumper between me and the sidewalk. A man on the other side of one of them grabbed at his chest, crumpled over, and fell on his face.

As I stepped quickly toward the rear of one car, where there was room to get through the line of parked automobiles, I saw who was doing the shooting. He was a big ox, with shoulders as wide as a barn and a big mop of black hair. He was wearing a summer-weight light-blue suit. His left hand was in the pocket of the coat. His right hand held a revolver that looked like a .38-caliber police model.

I grabbed the pistol out of his hand and shoved my own gun into his side. "Up against the car, buster," I said, "and both hands out where I can see 'em." I prodded him with the pistol barrel, and as he moved I took a better look at his face. It was almost handsome. I guessed he was about thirty-five. His eyes were as black as his hair, his mouth was hard, and he needed a shave.

"Cop?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said. "Get that damned hand out of your pocket—quick!"

He got it out, but he didn't hurry. Then his big fist opened and I saw he had a detective's shield in it. "What's your name?" he said.

"Malone," I said. "Fred Malone. Detective third. Homicide West."

"I'm Lieutenant Henderson, Twenty-first Squad," he said. "Give me my gun and come with me."

"Who's that?" I said, as I handed him his revolver and nodded toward the body on the sidewalk.

"Tony Rogers," he answered. "Shot up one of my boys yesterday afternoon. Started to draw on me right now, but I got him first."

I leaned over the body, felt one wrist, raised one of the closed eyelids, and then straightened up. "You got him for keeps, Lieutenant," I said. "What do we do next?"

The whole thing hadn't taken more than a minute, yet there must have been a hundred or more people who had come from somewhere and gathered around in that time. Already traffic was beginning to pile up at the corners, and upstairs windows were jammed with curious heads.

"Keep the mob off, Malone," Henderson told me. "The cop on the beat will be here in a minute. Put him to work. I'll make a call. Wait here till I get back."

"Will do," I said, and I watched him slip his revolver into a hip holster and enter the nearest building. Then I was busy, and when the nearest cop managed to bull his way to me he was busy too.

"Aw right!" he shouted. "Get back, get back! You too, bud," he said to me, but when I flashed my badge at him he seemed relieved to have some assistance. "You shoot this guy?" he asked.

"No. Lieutenant Henderson shot him. Says it's Tony Rogers, who shot some cop last night. The lieutenant went inside to phone. Said we should take charge until he got back. My name's Malone."

"Gerrity," he said. "Bill Gerrity. Is this guy dead?"

"He acts dead," I said. "No pulse, and when I stuck my finger in his eye he didn't blink." I got down on my knees beside Tony Rogers and looked him over carefully. He was stone-cold dead on the sidewalk, mama, and if he had shot a cop it was certainly the last one he would ever shoot. I ran my hands over his body, making a quick frisk for a gun—Henderson had said Rogers had started to draw on him—but there wasn't any. I reached inside the coat and pulled a wallet out of the pocket.

There was a thin stack of bills in it—not more than twenty dollars all told. And there was a New York driver's license.

Edward F. Jenson, it said. *42 Everett St., New York, N.Y.*

There was something familiar about the name Edward F. Jenson, but it didn't register right then. "I don't imagine it means much," I said to Gerrity, "but Tony Rogers is carrying a driver's license that belongs to Edward Jenson."

"Probably stole it," Gerrity said. "The lieutenant knows who he shot, don't he?"

BEFORE I could answer that one we heard a police siren coming around the corner, and then a patrol car pulled up where I had been standing when Henderson started shooting. A big, burly cop got out and pushed his way to us.

"What's wrong with this one?" he asked Gerrity. "Sunstroke?"

"Leadstroke," Gerrity answered. "The detective here says Lieutenant Henderson did it. Me, I don't know."

"You see it happen?" the patrol-car cop asked me.

"Yeah," I said. "He was walking along and Lieutenant Henderson was standing right there"—I pointed to the space between the two cars—"and shot him. The lieutenant says it's Tony Rogers, and that he shot a cop last night."

"Had it coming to him then, the bum. You got a call in yet?"

"I guess so. The lieutenant went to report it and told me to stay here. You ought to be getting it over the radio by now."

"Well, we ain't heard it." He walked back to the patrol car, talked to the driver, and then returned. "Nothing's come through for us, but my partner's putting in a call."

"Help keep the people back while I find out what I can," I said, and then I turned and faced the crowd. "Anybody here see this happen?" I shouted.

A little character in the second row pushed through. "I saw it happen," he squeaked. "It was a big man with a lot of black hair that done it, and he was standing right there behind that automobile and—"

"Wait a minute," I said. "Wait while I take this down." I flipped out my notebook. "What did you say your name was?"

"Harrison Montgomery." It seemed an awful big name for such a runt.

"Where do you live?" He told me. "Telephone?" He gave me the *(Continued on page 51)*

The diamond sparkled in the soft light when I slipped the ring over her finger

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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I leaned over the body, felt one wrist, raised one of the eyelids, and straightened up. "You got him for keeps, Lieutenant," I said. "What do we do next?"

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U.S. ARMY PHOTOGRAPH

Tanks long stored at Letterkenny Ordnance Depot, Pennsylvania, are re-equipped for shipment abroad.

WAR without

Uncle Sam is pouring a billion-dollar stream of tanks, guns

HARRIS & EWING

Maj. Gen. Lyman Lemnitzer, who heads program, is veteran of North Africa campaign

IF, IN May, 1945, when American and Russian soldiers were toasting one another with anything liquid they could liberate, anyone had prophesied that five years later the United States would be sending a billion-dollar stream of tanks and guns and bombers and submarines and warships back to Europe, they would have laughed. "We just won a war, chum. Who in hell wants to fight another one? What for? Why? Who with?"

The questions are still there, but not all the answers. The GI certainly doesn't want to fight Russia. The Russky, we suspect, doesn't want to fight us either. But in spite of that a billion-dollar stream of machines and munitions is being sent back across the Atlantic. It is being sent not to start a war, but to prevent one. Part and parcel of MDAP, the Mutual Defense Assistance Program in which the United States is investing over a billion dollars this year with more in years to come, it is aimed at helping western Europe get collectively tough enough to discourage attack by anyone.

This getting collectively tough through mutual military aid is part of the present cold war—a very hot part. But there are no casualties.

Back of MDAP is a hard sanity which argues that instead of burying our heads in the sand and pretending that what we don't know can't hurt us, we try to forestall a global explosion by preparing for its possibility.

The Mutual Defense Assistance Program is a major move in this country's foreign policy. It runs parallel with the Marshall Plan (Economic Co-operation Administration—Economic Recovery Program) and the North Atlantic Treaty. ECA, NAT, and MDAP can best be described in terms of a family affair.

Thus: You are the eldest of several brothers, all engaged in separate businesses in the same community. Yours is a little bigger, more prosperous. There is a devastating flood, and your brothers' plants are badly damaged. When the water recedes they are broke, and their morale is shot. You are the only one who got off relatively easy. You still have a going business. You look the situation over. First, to help your brothers is the humanitarian thing to do. But that isn't all of it. You did a lot of business with your brothers. You bought and sold and traded with them, as they did with one another. They are customers as well as relatives. So you lend them money to rebuild their plants, give them machine tools you can spare, and give them raw materials you've been stockpiling.

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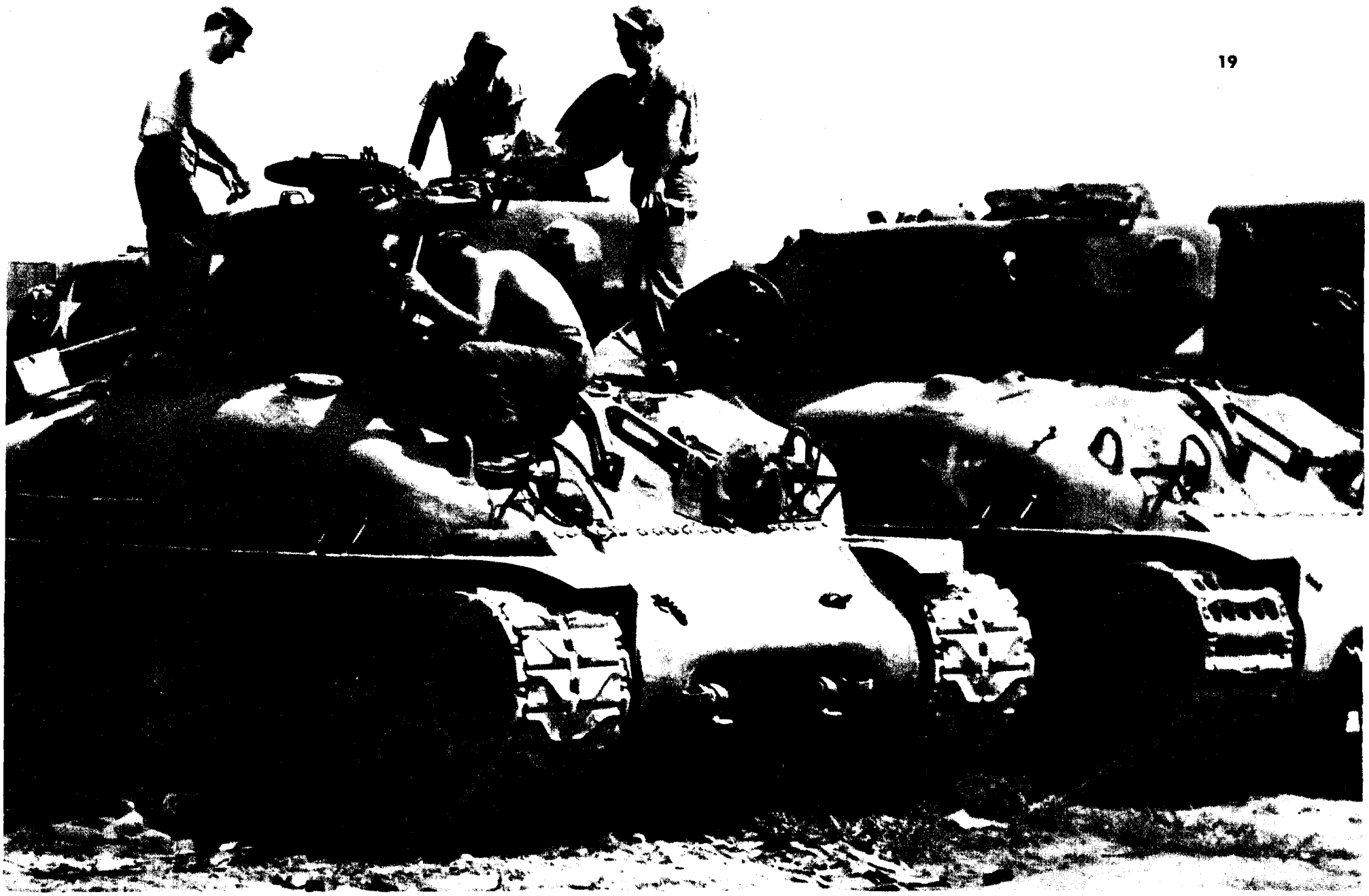

Casualties

By CLARKE NEWLON

and planes into countries Russia may attack. And they are spending several times as much to strengthen themselves

That, of course, is the Marshall Plan.

But then you and your brothers get to worrying about another flood. So you get together and work out a system of dikes and levees and flood-control measures. Each brother is given a job of covering so much territory, building so many levees, filling so many sandbags and training so many men to fight a flood. If you work fast enough, you think, you may be able to contain the flood menace and hold it in check. That menace, of course, is aggressive war, and the flood-control effort is the North Atlantic Treaty.

But some of your brothers can't afford right now to make and pay for all the flood-control material needed to hold up their end of the bargain. There you, the elder brother, come in again. During the last flood you accumulated a lot of flood-control material you didn't use. So, knowing that if your brothers don't do their share to stop the flood it probably will engulf you, too, you give those who request it what flood-control material you can spare. To this they themselves are to add a lot more; enough, you hope, to contain any threatened flood. Besides what you are giving them, they are also to get help from one another. If John has more bags than he needs, then John will give them to Henry for sand, of which Henry has a surplus.

And that is the Mutual Defense Assistance Program.

The simile isn't too farfetched. Most people feel that the danger of another "flood" is real enough. And one glance at the map will show what a dike the western European MDAP countries actually form.

At the northern end of the containing wall are Norway and Denmark, the only Scandinavian nations to join the North Atlantic Pact and request military help. Below are Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. Next is France, forming the bulk of the wall. At the bottom and southern end is Italy. Backing up the entire seven is Great Britain.

These are the Title One countries of MDAP. When Congress appropriated money for MDAP it was done under three "titles" of the Mutual Defense Assistance Act of 1949. The appropriation for Title One countries was $1,000,000,000, half in cash, half in contract authority. The Title Two countries are Greece and Turkey, which straddle the Dardanelles and block off the Black Sea. The appropriation for them was $211,370,000. The Title Three countries were given an appropriation of $27,640,000. They are Iran, Korea, and the Philippines. In addition, $75,000,000 was appropriated for use in the "general area of China."

Since most of the MDAP countries are European and the bulk of MDAP money goes to them, this story deals primarily with them—the Title One and Title Two nations. Under MDAP these countries were scheduled to get $1,200,000,000 in military equipment, the spare parts and technical assistance which goes with it, plus some machine tools.

For every dollar provided in the form of equipment under the MDAP program, the recipient nation spends several times as much on his own armed forces.

Of our contribution, about $800,000,000 worth will be from Army reserves and new procurement, for regardless of how important or decisive the roles of the Air Force or the Navy may be, if western Europe is attacked a land battle will be required to prevent it from being overrun.

The $800,000,000 worth will include tanks, artillery, automatic weapons and small arms, ammunition, jeeps, trucks, wire, radio, radar and bridging equipment—hundreds of items in all. Shipments have already started. *(Continued on page 48)*

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THE MAGNIFICENT WATUSI: *Emperors of the Congo*

Concluding DIARY of a HOLLYWOOD SAFARI • By RICHARD CARLSON

When the proud, indolent Watusi feel like dancing, they let someone else do it. These performers are the Buhutus, their long-time slaves

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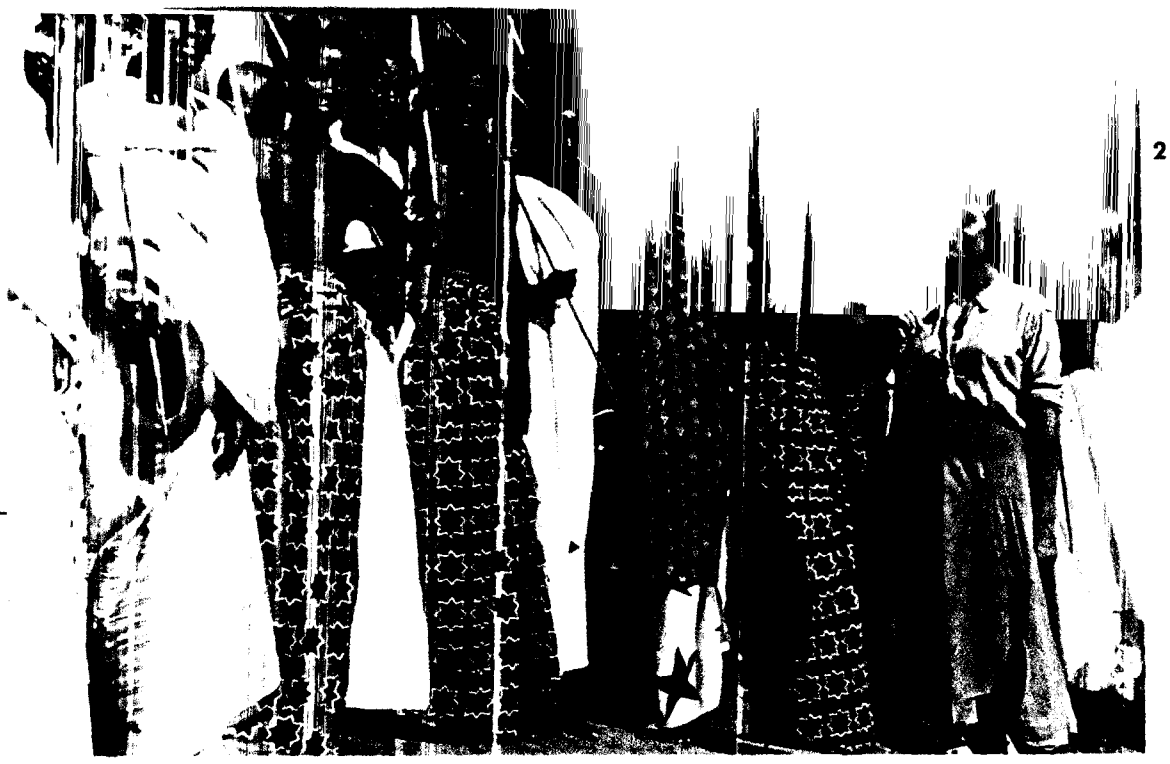
Richard Carlson, thirty-six-year-old author, actor, playwright and director, has had his work in Collier's and The American Magazine before. These articles are expanded from notes that he made while on location for the movie, King Solomon's Mines. A troupe of 53 Hollywood actors and technicians, including stars Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger, spent five months, covered 14,000 miles in Africa while completing the film, in which Carlson is featured



Deborah Kerr and a group of Watusi, a giant people with the features of the ancient Pharaohs

ALLAN TARLETON, who works at the dangerous, romanticized trade of white hunter, has his own signed death warrant framed over his fireplace. Allan, who was attached to our safari, told the story beside a campfire one night at Murchison Falls.

"It was while I was collecting bats for the Cambridge Museum of Comparative Zoology," he began. "One night I was bitten in the chest by a Bitis arietans—popularly called a puff adder. I've been bitten by adders 16 times, but two unlucky circumstances made this particular nip rather embarrassing.

"In the first place, I was a long way from the friend's farmhouse where I was staying and where, in the bathroom, I kept my first-aid equipment. But worse than that, when I finally got there, a lady was in the bathtub. Had to wait 10 minutes for her to get out of there. By that time I'd passed out.

"When the doc arrived—had to send 13 miles for him—I was already cold."

" 'Plant him,' said the doc. 'Only thing to do now. Plant him.' He wrote out my death warrant and went home.

"When my friends got me ready for burial the next morning, they noticed a peculiar thing. When they turned me over, my back was still warm. They'd heard about artificial respiration for snake bites. They tried it and blimy if I didn't come to."

* * *

WE FOUND during our five-month, 14,000-mile trek through Kenya Colony and the Belgian Congo that Africans are constitutionally unable to move or march without singing. Many of their songs are traditional and carefully written down, unlikely as that seems to the bewildered Western ear. I think one of the most exciting things about King Solomon's Mines for most movie-goers will be hearing the ancient and barbaric music of Africa that was recorded by our sound engineers.

In addition to his traditional songs, the African has a wonderful facility for impromptu chants that make his work go faster. The Wakamba tribesmen who served us as porters and laborers continually improvised haunting little songs, the lead lines being tossed around to anyone who had a sudden good idea. I had one of these chants translated and it went like this:

Bwana Metro makes a piksha
We carry heavy things up the hill.
Bwana Metro makes a piksha
Makes bright light into the face.
Bwana Metro makes a piksha
Tears his clothes, makes them no good.

The "bright light" referred to brutal reflectors which turned the African sun into our faces for filming in color.

The last line concerns one of our many activities that completely flabbergasted the natives. As the story of our movie progressed and the characters we were playing trekked deeper and deeper into Africa, it was necessary to age our wardrobe. Under the careful scrutiny of the director we would smear our shirts with oil to simulate sweat, slash our trousers at the knee, and rip off shirt buttons with the greatest of abandon. Stars Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger were not exempt. The Africans, to whom such clothing represented undreamed-of luxury, watched our acts of vandalism wide-eyed and solemnly. They never laughed at us or scowled at us or seemed to refer to it in any way except in song. But they must have thought that the ways of the white man were even more insane than they had theretofore suspected.

One day we were shooting a scene in the background of which our Wakamba porters were supposed to chant lugubriously. One wag took them aside and, unbeknownst to the director, taught them the first few lines of St. Louis Blues and exhorted them to sing it in the next take. Chaos was complete on the set when, with certain African embellishments, the good old lyric wail, "I hate to see that evening sun go down," came ringing incongruously through the jungle.

* * *

WE WERE all reminded constantly of the intense curiosity that the whole world has about Americans, and we felt in a sense that we were all official representatives of the United States. A tiny item appeared in the East Africa Standard saying that a streetcar conductor somewhere in our South had shot a Negro for refusing to abide by Jim Crow. We were acutely embarrassed and hard put to convince our African friends that this was not a daily occurrence in America.

It must be pointed out, however, that the African's occasional distrust of us was not always based on ideology. On the slopes of Kilimanjaro we found a tribe living in an almost Stone Age village which was perfect for certain scenes in our script. They were a ferocious-looking people, cousins to the fabulous Masai. After an appropriate period of palaver (and the transfer of an appropriate number of cattle) the chief and his councilors agreed that their people might work for *Bwana* Metro. Whereupon, we learned later, the witch doctor promptly ordered a special ceremony of virtue for all the young women of the tribe. He was afraid that, otherwise, we would find some of them irresistibly attractive and take them back to America with us.

It was this same Kilimanjaro tribe that almost made our visit to Africa a permanent one. We had the camera on a high parallel mounting, most of our crew watching from behind it. The plan was that two or three hundred warriors would charge past in pursuit of Our Heroes, just as Hollywood Indians have chased good cowboys in numberless Westerns.

But Africans, after a night of dancing and whooping and drinking ox blood, bear very little resemblance to Hollywood Indians. They charged all right, and our cameras recorded a very exciting scene. What they didn't *(Continued on page 66)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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"What's the deal?" Harry asked. "You rent this joint?" "No," she said, "I bought it." "Well," Harry said, "you better unbuy it. I got canned today"

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SUBSTITUTE

Harry Mallon wasn't a three-hit pitcher any more; he was just a guy out of work. And here was his good wife Carol, behaving as though she were glad

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

WHEN Lundigan waggled his right hand, Harry Mallon stood up cautiously and stepped out on the fringe of the brilliantly lighted playing field. A lean, leathery man in a uniform that did not fit him well, he plodded toward the bull pen in the right-field corner. The way he walked was automatic; he had walked across a lot of baseball diamonds. His caution in stepping out of the roofed trough of the dugout was natural. Harry had joined the club only a few days before, and the plant was new to him.

As he paced along, Sautto, the young Cuban left-hander, caught up with him and said something in a fluid ripple of words. Mallon nodded and grunted, and the two pitchers went walking on down the foul line. There was no more than that, because Sautto did not speak English. He thought he did, but he didn't. Schulte, the bull-pen catcher, was waiting for them, and they began to throw to him in alternation.

Too cool, thought Mallon, as he put up his glove and felt Schulte's throw jar pleasantly up his forearm. Bowing forward, he swept through his motion and lobbed the ball to the catcher. Mallon didn't like night ball; he never had, and he warmed up carefully. Beside him, the young Cuban was popping them in with a vigor that made Schulte swear and remove his battered mitt. When the box telephone tingled, the catcher rose from his crouch and answered it. Turning, he threw the ball to Sautto.

"It's you, Harry," the catcher said hoarsely, and set himself as the left-hander uncoiled. Mallon turned and walked to the infield. Tugging at his cap, he stepped on the mound and faced the plate. Andrews, the starting pitcher, walked away, and the address system boomed. I'm not ready, Mallon thought idly; I'm not loose enough.

"Don't give this guy nothing fat." That was Dutch Lundigan, the manager, a pudgy man standing just off the mound. "Anything high and inside, he will take a leg off Johnny." Johnny Dunn was the third baseman. Mallon nodded, threw his last warmup pitch, and leaned down to squeeze the rosin bag. He pitched for the outside corners, but lost the batter so the bases were full. The opposing pitcher was next. Harry blew two hard ones past him, backed him out of the box with a close, chin-high throw, and pulled the string on the fourth one.

It was the first curve he had thrown. The batter lunged at it like a Girl Scout swatting flies, and the crowd growled in approval. One down.

The leadoff man was next, and he was a crowder. Harry threw down the slot and came in hurriedly, but it went by. Then he wasted a high one, and shook Hagan off until the catcher called for the knuckler. It fluttered off, dropping outside, and that was two and one. Still fearing a bunt, Mallon followed the next pitch in and saw the shortstop take a wicked, hopping drive, motion toward home, and throw to first. One to go.

His arm was feeling better, and he was beginning to sweat—not much, but enough to help. Straddling the mound, he shoved his arms up and surveyed the runner on third base. The rhythm came back like a forgotten thing, and he kicked his foot out and rolled the ball almost off his elbow. It went to the plate and angled sharply. Good. The crowd began to wake up, and Hagan brandished his mitt as he fired the ball back. The batter didn't even argue about it.

Because it was his first pitching job for a new club, in a strange town, Harry wanted to get the man out. He wanted it badly. Turning toward center field, he wiped his hand across his glistening forehead and listened to the chatter of the infield.

Turning again, he stretched both hands high, dropped them to his belt, and settled his shoulders. Smoothing his finger tips over the hard leather pores of the ball, he rocked and threw. The batter swiveled and swung, and Harry, bent far forward, heard the disappointing sound.

It was a solid smash. The ball soared toward left center, above the racing outfielders, and dropped over the wall. The crowd was noisy after that, because a grand-slam home run wakes everybody up, even the drunks. Mallon waited beside the mound, feeling a little sick in the belly, and watched the runners jog around the bases. When Dutch emerged from the dugout, the lean pitcher nodded and began his journey back out of the bright lights. As he stepped over the foul line, Sautto passed him, walking swiftly. Mallon grimaced, shoved the folded glove into his wide back pocket, and went plodding on toward the clubhouse.

After he had taken a shower and changed into his street clothes, Mallon walked under the stands and stood, irresolute, on the gravel beyond the turnstiles. Cabs were parked in neat rows, but he walked by them. At the filling station on the corner, he asked for directions, and when the bus came he caught it and rode into town. From there it was only four blocks to his hotel, a walk-up joint with a dingy office at the head of the stairs. Harry wrinkled his nose and reflected that there were probably dancing girls on the premises. He walked down the musty corridor and knocked on the last door at the right.

"Yes?" said a muffled feminine voice.

"Me," he answered, and the door opened. She kissed him soundly, and he went by her to throw his hat on the bureau. In the scaly mirror, he glanced back at her. "You look like a peeled rat," he said easily, and she turned with her fists doubled on her hips. The plastic curlers in her hair did make her look pretty funny.

"Well, I like that." She pushed her lower lip out, and moved across to the table which held the small electric stove. After washing his hands, Harry came back in and took the loaded paper plate from her. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he began to eat methodically, surveying his wife, the small pan wreathing smoke, and the stained paper cartons. They seemed, suddenly, to be symbols of the impermanence of his life. It's a lousy deal for her, he thought; she ought to have a house, with a kitchen and yard, like other women. We must have eaten ten tons of this store-bought potato salad together.

He heard the match scrape and the bed creak as she leaned back. Her face was hidden behind a local paper, and his belly tightened. He knew the question was coming. Sometimes she didn't ask him, and then it was worse. Then he had to work it in, as casually as though it were a weather bulletin, and not a progress report on the way they made their living. A damned poor living, he thought viciously. The barbecued ribs tasted sour in his mouth as he dumped the plate into the wastebasket.

"I got in tonight," he announced.

"I heard it on the radio," she said, from behind the newspaper, and he sighed with relief. When he had washed the brownish stain of the sauce off his fingers, he turned and stood in the doorway.

". . . got away from me," he said slowly, "and this plow hand pasted it." When he peeled off his shirt, his chest and upper arms were startlingly white. "I knew it was wrong when I turned it loose."

Carol put the paper down. "You got a lot of gall, calling people plow hands," she said gently. She was pretty, but not young any more, and her streaked blond hair was frizzled in the curlers. Mallon felt a rush of pride; under the flannel gown she was still shapely. She saw the interest flicker in his eyes, laughed, and threw the paper away.

"You," she taunted, arching her back, "calling people country."

"You want to break clean in the clinches," he murmured, as he leaned down and grabbed her. "No butting or backhanding, and when I tell you to go to a neutral corner—"

And then it was all right— As it had been, for a long time, because she made it so. Later, in the darkness, with furtive sounds beginning in the corridor, they prepared for sleep.

"Love you, slugger," she whispered drowsily, a rounded warmth against his back.

"Naturally," Harry answered, and, settling his head in the pillow, he smiled into the darkness. Outside, in the neon *(Continued on page 72)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

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Children recuperating after operations have food and fun at a child-size table in the old building

'THE SICK KIDS'—A Share

Eleven-story, $12,500,000 hospital, to be occupied in September, will have 632 beds

Toronto's famous children's hospital.

IN THE arctic half-light of a Hudson Bay March afternoon, a pack of maddened huskies clawed and snapped at a seven-year-old Eskimo girl's face until the cheekbones lay bare. What chance—in this northern Quebec wasteland—did the Eskimo child have to live, or to have a whole face again if she did survive? The Eskimo mother, kneeling beside her child, didn't despair. Legend in the north country told of a wonder-working healing place far to the south, where no hurt or sick child, from anywhere in Canada, was ever turned away. The Eskimo parents bundled their daughter into a dog sled and raced south across 50 miles of ice and snow to the nearest white settlement at Port Harrison.

There, a doctor flown by the Dominion government from a James Bay town 500 miles to the southwest applied first aid to the little Eskimo's shredded face and reassured the parents.

"Your child will live," he said. "And her face can be as good as new again."

The reason for the doctor's faith became apparent in several days.

Swathed in bandages from which only her great brown eyes peeped out, the Eskimo girl was flown

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Sick Kids new building will end crowded conditions like this

Orthopedic shop craftsman making surgical shoes for patients

and a Prayer

By LESTER VELIE

[illegible] Indian who prayed for the money, has a fine new building, bought by grateful people

to the nearest railhead. Then, by train, she was taken to Toronto, 1,140 miles, as the crow flies, from her camp home. There, for the Eskimo child who spoke no English, who regarded running tap water as a delightful miracle and who didn't have a last name, a unique team of doctors was ready.

On the girl's torn and ulcerated face labored a plastic surgeon who, during the war, had been the Canadian Royal Air Force's chief consultant on surgery and burns. The anesthetist was a specialist who had helped to develop methods that make it safe to anesthetize infants only several hours old. If needed, there was on hand one of the few doctors in all of North America who specializes in surgery on children's eyes.

In a few months the Eskimo girl's dusky cheeks were as round and happy as those of a chipmunk full of nuts. She had acquired a new face and several dozen words of English, had learned to eat oranges and wash her hands under tap water. And she even had a last name. Looking at the government number by which Canada designates Eskimo tribes (the girl's was E-940), a nurse one day said:

"How are you, Anna Number Nine?" That became the child's name.

The repair job that saved Anna Number Nine's face was done in a sooty, ancient brick pile of an institution known as The Sick Children's Hospital of Toronto—or more simply, as "the Sick Kids." So old is the Sick Kids—seventy-five years—that there was only one elevator available to take Anna to the operating room. The operating surgeon had to scrub up in a corridor basin because of lack of room. Anna Number Nine's ward, geared to accommodate 60 beds, had 103 in it; doctors had to pull out Anna's cot to study her healing face. As a nurse's helper, while convalescing, Anna found that the old hospital had hardly a straight corridor in it. And she could have found that world-famous specialists shared desks in subbasement offices that once served as potato bins.

Yet the Sick Kids has saved so many young lives that doctors describe the area it serves—Ontario and beyond—as "one of the safest places in the world for children to grow up in."

When the Dionne Quintuplets were born at Callander, Ontario, 200 miles north, in 1934, the Sick Kids sped incubators to them. Daily, for five months, the hospital shipped to the Quints five quarts of mother's breast milk. The Quints' doctor, the late Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, had as a consultant Dr. Alan Brown, physician in chief at the Sick Kids and professor of children's diseases at Toronto University.

In the Sick Kids ancient research laboratories, the late Dr. Frederick F. Tisdall devised the formula on which the baby food Pablum was based. In its wards once served the great Sir Frederick Panting, codiscoverer of insulin for diabetes. And when the Canadian Red Cross needed a vitamin-packed, tasty food parcel for war prisoners overseas, researchers at the Sick Kids developed it.

This September the Sick Kids will move into an 11-story, $12,500,000 new home that is the last word in hospitals. It will have operating theaters with cameras to telecast surgical operations to medical classrooms, vacuum delivery tubes to speed surgical dressings and medicines to patients, and glass-enclosed, violet-ray-purified cubicles for each child. With 632 beds and facilities for 100,000 outpatient cases yearly, the new Sick Kids will become the biggest child health center in the world.

As remarkable as any of the healing wonders this new hospital can perform was the feat of raising the money to build it. *(Continued on page 36)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROLF SHERICK

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WINGS for

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LITTLE BIRD

All that was left of Jim's pride as a man was bound up in his rich and beautiful Indian belt. Not even the hurt eyes of the little Indian boy could bring him to part with it—or so he kept telling himself

HE WANDERED in off the desert, a burned-out shadow of a man with no-color eyes shaded by a decayed Stetson. The dim cool of the trading post seemed to suit him; he took a long time buying a few oddments of clothing, socks and underwear and a good thick shirt.

Rube Gorman watched him curiously. The man's deerskin jacket was beyond mending, and around the waist of his dirty blue jeans was one of the finest belts the trader had ever seen, an ancient belt of the Navajos, the great silver disks strung with chunks of turquoise, and wampum delicate as pearl. Man and belt, separate or together, they were a curiosity.

When he pulled a worn leather poke from his pocket to pay Rube, the old thin hide broke, spilling silver dollars and folding money onto the counter. The trader watched him put the money back into the torn bag.

"Better get you a new money holder," he said, "you'll be losing your stake."

The man grinned, slapping the ragged leather gently against his palm. "Won't have it long anyway; never do. I've been picking fruit in the valley. I'll mend this up again," he said, showing Rube the neat slit pockets which held ragtags of chewed, yellowed papers. "It's made nice."

"Sure is," Rube said thoughtfully. "Say, I need a man around the place. Someone old enough not to mind the lonesomeness and young enough to have some git to him."

"I'm old enough," Jim said, half smiling. He liked it here on the Arizona desert; his leg hurt less often in the high dry sun-baked air.

"I need someone knows the Indians. I saw you palavering with One Feather."

"The old one? He was admiring my belt."

"That's a lot of belt," the trader said. "Ever you want to sell it, give me a chance at it."

"I won't be wanting to sell it," Jim said.

"Didn't figure you would," Rube said.

Jim liked him for that. "I'll stay a while. You can pay me what you think I'm worth."

"All right," Rube said, "we'll see."

Jim could tell he was thinking any help was better than no help at all, and all the young whole men were too restless to stay for long in a drowsy little community like this.

Rube Gorman's trading post is not a popular tourist stop, and Jim was glad of it. It advertises no Gila monsters, no rattlesnake pit, no dinosaur track preserved in stone, and most tourists roar by, hardly seeing the sprawling adobe store, the comfortable frame house beyond, the cluster of Navajo hogans in the near distance. A well-fixed man, Rube, a fair trader, and easygoing. Maybe that's why he let Jim stay on year after year. Another man would have sent him on his way long ago, and Jim knew it.

Days he felt like working, Jim waited for customers, sitting on the upended petrified log in the shade of the store awning. He didn't whistle or whittle or look at the cars streaking by on the desert highway. He sat—like a man on a train going nowhere, riding through nothing. It was fine; he bothered no one, no one bothered him.

Half a dozen times he'd told the kid to git, and he'd go away and in a few minutes he'd be back

Except, lately, the silversmith's kid. The boy plain pestered him. Trailing him around the place. Bringing him things to show like a pup with a bone. Not like an Indian kid at all. Of course this one had spent much of his life around the trading post, watching his father, John Lupin, work the silver, playing sometimes with the Gorman children when they were smaller.

Jim could remember him a fine baby, peeking over his mother's shoulder when she came shyly sometimes to trade. They called him Little Bird, maybe because he was small, now, for his age, with a bright face honed by pain, and the frail spindly legs. He was two before he walked and each year he walked worse until now one leg, puny and shriveled, was much shorter than the other. He was six; come September he'd be starting for school, and that wouldn't be too soon to suit Jim.

Especially today. Jim had smoked until the tobacco was poison in his mouth but that didn't take the thirst away, and not enough silver yet to buy a pint. Half a dozen times he'd told the kid to git, and he'd go away and in a few minutes he'd be back, dragging his sick leg.

Not that the boy made a lot of racket, like most boys. Sometimes, even, on good days, there was a kind of pleasure in having the quiet child nearby. The boy was pretty good at making pictures and his father had given him some crayons and a block of paper and sometimes it was fine to watch the babyish healthy brown hands drawing so sure like. It was funny, but the kid's pictures looked like something. He'd make a few lines and in a way they would be the sky and the mountains or a man or the tough plants of the desert.

A BIG expensive convertible eased sleekly into position at the ethyl pump. Jim got up slowly. Quite a number of cars today, almost every one adding a bit to the pile of coins in the old poke. This one ought to be worth a quarter. He moved a little faster with the rolling walk he had from one leg being shorter than the other. Little Bird, as always, followed on his heels.

The man got out of the car to stretch his legs but the woman stayed put, and when Jim wiped the windshield he could see her sharp eyes through dark glasses in a fancy frame. The man drew a ten-dollar bill from a puffed-out billfold, and Jim turned to go to the store for change. The sun flashed fire from his belt and made the chunks of turquoise burn in licks of blue and green flame. The woman leaned from the window, staring.

"Say!" she called.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"That's a beautiful belt," she said sharply.

"Yes, ma'am."

She hesitated, looking briefly at her husband. "It's *very* beautiful," she said accusingly. She took off her dark glasses, looking with distaste at the wide new bracelets on her wrists. Her eyes narrowed shrewdly. "I'll give you—I'll give you sixty dollars for it."

"Eugenia!" the man said reproachfully.

Jim put the palms of his hands flat against the wonderful belt, flat against his dried-out body. "Not for sale, ma'am," he said indifferently.

"I'll give you a hundred—that's final." The woman's tone said she knew this was desert bargaining. Everything is for sale, the sharp eyes said.

It occurred to him it might be satisfying to tell the woman what the belt really was worth. He touched two fingers to the brim of his beaten, sweat-stained Stetson, and started slowly for the store.

"Shake a leg, Mac!" the man called nastily.

Jim moved a bit faster; he needed that quarter. The clear air carried the voices from the car to Jim and the boy followed him:

"Frank! He's a cripple."

"He can travel faster than that. He just wants you to keep looking at that belt."

"So that's it. You're afraid I might get it."

"You're darned right I am. The trader inside probably puts a new piece of that junk on him every day—for suckers like you. That old cripple's got your number—another ten bucks and I'd have been stuck for it. You've bought enough gewgaws this trip."

THE man counted his change with care, putting the bills away precisely. "Oh, here you are," he said, taking a dime from the silver and holding it in Jim's direction.

The thin dime fell to the sand and Jim stood looking down at it as the red-faced man hurriedly threw the car into gear and swung toward the highway.

Little Bird waited until the car was gone before he picked up the coin. He kicked at the hot sand with his good foot, holding up the coin to the man. "Jim. Say. Jim—" Seemed like the kid had something to get said. He finally got it out: "It ain't so, what they said."

"What ain't so?" Jim said.

The boy couldn't look at him. This thing had never been spoken between them. "You ain't a cripple," the boy blurted out. "You ain't. You walk as good as anyone. Honest."

"That's fine," Jim said. "Now go away and leave me be. Git. Take the dime and buy yourself some ice cream. Go on, now, git, I said."

He watched the boy limp away to the store, and he saw himself reflected in the window, and in that sharp moment he saw the defeat in the bony figure. So the kid thought it was being named a cripple made him hang his head like a plow ox. Poor dumb kid—he had a heap of traveling to do on that beat-up leg before he learned not to give a damn about it. It was funny in a way, that puny crippled kid feeling sorry for *him,* protecting him like. The silver jeweled belt sparkled in the black mirror of the window and he remembered again how it had looked on his father, that straight, strong man. . . .

No one had Jim'd James Martin in the easy, half-scornful way people addressed his son. Sheriff Martin he'd been to all but the closest few, and the name Martin had been something to reckon with in all the Texas Panhandle and beyond. He had his griefs, like all men, but no one had dared feel sorry for him; and no man or woman in this world would have dared to think they could buy the belt off his pants. When he died, people came from miles around to see him planted on his own ground, in a country he'd helped to make. Each in his own way, the crusty, soft-spoken men and women said: "He was hard but he was good."

The governor himself *(Continued on page* 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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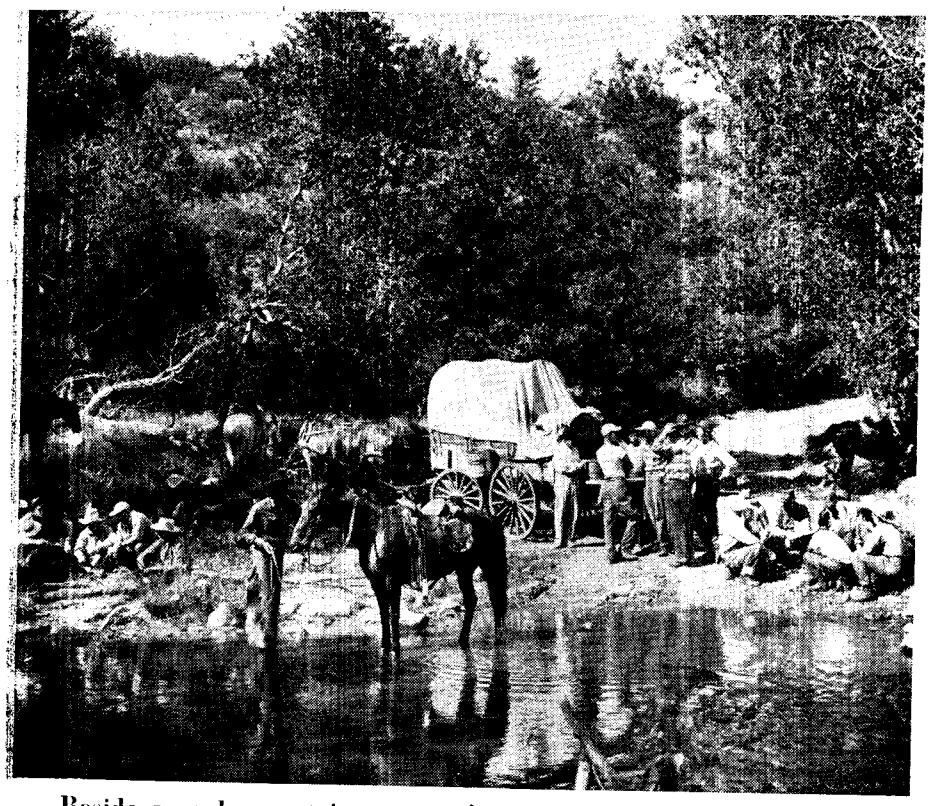

Beside a cool mountain stream the cavalcade pulls up for noon meal prepared in chuck wagon, and to water and feed their mounts

Scouts of the cavalcade from the Carson-Maxwell Base Camp sit around campfire. They sleep under the stars, rise at 4:30 A.M.

Boys learn how to care for horses and equipment: Jack Bace of Tulsa, shoeing his mount, and Jay Jacobs of Winnetka, Illinois

Scout Trail WESTWARD

By EVAN M. WYLIE

Hitting the trail for the mountains on the ranch

Near Cimarron, New Mexico, the Boy Scouts have their own huge honest-to-goodness cowboy ranch

UP THE steep winding trail of the 9,000-foot mountain pass toiled a straggling line of sweating, sunburned boys tugging after them a dozen small gray burros laden with bedrolls and kyack provision boxes. Near the top the guide signaled a halt and the column collapsed in heaps beside the trail.

The guide got out his binoculars and scrutinized the valley half a mile below. "Cavalcade moving up Bonita Canyon," he announced. "Looks like 16 horses and six pack mules. Probably those New York and Georgia outfits."

The boys in the burro train, already nine days on the trail, were themselves from Kentucky and Pennsylvania. Besides the New York and Georgia cavalcade crossing Bonita Canyon, other boys from many other states were taking part in a major operation in this rugged section of New Mexico. Nine miles to the north, boys from Kansas and Michigan were panning for gold. Down on the prairie, Illinois, Maryland and Ohio kids astride cow ponies were rounding up steers. In a corral a fifteen-year-old from Massachusetts was wrestling a bawling, dust-smeared calf. Deep in the forest to the south half a dozen Iowa lads were pulling lusty rainbow trout out of a swift stream.

This was the newest and biggest thing in Boy Scouting: the Philmont Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico, in the southern Rocky Mountains.

Literally a boy's dream of the wild West come true, Philmont covers 130,000 acres of mountains, forests, canyons and cattle range, much of it still accessible only by pack horse and burro. Besides having all the properties of a big Western ranch—such as registered cattle, horses, dairy stock, orchards and a great ranch house—Philmont has herds of buffalo and elk and deer roaming its plains and forests. Mountain lions prowl its lonely canyons. Coyotes call to one another from neighboring peaks.

Still visible on a hillside are the deep ruts made by covered wagons driving south through the heat, dust and mud of the Santa Fe Trail. Within its vast acreage are the historic home and hunting grounds of the famous frontiersman Kit Carson, the site of a garrison post from which blue-coated United States Cavalry troopers rode forth after Indians on the warpath, and mesas littered with arrowheads. There are old gold mines and the hide-outs of famous stagecoach, train and bank robbers.

A gift to the Boy Scouts of America from an Oklahoma oilman named Waite Phillips, who thoughtfully added a 23-story Tulsa skyscraper as a permanent endowment to earn operating expenses, Philmont is the largest Scout camp in the world and the first national camp ever owned by the Scouts. It is open to Boy Scouts from all the 48 states and United States territories. Last year outfits from 27 states arrived there in everything from chartered airplanes to wheat trucks with board seats and kerosene stoves. During 1950 the total is expected to top 5,000, with more than 36 states represented.

Though it offers more than any dude ranch, Philmont's rates are scaled down to fall within the financial range of almost any young camper. For a base rate of $2 a day active Scouts more than fourteen years old can head into the ranges of the Sangre de Cristo mountains to camp in some of the wildest country left in America; the ranch supplies them with food and equipment. For $36 a Scout gets his own cow pony and, as a member of a 22-horse cavalcade, a week in the saddle over pack trails through the canyons and mountains. For a top price of $61 he can take the Wagon Train, a 23-day journey on horseback, on foot and with pack burros through the whole Philmont tract, crossing the prairie with cowboy guides and a real chuck wagon, scaling 11,000-foot peaks and fishing in some of the finest trout streams in the country.

New arrivals at *(Continued on page 50)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAT COFFEY

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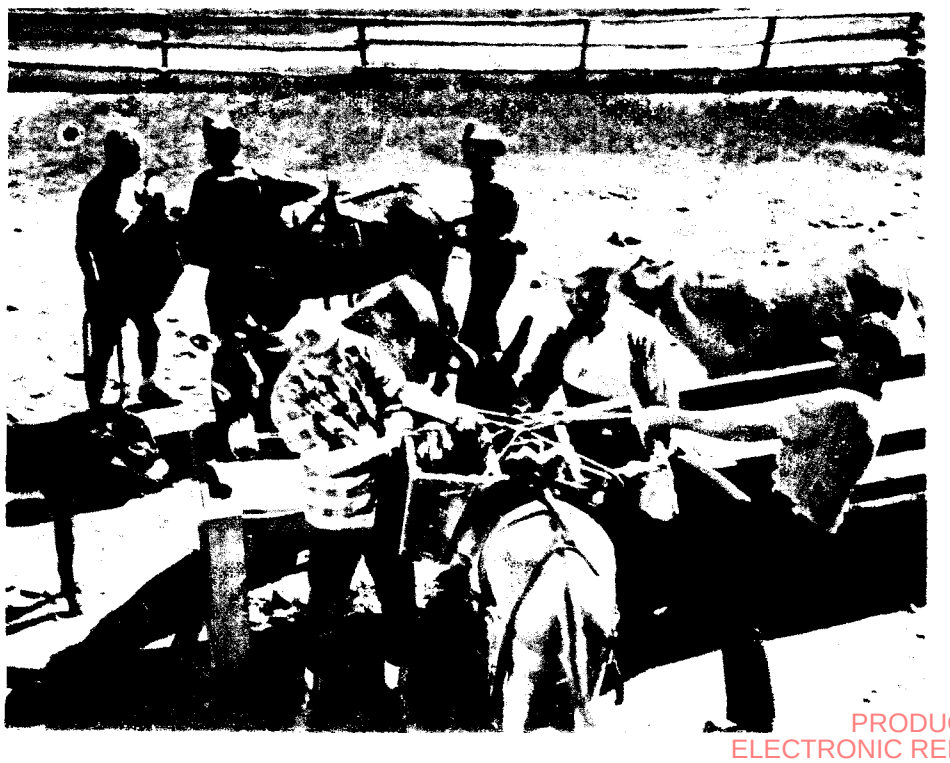
In Bonita Canyon, Boy Scouts—most of them city kids—help round up the cattle. They lend a hand with all the ranch chores

To help qualify for merit badges Scouts, under the supervision of an old ranch hand, learn to pack a burro and tie on kyack boxes



Vacationing geologist Myron C. Kiess of Tulsa teaches the youngsters to pan for gold. A few small nuggets usually show up in the process

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On Edge

By PAT FRANK

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

While the detectives watched, Trowbridge tossed a quarter into the air

IT WAS a misfortune of place and time that brought Billy "the Owner" Trowbridge to the attention of Detective Lieutenant Brass, of Chicago's Fraud Squad, and Captain Posen, of the Broadway Squad, New York. He could have bumped noses with ten thousand other cops and been perfectly safe. But Brass had the squinted gray eyes of a huntsman, and missed nothing. Posen had a mind like a library of photographs. He never forgot a face—and the name, aliases and record that went with it.

For three days they had been attending a Washington crime conference. On the third day they ducked the afternoon session and started for the track at Bowie in Posen's car. A red light halted them at College Park, and it was there they spotted "the Owner."

Trowbridge did not look like a con man, but then if a con man looked like a con man he couldn't be a con man. He wore inconspicuous brown tweeds, clutched a grocery sack in each arm, and with his steel-rimmed spectacles bobbing uncertainly on the bridge of his thin nose, he might have been a minor government administrator, or a professor at the university. He crossed the highway with caution and apprehension. For an instant he stared at them, for a distance of ten feet, and then turned his face away. It was this quick move that Brass noticed.

"That's a wrong guy," Brass said. "I think I know him."

Posen eased the car ahead until he saw the profile. "That's Billy Trowbridge," he said. "Flim-flam artist. Seven arrests, no convictions. Been out of circulation a long time. He's wanted in New York."

"Billy Trowbridge," said Brass. "We want him too."

"Well, do we tail him?"

Brass settled down in the seat, and sighed. "I haven't made the races in a year."

The light changed, and Posen idled along as if seeking a parking space. They watched Trowbridge get into a small car and prop his grocery bags against the seat. At a discreet distance, hugging the blind side of the road, they trailed the car through the suburb of Berwyn. It stopped before a white cottage, set alone and half hidden by trees. Trowbridge walked up the front steps, the door opened from within, and they glimpsed a flare of skirt. "He's got a woman," said Brass.

"I'll take the front," said Captain Posen. That was all he had to say. On a job like this he wouldn't want anybody better than Brass. They had met fifteen years before at an F.B.I. school, and there had been occasional business trips between the two cities since then, their business usually shackled to the left wrist. They regarded each other with respect and were rivals only in the sense that New York and Chicago are rivals.

Posen gave Brass time to get to the back of the house. Then he knocked and leaned his thick torso against the door, so that when the knob turned it flew open. Trowbridge jumped back. "Well," he said wearily, "it *is* you. I thought I saw you in College Park. Where's Brass?" In shirt sleeves now, he looked less trim than he had on the street.

"Okay, Brass," Posen called. Brass came through the kitchen door, pocketing a gun.

Posen looked at the living room—the comfortable chairs, the carefully blended colors, the deep bookcase. There was a woman beside the fireplace weeping quietly into her hands.

"This is my wife, Martha," said Trowbridge. "You'll have to pardon her. We always knew this could happen, but we'd begun to believe it wouldn't."

She said, her voice distorted, "Why couldn't you have waited? Why now?"

"In a few months," Trowbridge explained, "I'd have been safe. Statute of limitations. I'd have been safe in New York, and safe in Illinois."

Martha Trowbridge stopped crying suddenly, rubbed the tears from her face with the back of her hand, and said, "I'm all right now. Whatever it is you have to do, please do quickly. Gay will be back from school any minute. Gay's our little girl. She's in the first grade, and I don't want her to see this."

"You know how it is," Posen said. The woman was considerably younger than Trowbridge. He felt sorry for her.

"Of course. Please, quickly."

"We're ready. What do you want to take with you, Billy?"

"I'll pack a bag." He walked into the bedroom, and Brass and Posen followed him.

Trowbridge opened his shirt drawer. Posen asked, "Where've you been all this time, Billy?"

"Right here. For six years, right here. I've been clean."

"Working or hustling?"

"Working."

"At what?"

Trowbridge straightened and looked from the face of one detective to the face of the other. "I'm an assistant professor of economics at the university."

"I remember," said Posen. "You had a master's degree."

"I've been using it, for the first time."

"Too bad," said Posen. "Tell me the tale."

"It happened six years ago at Bowie," said Trowbridge, arranging the shirts in his suitcase, open on the bed. "You know my pitch? You know why they call me 'the Owner'?"

"Sure," said Posen. "You always wear an owner's badge at the track. Then you tell your mark you've got a horse in the next race, and the race is fixed, but you'll give him the winner—for a price."

"That's it," said Trowbridge. "But I always have three or four marks, and I give each of them the name of a different horse, and in addition to charging a flat fee, I make them place a bet for me. I only work one race a day, but I stand to make a killing. But on this day I stood to get killed."

"What happened?" asked Brass.

Trowbridge selected six conservative ties. "I picked two wrong marks. One of them was a hood from Denver—Knobby Nukells."

Brass nodded. "I know him. A tough hood."

"The other was a district attorney from Baltimore."

"That doesn't sound reasonable," said Posen. "Guys like that are too smart."

"Nobody's too smart when they hear my tale," said Trowbridge. "I don't know why it is, but everybody believes me."

Posen nodded. "He's right. He could con the gold out of Fort Knox."

"Anyway, I made a mistake," Trowbridge continued. "Usually I stay behind the clubhouse while the race is being run, but this race I watched from the rail because I'd made a small bet of my own. When the horses went to the post I found Knobby Nukells on one side of me and the district attorney on the other. This was very embarrassing, because naturally I'd given them different horses. I'll never forget their names; Bright Sun and Hogan's Pride. I thought I'd duck out while the race was being run, but before the barrier was sprung, Knobby Nukells grabbed me by the elbow and began telling me what he'd do to me if his horse lost. And the district attorney heard him, and sensed that something was funny, and began asking questions. So I was sunk."

"It didn't matter which horse won, you were finished," Posen said.

"That's right. I was finished."

"Well, which horse did win?" Brass demanded.

"Bright Sun and Hogan's Pride ran a dead heat," said Trowbridge. "Both Knobby Nukells and the district attorney were happy and satisfied and they both paid me off. After that, I knew my luck had run out. Besides, the baby was coming. So I quit hustling. I quit cold six years ago and I've been clean ever since."

BRASS sat down on the bed and slapped his leg and laughed. "Billy," he said, "you sure can tell the tale!"

"You sure can," Posen said. "But lock up that bag and let's get going."

"Wait a minute," Brass said to Posen. "Who's going to get him?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said Posen. "There's an important complaint against him in New York."

"It'll help me make captain, if I bring him home," said Brass.

"I think there's a reward for him in New York," said Posen.

"I wish you gentlemen would hurry up and decide before my kid comes home," said Trowbridge.

"Toss a coin, Billy," said Brass.

Trowbridge brought a quarter from his pocket and sent it spinning in the air. It bounced on the floor, rolled to the wall, rebounded, curled around a rug, and stopped, firmly and indisputably standing on edge.

The three men looked at it for a moment, but it did not quiver.

"We should have gone to the races in the first place," said Brass.

"Billy," said Posen, "so far as I'm concerned, you can unpack."

"If we hurry," said Brass, "we can still make the third at Bowie."

Brass and Posen were going out of the door when the little girl came in.

"By golly," said Posen, "he does have a kid, doesn't he?"

THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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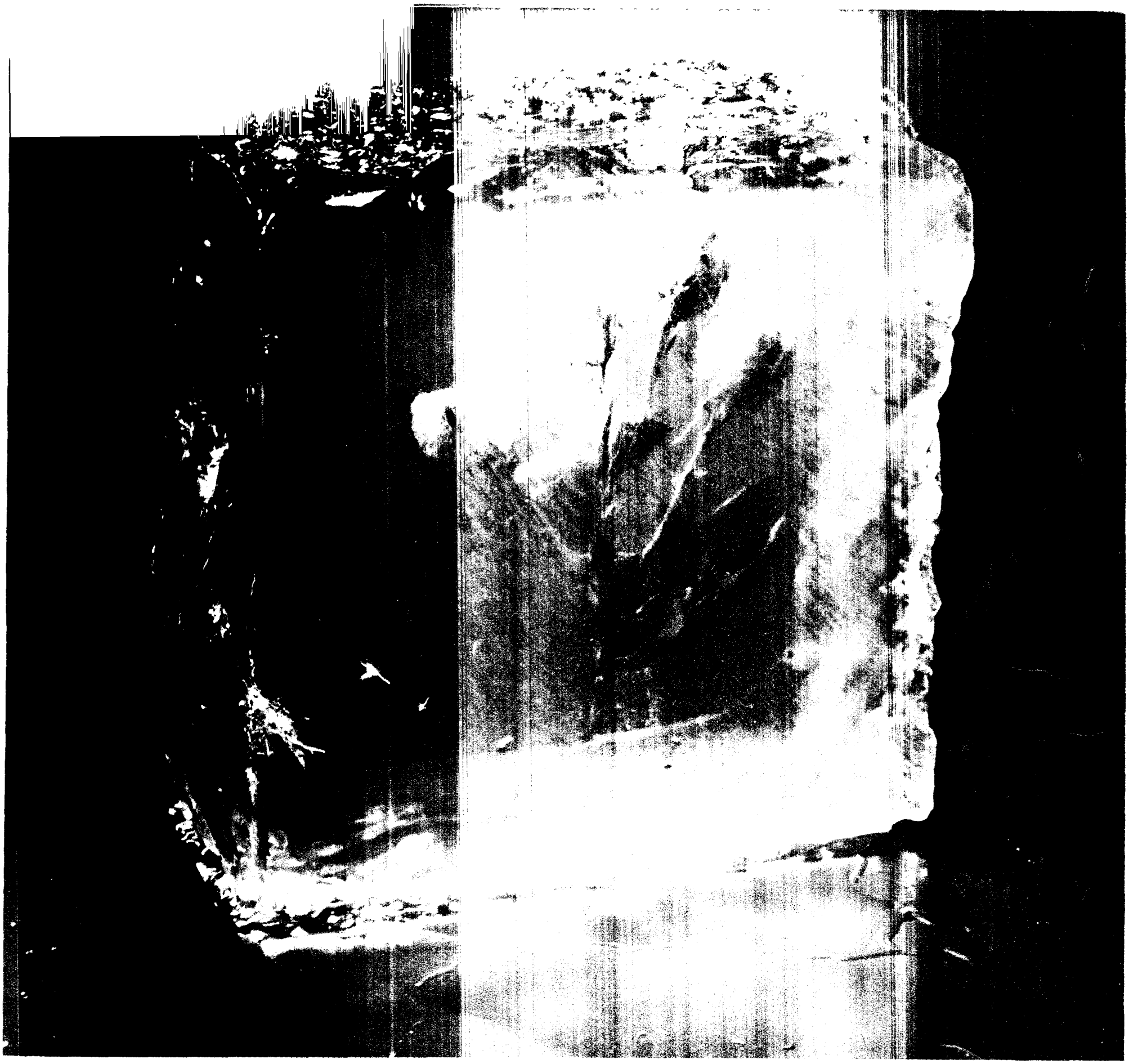

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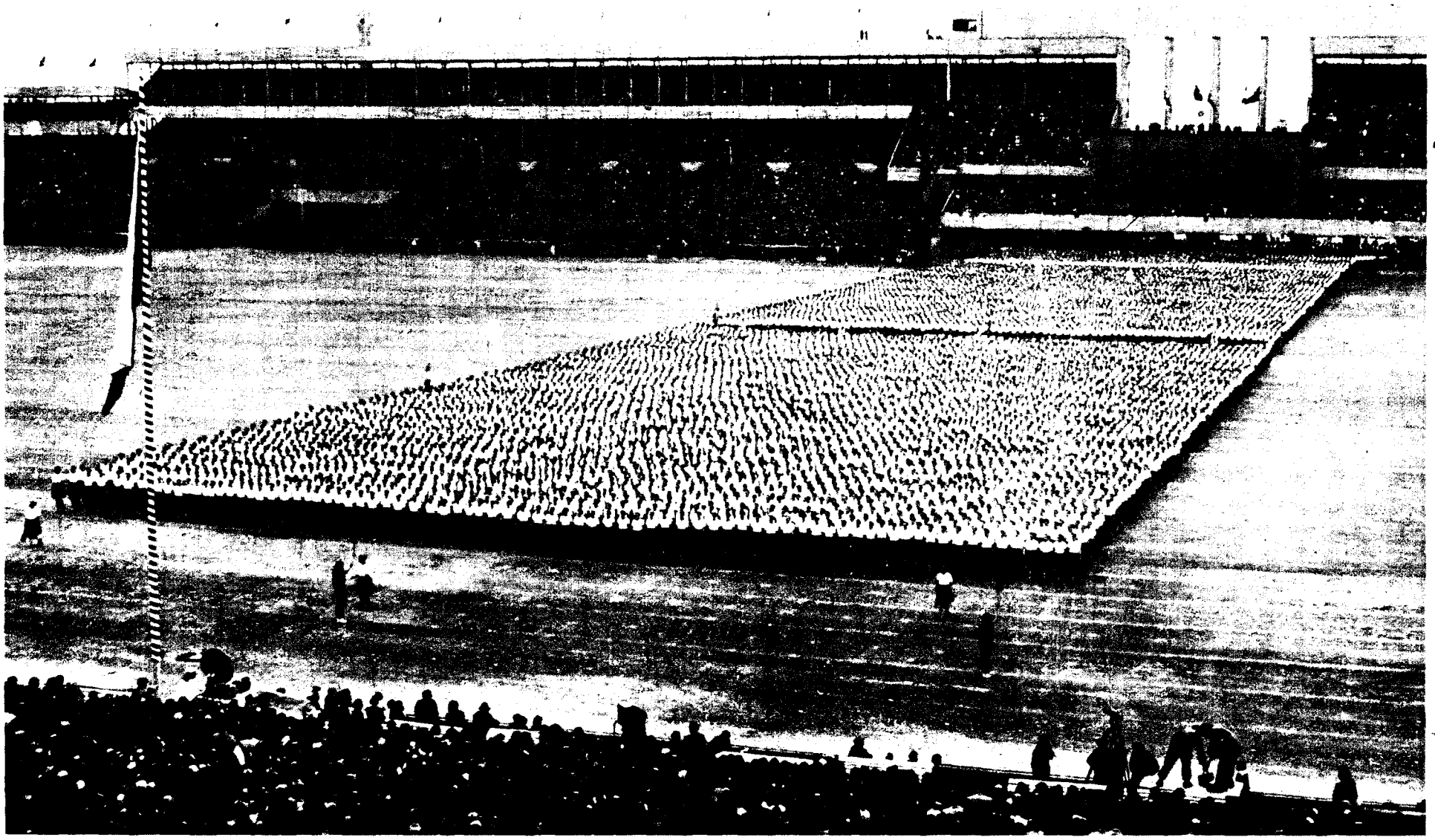
Czechs Never Knuckle Under . . .

STARS IN FLIGHT



EUROPEAN

In the summer of 1948, secret police arrested hundreds of Sokol members (above) for parading with American rather than Red flags

BLACK STAR

Lovely Aja Vrzanova, world champion skater, waited to come of age, then fled to Britain

By DAVID PERLMAN

Two top tennis players kicked a hole in the Iron Curtain and a stream of outstanding Czechoslovakian athletes have followed them to freedom

Prague

IF YOGI BERRA were suddenly banished from the Yankee ball club tomorrow because he voted the wrong way in the last election, the resulting howls and fan protest parades would shake America's sports world all the way from Seals Stadium in San Francisco to Boston's Fenway Park.

And, to pursue the nightmare further, if Mr. Berra resented thus being politically purged and decided to spend his declining years in England tending a sticky wicket for the Devonshire Lads cricket ensemble, no one in America would wish him ill.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Berra is not likely to be purged, nor is he likely soon to exchange his New York uniform for the striped blazer of the Old Devonians. But then, Mr. Berra is an American. If he were here in Czechoslovakia the story would be quite different.

For in this Russian satellite state, sports fans are being taught that athletics no longer are good clean fun. The Czechs, once Europe's most rabid sports enthusiasts, have learned to their sorrow that under their two-year-old Communist government the function of sports is to build Socialism, to spur the Five-Year Plan, and to bring glory to the Soviet motherland.

Czech stars who haven't learned the new gospel have been purged or imprisoned. The lucky ones —some of them world titleholders—have fled. In this "people's democracy" a champ has to prove he's a good Communist before he's allowed to go out and break records.

Consider the case of Emil Zatopek, Czechoslovakia's 10,000-meter Olympic champion. Young Zatopek, a man with a shy smile and plenty of power in his long, muscled legs, likes to run. Last fall he rang up a new world record of 29 minutes, 21.2 seconds, for his favorite distance.

When Emil broke the tape, did he pant into the nearest microphone, "Gee, Ma, I'm glad I won"? Not at all. Instead, he rushed to the nearest telegraph office—presumably without even pausing in the shower room—and dispatched a wire to Clement Gottwald, Czechoslovakia's tough Communist President, declaring:

"I have fulfilled the task I set myself before the working people and am happy that thereby I helped propagate the good name of our People's Democratic Republic."

And what about the Czech sports writers? Did

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they point out that the new champion was stout of heart and that everybody had a lot of fun watching him break the record? Of course not. The sports editor of Mladá Fronta, for example, drew the prescribed moral from Emil's achievement, thereby assuring himself of another lease on his own job.

"Zatopek is proof," the editor observed, "of the necessary relation between the state and sports, such as the Soviet Union has achieved through its *fizkultura*. The new sportsman will not be one to break records. He will be one who is politically aware, one who will be exemplary to youth. What progress compared with the old days!"

Not long ago I had an enlightening chat with a young Czech about this sort of progress. A student at Charles University, Prague's ancient and honorable seat of learning, he had been tapped for the varsity ski team.

"It was quite an honor," he told me, "but I decided to sprain an ankle instead."

He seemed quite fit, and as a matter of fact he was dressed in ski boots and windbreaker and was carrying a fine new pair of skis on his shoulder while we talked. He was headed for the Wilson Railroad Station to take in a week end of skiing in the high Tatra Mountains near the Polish frontier.

"Talk about thin walls! Those neighbors in the next apartment are showing their home movies"

COLLIER'S ALFRED ISLER

"My ankle got better quite soon after the varsity team was filled without me," he explained. "You see, I can do my skiing in peace now, without having to make speeches about it."

If my young Czech friend had joined the university team, he probably would have landed in the finals at the national ski championships, held last March at Janské Lázne. That was a fine, healthy sporting event. Communist party cells, trade-union branches and political action committees all had their teams competing furiously down the magnificent slopes of the Tatras. Slalom, downhill and jumping events were only part of the tourney. The rest were carefully organized by the State Office for Physical Culture and Sport, a good-time-Charley branch of the Ministry of Information and Public Culture. Here is how the State Office whipped up enthusiasm for its Iron Curtain version of a Sun Valley tournament:

"It is not merely a sports contest. It is a test of the strength, will, skill and awareness of tasks to be performed—instilled by Socialist physical training into all those who take part in it. All, girls and boys, men and women, must prove their knowledge of defense discipline, such as shooting with air rifles and throwing grenades. It is a highly important test of defense ability."

This was supposed to be a ski contest. Did anyone say *Vive le sport?*

Under the Communist regime, apparently, there is no room left for anyone who simply wants to enjoy himself. And there certainly is no room for anyone who'd like to make a small, gentlemanly wager on the outcome of a sporting event. I have talked to several Czech horse players. They were remarkably affluent. The explanation was simple: They'd stopped playing the horses, by order of the Ministry of Interior.

The prosperity of Prague's horse players dates from last November 27th when, at the local race course, 30 secret policemen swooped down on the track's 11 licensed bookies after the sixth race, and confiscated their take of 1,000,000 crowns (about $20,000).

"Betting on the races is a sign of Western decadence and militates against the class struggle," declared the same Prague sports writers who only the day before had been handicapping the horses with as little success as their brethren in America.

"I wonder how they're doing at Hialeah," mourned one of the bookies who had once spent happier days in Tallahassee.

Some Czechs can still laugh at the way the Communists are using sports as a weapon in their fight for totalitarianism; but to most the situation has gone beyond laughter.

Take the Sokol, Czechoslovakia's biggest sports organization, with nearly a million members specializing in mass gymnastics and physical culture, pastimes that are about as popular as sand-lot baseball and football in the United States.

In the old days, Czechs by the hundreds of thousands used to pour into Prague every sixth summer for the Sokol festival. Americans of Czech descent would save up over half a lifetime just for one trip back to the old country to see the breath-taking precision exhibitions put on by as many as 50,000 white-uniformed Sokol members in Prague's Strahov Stadium. It was sport, pure and simple—and it was fun.

Then came the revolution of February, 1948. That summer, secret police dogged the steps of Sokol members because, in their parade through the city at the festival's opening, they had the courage to wave American flags instead of the hammer and sickle. Hundreds were arrested.

There isn't much sport to the Sokol movement any more. The new Sokol leaders are chosen by the government, and they are just about as sporting as the goose step.

Plenty of Czech athletes, of course, refuse to accept this political corruption of sports. As the arm of the state moves in on soccer, basketball, swimming, track, tennis, hockey and archery, many of the old champions go into quick retirement. Their names don't make the newspapers and they hope that no one will comment publicly on their sudden loss of skill. They just want to be left alone.

Others, particularly the younger ones, flee their homeland for good. The first of these, and probably the most famous of the sports refugees, were Jaroslav Drobny and Vladimir Cernik, the Davis Cup tennis stars. Drobny and Cernik went into exile last July, while leading the Czech team in a championship match in Switzerland.

Early one morning, while a Czech legation attaché vainly tried to serve them with an official order to return to Prague (where a cell in Pankrac Prison awaited them), they told the world they were through with Communist athletics.

"By this treacherous step," thundered

Sam Snead

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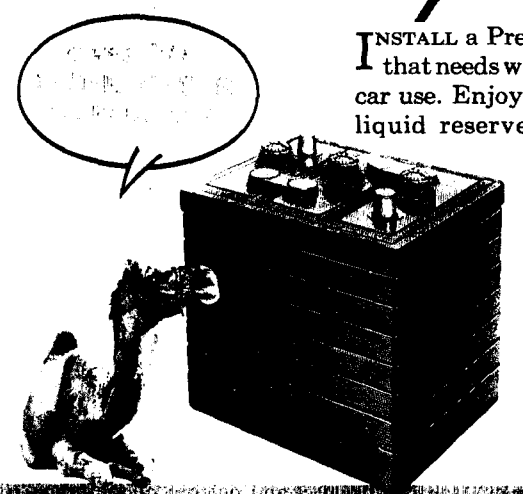

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Prague Radio, "Drobny and Cernik have parted ways with their country and have gone to become professionals in the pay of the capitalist entrepreneurs."

After the two tennis stars kicked a hole through the Iron Curtain, a stream of athletes followed them. All through the summer of 1949, touring Czech teams in international tournaments lost scores of members who asked, and got, the right of asylum abroad.

By early fall the State Office of Physical Culture and Sport announced that Czechoslovakia was through seeking championships in tournaments abroad. Czech teams, it was announced, would go abroad only to defend the championships they already held, and the teams would be composed of "followers of Socialism above all."

Even these new rulings failed to stop the flow of desertions. Only last March the Czechs lost their world champion figure skater, Miss Aja Vrzanova, immediately after she had successfully defended her title in London.

Young Aja's desertion was a serious blow to Czech sports propagandists for, up until the eve of her defection, she had been hailed

David Perlman, who filed this article from Prague, is one of a team of three correspondents who have been covering major developments both in western Europe and the Iron Curtain states on assignment from Collier's

at home as the "greatest woman athlete in the world." The government had even promised her a fine job—teaching figure skating to budding champions in Soviet Russia.

The graceful champion flashed her broadest smile when she told London reporters about her decision.

"I've been dreaming of this freedom for two years, ever since I first traveled in western Europe with the Czech team," she said. "But I had to bide my time until I was eighteen—which made me 'of age' in my country. Now I am eighteen and my parents have no jurisdiction over me. That means they cannot be held responsible."

By now Czech sports authorities are probably thoroughly convinced that they'd better give up sending their teams to the west. Already sports schedules in Czechoslovakia are heavily crowded with international tournaments among teams from the "People's Democracies." But there's even a sore point there.

When you hold a "People's Democratic Tournament" you have to invite the Russians, and how do you win gracefully from your master? This problem has come up more than once, and Czech sports fans mutter today that their Socialist team captains are now deliberately throwing games to the Soviet leaders.

Thrown or not, the Russians seem to be winning a surprising number of international contests in Prague these days. One reason, at least, is that the Czechs still play games according to international rules, while the Russians have made up their own. Naturally, the Russian rules always hold.

This situation boiled over during a recent Czech-Soviet volleyball game in Prague. It was supposed to be for the "world championship," and the Russians were trailing. Then the referee, a government official, started calling decisions in favor of the visitors. "You are still playing according to outmoded capitalist rules," he told the protesting Czech coach, who promptly subsided.

But the fans weren't so easily appeased. They booed, tossed programs onto the court, and gave out with Bronx-type cheers.

The next day Miroslav Hladky, Prague's leading sports writer, called for battle against the "reactionary *provocateurs*" who dared give vent to such "disgracefully excessive nationalism." From now on, he warned, sports audiences too would be purged, just as the teams already had been. Only the elite among Communist workers and Youth Front members would be given tickets to international contests.

All these efforts to make the sports world toe the Communist party line make bad propaganda inside Czechoslovakia itself, and the swift decline in the quality of Czech sports looks bad throughout sports-conscious Europe generally. Occasionally the Ministry of Information, whose job is propaganda, tries to stem the tide; but real Communist power lies in the Ministry of Interior, which controls the police. The Ministry of Interior always wins, naturally.

Only recently this interministerial tiffing broke into the open when Czechoslovakia's 1949 world champion amateur hockey team was purged, unpurged, and finally purged again.

The team's three-man forward line is generally considered to be one of the greatest offensive combinations in the game today, but last fall they were suddenly banned from a "Cominform training center" at Brno, where players from Russia and the Soviet satellites were scheduled to brush up their physical condition and political ideology.

Of the three, Vladimir Zabrodsky, who was captain of the team and Czechoslovakia's most popular athlete, was charged with being "politically most unreliable." This was hardly surprising since Vladimir's brother is now captain of a Czech hockey team in exile, currently playing on the rinks of Switzerland. The other two were Stanislav Konopasek and Vaclav Rozinak.

After they were purged, the storm broke. The Czechs were to defend their world title at London, in March, and the Ministry of Information had hoped to prove the strength of People's Democratic athletics by an assured Czech victory.

The problem of the hockey players became a hot issue in Czech Cabinet meetings, with the comrades arguing vehemently over whether it would be better Marxism to purge or to play.

Finally, Zabrodsky and his teammates won out. They were reinstated amid the hosannas of the nation's hockey fans.

Charges of Discrimination

Then, on the eve of the London championships, the Ministry of Interior came up with a second report. There was evidence, the ministry charged, that the whole forward line was planning to quit as soon as they hit London. Promptly, the government banned the team's trip and, perversely, accused the British of "discriminating" against the Czech ice stars.

But the real tragedy was yet to come. Zabrodsky wanted to play hockey, and he wanted to win the championship. He and his teammates said so—publicly—in Prague's Sokol Hall.

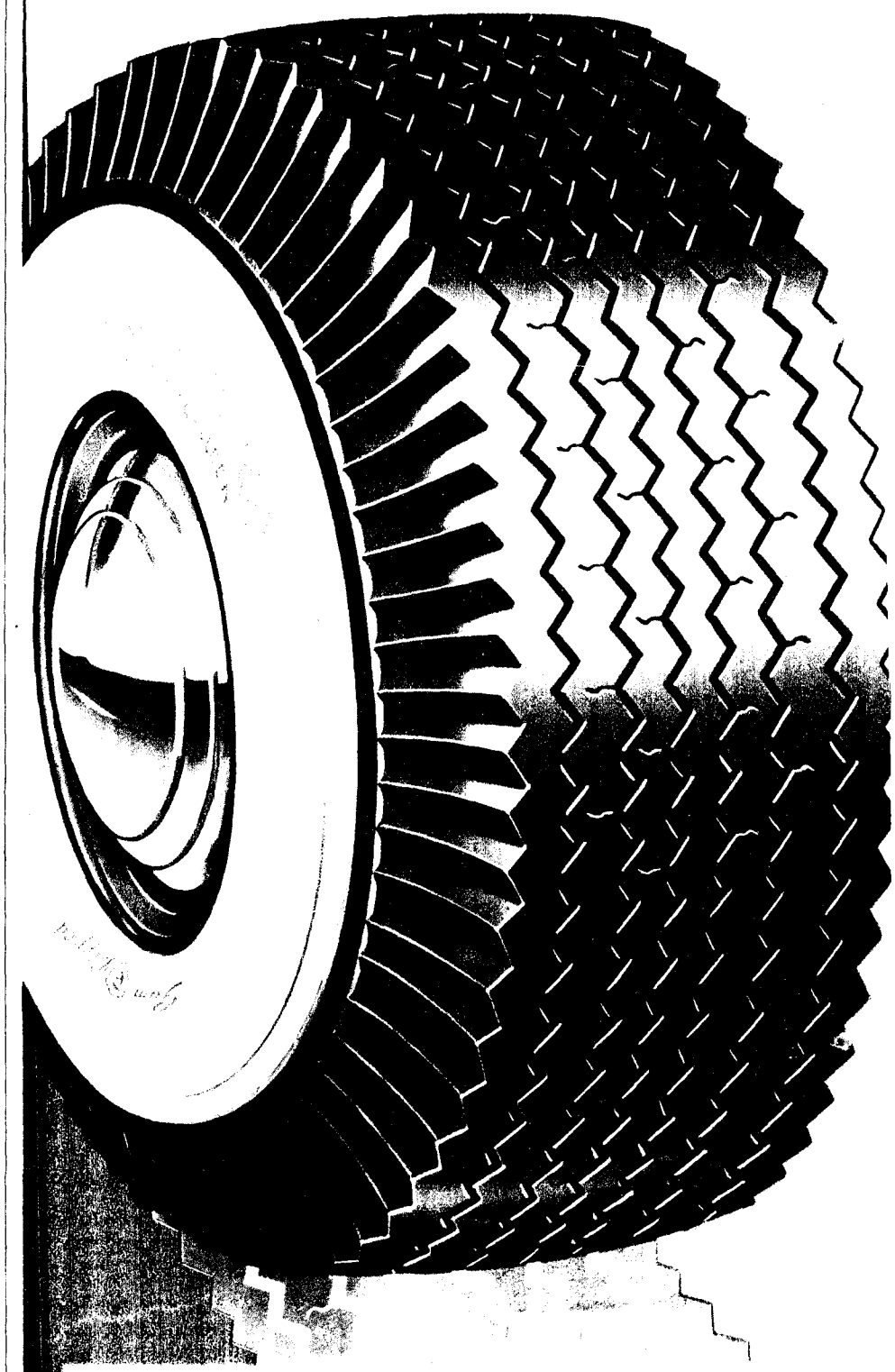
That was enough for the Ministry of Interior. Two days later Zabrodsky, Rozinak and Konopasek were arrested and thrown in prison. So far as anyone knows, that's where they are today.

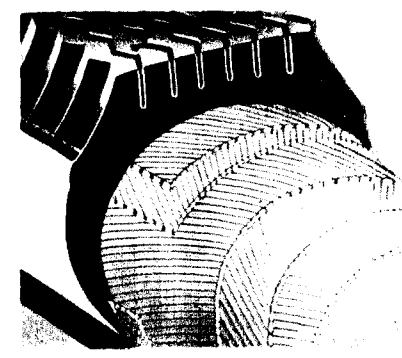
In the meantime, Czechoslovakia's Soviet-style sports go on. There may be no more championship teams. There may be no more spirited international competition to give Czech fans the kind of fun they need so badly under Communism.

But there's plenty of sport for those who want it. Down in Bratislava, for instance, you can attend the Sokol's new parachutist center—open to all good Communists, male and female. Paratrooping's good clean fun, it says in the ads.

Or, if you're a little young for parachuting, you can try the new Children's War Games. These are for the Pioneers—the kids from eleven to fifteen. You can see how athletic the games are by the ad that appeared in Rudé Právo, the Communist party newspaper.

"In these games," said Rudé Právo, "they will learn rules of defense. They will show how well they understand their motto. 'For the construction and defense of the homeland—be prepared.' Soldiers and members of the security police will help the children by showing them what to do." THE END





EXCLUSIVE SAFTI-LOCK GUM-DIPPED CORD BODY

Safti-Lock construction, developed as a result of Firestone's unequalled experience in building racing tires, binds all parts of the tire into a single inseparable unit of amazing strength. The improved Firestone process of Gum-Dipping insulates every cord against heat created by internal friction, the principal cause of blowouts.

UNIQUE SKID-RESISTORS IN SAFTI-GRIP TREAD

When you step on the gas, these Skid-Resistors open up and dig into the road like the claws of a cat. When you get rolling, they close up until you need them again. Then, when you step on the brake, the Skid-Resistors open again, but this time the opposite edges dig into the road, bringing you to a smooth, safe stop without skidding or slipping.

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Yours at [illegible]

Make Equip

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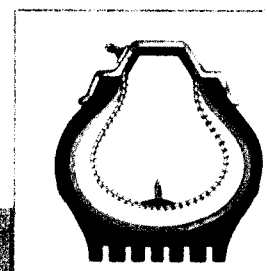
ON AUGUST 3, FIRESTONE CELEBRATES its 50th Anniversary of providing the public with extra quality and extra value products and services at no extra cost. In that half-century, Firestone pioneered such outstanding contributions to safety and economy as the first straight-side tire, the first commercial demountable rim, the first non-skid tread, the first Gum-Dipping process, and the first balloon tire . . . achievements which prove that *Your Safety Is Our Business at Firestone.*

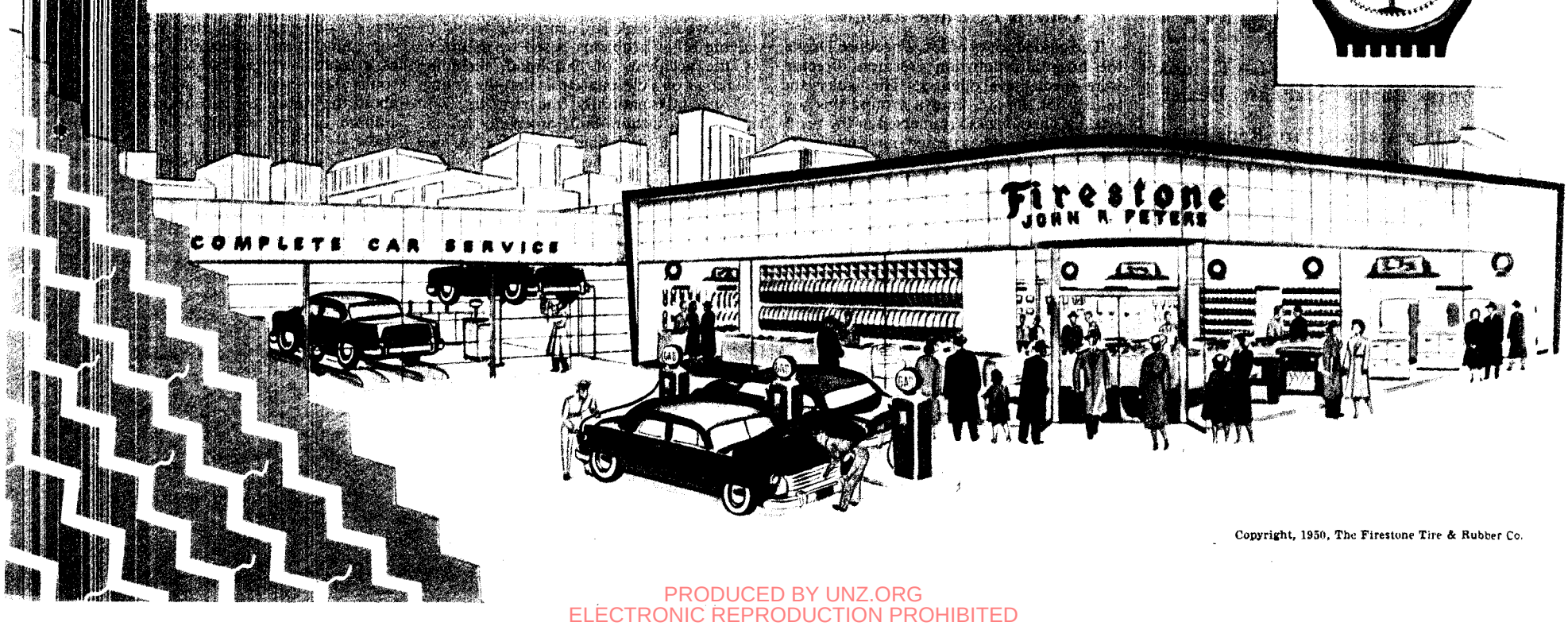
Your safety is also the business of Firestone Dealers and Stores. There you will find men and machines that will help you get out of your tires all of the mileage we build into them. So make safety *your* business, too. Equip your car with Firestone Super-Balloons and have them inspected regularly, without cost or obligation, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening over NBC

Firestone Life Protector Safety Tubes Give Utmost Protection Against Blowouts

Firestone Tires are built to resist most causes of blowouts, but no tire can withstand running over a spike or other sharp object at high speed. A tire with an ordinary tube will go flat instantly when a blowout occurs, causing the car to swerve out of control. Firestone Life Protector Safety Tubes retain ⅔ of the air, enabling you to bring your car to a safe, straight-line stop.





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It Takes Two Holes to Make a Flat

One is in the tube . . . AND the other is in the casing.

In-SURE Your Life

Don't take chances. When you have a flat . . . INSIST . . . that your dealer repairs not only the tube but also INSPECTS and REPAIRS the casing.

BOWES SEAL FAST DEALERS

Do It Right!

When you have a FLAT, look for the Bowes "Seal Fast" Dealer.

He is a trained Tire Repairman with the "know how" and equipment that will provide safe driving. Remember . . . it takes two holes to make a flat . . . and also remember that your Bowes "Seal Fast" dealer is trained to do both jobs . . . repair the tube AND the casing.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION
INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

'The Sick Kids'—A Share and a Prayer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

When rich Boston tried to raise $14,000,000 for a new children's hospital, it got only halfway to its goal. The Sick Kids, drawing on not-too-wealthy Ontario, overshot its goal and raised $12,500,000.

The Canadian Red Cross, tapping all of Canada, sets as its annual goal $5,000,000. How did the Sick Kids raise twice as much from one province alone? A dozen American towns have sent fund-raising experts to Toronto to find out. But the formula, although simple, may be hard to imitate.

"We got the money because everybody loves us," one Toronto doctor said.

It was cases like that of Eskimo girl Anna Number Nine, multiplied by the thousands over the years, that had earned that love. More than 200,000 men, women and children from Toronto and from the mining, paper and timber towns of Ontario gave sums ranging from five cents to $5,000. And the banks and corporations played a big part. The love the doctor spoke of was reflected in the thousands of money-bearing letters, hundreds of them in children's scrawls, that poured into the campaign office.

"Please use this ten dollars for your building fund," wrote one mother. "It is the money that would have bought my daughter Patricia's Christmas present if she had lived."

From a Canadian Pacific section foreman in the north country came $10 of his own and $25 besides. On his way to mail his own $10, the foreman had come upon a rail-laying gang and made an impromptu collection. And from a mother at Aldershot, Ontario, came $66.72. It was the savings bank balance of her twelve-year-old son. He had just died by drowning.

In its first campaign, begun on V-E day in 1945, the Sick Kids raised $8,000,000, relying chiefly on "special names," i.e., large donors, banks and other business concerns. When rising building costs made another campaign necessary last winter, the Sick Kids decided to go directly to the people. Many homes already knew from first-hand experience of the hospital's work. But if the rest of the money was to be raised, *all* the people had to know and care about it.

First, the Sick Kids asked the newspapermen of Toronto and the country editors from the back country to come for a visit. Famed specialists took the newsmen in tow, a half dozen at a time, and gave them the "shock treatment": exposure by guided tour to the hospital's decrepit and crowded insides. In between shocks, the newsmen learned that a hospital can have the *esprit de corps* of a crusading magazine or newspaper, and that a pediatrician can be as excited about his work as a cub reporter with his first by-line.

Collects Pediatric Antiques

The guided tours of Dr. Theodore Drake, the hospital's nutrition research director, were special eye openers. The lanky and tweedy Dr. Drake, known around the hospital as Theo, was so immersed in the problems of child care, it turned out, that he had taken to collecting pediatric antiques and could proudly show over 200 feeding bottles, pap cookers and similar gadgets that fed babies as far back as 3,000 years ago.

The editors learned they were in a "regular medical museum," a hospital that gets children suffering from every ailment known to science—and some that aren't. Operations rarely performed elsewhere were routine here.

For instance: A child born with a defective esophagus ending in a blind pouch that can't deliver food to the stomach is so rare, and surgery for it is so new, that only 46 survivors are known to be alive. Yet in one week the Sick Kids might have *four* such infants in its wards. Of these, three would live. Until 10 years ago, all would have died.

To save these lives one of the Sick Kids surgeons, a six-foot, three-inch giant of a man labors over four- and five-day-old infants scarcely bigger than one of his large hands. With the sure touch of a piano virtuoso, he snips out parts of three thin ribs between the tiny shoulder blades and spine, pushes the small lung forward and proceeds for three long, tense hours to open and connect up a tube no thicker than a soda straw.

The doctors showed moving pictures of this operation in color—and with sound effects. As the surgeon in the picture snipped gingerly around the lungs, and the infant's heart beat noisily through the loudspeaker, heavy thumps came from the audience. Hard-bitten newsmen, including police reporters, were passing out.

In five operating rooms jammed into a space no larger than a comfortable living room, during a routine day of 30 operations, the visitors could also have seen a surgeon wield a needle threaded with hair-fine sutures to join two blood vessels in the exposed chest of a half-year-old "blue baby." Such babies, born with defective circulatory systems that fail to deliver blood properly to the lungs, once seldom survived childhood.

Next door, the eye surgeon in chief was fitting a child with a plastic eye. The artificial eye, which the Sick Kids helped develop, is covered at the base with a tantalum metal mesh to which the muscles of the eye socket can be woven. These muscles will move the artificial eye just as they move a natural eyeball. Even medical students, examining the child's eyes later, may be fooled. Only by flashing a light in the artificial eye and noting its failure to react will they know that it is man-made.

Elsewhere, Sick Kids surgeons would be solving other problems posed by nature or by the accidents of childhood, including the repair of a cleft palate so that the youngster can talk naturally; the removal, with instruments custom-built especially for the child on the operating table, of a toy dog lodged in his lung; the application of sheets of aluminum foil, first used at the Sick Kids, to the legs of a seven-year-old boy "burned at the stake" in a game of cowboys and Indians.

When labor union leaders saw what was being done for the children—the clubfeet straightened by splints designed at the hospital, the reprieves given to leukemia (cancer of the blood) victims, the orthopedics shop from which craftsmen send out polio braces, surgical shoes, cerebral palsy harness to all parts of Canada—they, like the newsmen, became enthusiastic.

Ninety per cent of the children, it turned out, were getting medical and surgical care free. (The hospital is supported from endowments and contributions, by city and provincial grants and fees by patients who can pay.) The union men found that famous doctors who had reached top rank in their profession and could reap heavy money rewards were, instead, giving more than half of their working day free to the Sick Kids, leaving only part of the afternoon in which to earn their living. More than 100 doctors give the hospital a present of 50,000 hours of work a year.

For instance, the surgeon who had saved the lives of 10 babies with three-hour esophagus operations got no fees for his work. The parents couldn't pay. "Working for the Lord," the surgeon said.

Souvenirs of Indiscretions

On a wall at the Sick Kids are the things children get into their noses, lungs and air passages when nobody's looking. On the wall now, and once in somebody's small insides, are toy jacks, brooches, quarters, open pins—and even a piece of soft coal undetectable by X ray. Dr. D. E. S. Wishart, who learned the art of bronchoscopy (removing foreign matter from the chest) from its originator, the great Dr. Chevalier Jackson, has taken some 1,000 objects out of the wrong places in 20 years of operating at the Sick Kids. For most of these extractions he received no pay.

The drive for funds for the new hospital was directed by a small group of investment bankers, stockbrokers and bond dealers who cut themselves off from their own private affairs and devoted 12 to 14 hours a day to the campaign. Chief strategist and spark plug was the head of a Toronto bond house, William C. Harris, who had mastered money raising as a leader in the great Canadian War Bond drives. One of the lessons he applied was that devoted amateurs often can accomplish more than skilled but detached professionals.

So all the work was done by volunteer, unpaid amateurs. Three bankers opened the hundreds of letters daily and totted the contributions. Stockbrokers did the leg work, calling on businessmen and other big prospects. Insurance companies turned over stenographers to provide a free office force. The cost of raising $12,500,000 was less than one half of one per cent, or $60,000, most of it for postage and telephone charges. (Such campaigns usually cost about 10 per cent of the money raised.)

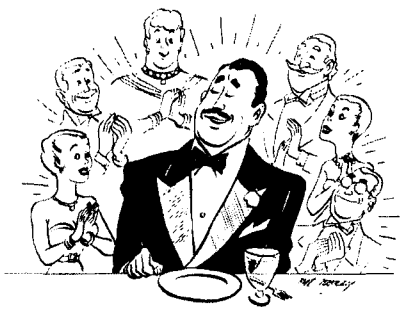
The amateurs' basic strategy of getting everybody into the act by enlisting the editors, industrialists and labor men paid off.

The Toronto newspapers reported the campaign with eight-column, page-one headlines. They gave two and three valuable pages daily to list every contributor of $1 and over. On the morning of the East-West championship Rugby game, an event comparable to the World Series, sport fans turned expectantly to the column of a leading writer, Ted Reeve of the Toronto Telegram. There was not a word about the game. He had devoted his entire column on that exciting day to the Sick Kids.

The union leaders got the word around to factory workers. When the Sick Kids doctors came for money to employees of one aircraft company, they found that half of their audience had received blue slips that morning, indicating plant-wide discharges. But the money-raising session reached revival-meeting pitch, anyway, as one worker after another rose to testify what the hospital had done for his children. The factory quota was oversubscribed. Many men who had lost their jobs that day gave as much as those still on the payroll.

Since the Sick Kids doctors work just as hard at preventing illness as curing it, more than half of the new hospital's rooms are set aside for research. Canada has one of

PAT ROONEY



Happy Ending

To make that speech a hit,
You gotta know when to sit.

—HELEN CASTLE

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the lowest infant mortality rates in the world. Dominion doctors say this is largely due to Sick Kids nutrition researchers who discovered that controlled prenatal feeding of expectant mothers can ease birth pains and strengthen babies.

When the Sick Kids noted that Newfoundland and the Maritime Provinces produce but little milk for their people, these researchers set out to find a substitute for milk as a source of bone-building calcium.

Two doctors and four technicians turned themselves into guinea pigs and daily, for five weeks, tested bone meal as a milk substitute. The six researchers gave up eating at home, sprayed their food at the hospital with edible bone meal and weighed every speck they ate. Everything on a plate had to be eaten. And if a piece of meat fell to the floor, it had to be picked up, cleaned and consumed. The doctors and technicians saved every drop their bodies eliminated, and every milligram was laboratory-checked for calcium.

When these researchers proved bone meal is a good provider of calcium, Newfoundland passed a law requiring millers to put edible bone meal in their flour.

New Heart Surgery Technique

Babies with defective hearts, wheeled to the Sick Kids operating rooms at the rate of one a week, get a gift of prolonged life via difficult surgery. If the surgeon could operate directly on the heart itself and mend it, the child would, in many cases, have a chance for complete recovery and normal life. But the baby's heart pumps out several tablespoonfuls of blood with every beat—over a quart a minute. If blood in the body could be made to by-pass the heart, and if the circulation could be otherwise maintained, the surgeon could cut and stitch the heart in a bloodless field. That is why researchers in many centers are seeking artificial hearts, mechanical pumps that can do the work of the heart during surgery.

A doctor from the Sick Kids showed this writer a dog who, judging by his bark, was healthy and energetic.

"Look, he's a pretty lively pup, eh?" the doctor said. "Well, he's had a knife through his heart. And he's good as new, as you can see." In their own quest for an artificial heart, two doctors at the Sick Kids, one a physiologist and the other a heart surgeon, had rigged up, from $80 worth of laboratory odds and ends, an artificial heart which had kept blood circulating through the dog for five minutes, while the surgeon opened the animal's real and bloodless heart and stitched it up again. This had been performed successfully on three dogs, thanks to the mechanical heart.

In the new hospital, the artificial heart experimenters will press their researches in the hope of being the first to develop one that can serve human beings. "We are just scratching the surface of heart surgery," one doctor said. "In the not too distant future, the repair of the heart will become an everyday occurrence."

Preventing polio, the Sick Kids doctors hope, may also be put on a routine basis. One mystery the medical detectives at the hospital are seeking to unravel is:

Where does the polio virus go between epidemics? "When we find out," a doctor said, "we'll be on our way toward preventing it."

Trailing the virus villain, the Sick Kids sleuths have turned one whole county into an experimental trap. The county, Dufferin, about 50 miles from Toronto, was picked because it gets relatively few tourists who might bring in the virus from the outside; it has few doctors and is a rural family area with children.

The Sick Kids decided to hunt for the polio virus in off seasons. A fieldworker was stationed in the experimental county and given a year-around assignment: Look for clues on how polio spreads. When a polio victim from Dufferin County is admitted to the Sick Kids, the hunt for the virus carrier begins back home. The fieldworker, teaming up with the local health officer, checks the child's home, tracks down all recent visitors, all playmates, finds out if they had suffered polio or minor ailments—vomiting, headaches, fever. From them, the fieldworker takes specimens for the hospital's laboratories.

Are the minor ailments, the vomiting and headaches, really a mild form of polio? Are they the link by which the virus is transmitted to the polio victim? Will it become possible for doctors to look at a headachy, vomiting child in the winter and flash a warning against polio to come next summer?

That is what the Sick Kids doctors are trying to find out.

Until that wonderful day when polio becomes preventable, the Sick Kids stands ready to deal with it when it strikes. It has its own "Little Warm Springs" 15 miles from Toronto to restore crippled limbs, and an orthopedic shop to send braces throughout Canada.

When polio struck down 3,000 children in Canada in 1937, metalsmiths and carpenters at the Sick Kids improvised 32 respirators.

The first "lung" was made of pine. Carpenters began hammering it together one noon when a ten-year-old polio victim, seemingly on the mend, developed the dread bulbar type of the disease. There was no respirator for him. For five hours, doctors and artisans raced to complete the "lung" while the choking boy, his face turning bluer by the minute, fought to stay alive.

In a coma when placed in the respirator, the boy regained consciousness, and in two hours his cheeks were pink again with oxygen-bearing blood. The Sick Kids had saved another young life.

The Sick Kids was started in 1875 with six cots and two stoves in an 11-room house rented by several Toronto women for $320 a year. Lacking sufficient funds, the founding ladies would meet every Wednesday and pray that the Lord send them some.

Ladies Appeal to a Plumber

Once, in need of a furnace, the praying ladies wrote a plumber:

"Dear sir: . . . We get our money only as the Lord sends it, and it is only in answer to believing prayer. The Lord seldom sends us a surplus, but He has seldom let us want a necessary thing. . . . We have no money now. . . . We consider it right to make this statement to you before you commence work, that you might either work trusting God for the money as we do, or not at all . . ."

The reply: "Dear madam: I feel certain that He who has stood your friend so far . . . will hear the prayers of those who ask faithfully in His name. The furnace has been ordered . . . you may rely on my waiting patiently until your committee are in funds to pay me . . ."

Like a boy outgrowing a pair of pants, The Sick Children's Hospital outgrew, in rapid order, five ever-larger homes. Like a growing child, too, the hospital attached itself so firmly to the affections of its founders and patrons that some of them were soon building their whole lives around it. The chief founder, Mrs. Samuel F. McMaster, went abroad to study nursing and returned to become the hospital matron. The late J. Ross Robertson, publisher of the Toronto Telegram, started by giving land for a new hospital and wound up by traveling all over Europe, looking for ideas and equipment with which to run it.

This interest in the Sick Kids long ago spread to the general public. When the annual money-raising campaigns came around in the fall, many Torontoans reached for their pocketbooks with the regularity and force of habit with which they paid taxes or contributed to their church.

From the original handful of ladies who prayed for the Sick Kids, now all of Ontario has a share and a prayer in the new hospital—so that the area it serves will continue to be "one of the safest places in the world for a child to grow up in." THE END

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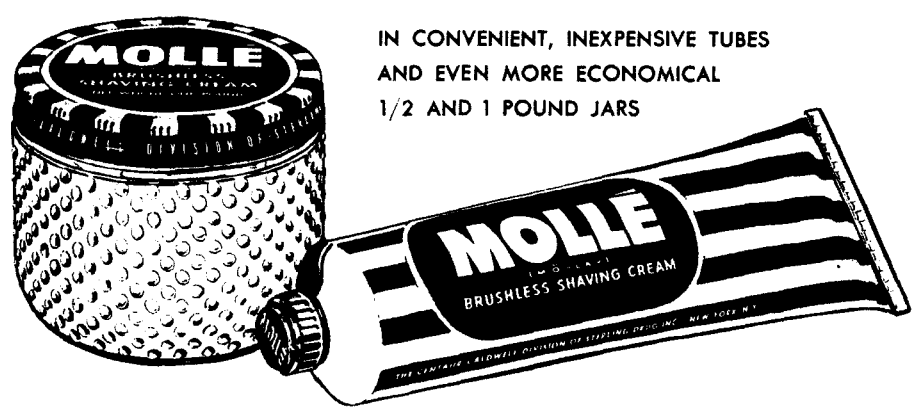
the "TAILORED SHAVING CREAM" that guarantees face protection

COMPARE MOLLÉ with your present cream, and if Mollé doesn't give you a *quicker*, *cleaner*, *closer*, *cooler* shave . . . and leave your face feeling more comfortable and looking more "kissable" . . . we'll refund double your purchase price.*

Because it is *heavier*, Mollé Shaving Cream is a match for the toughest beard! But, if *your* beard is light or if you prefer a lighter cream, Mollé can be "Tailored" to meet *your* requirements. You simply add water by leaving your face wetter.

Unlike many shaving creams, Mollé has no astringent action. Its emollient oils and beneficial sterols are your guarantee that your face will feel better . . . and also look better! Start today to use Mollé!



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Pride of the family reunion!

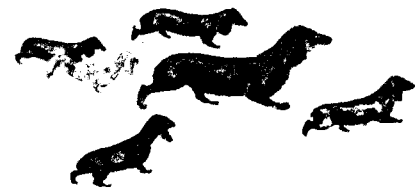
Son, just you listen to me!

"I've seen a lot o' cars in my time, but this new Chevrolet tops 'em all! Out on the highway or drivin' round town, Chevrolet's the car for me!"

Just beautiful!

"Women know about beauty! And we're sold on those beautiful two-tone interiors . . . the big-car look of those low, sweeping lines."

Long on value! Low in price!



"Believe me, any mother of five appreciates value! And you can't beat Chevrolet for value. Not just gas an' oil economy, though that's important, too! But, Chevrolet is *the best all-around buy in the low-price field!*"

Boy! Smooth as Powerglide!*

"You'll have to admit that's really smooth! And like my dad says, it's all automatic! There's nothin' to it! No clutch. No shifting. Just step on the gas an' you're off—smooth as anything!"

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"Yes, sir! When it comes to room, you should see those new Chevrolets! Head room! Leg room! Roomy, wide 'five-foot seats'! And you ride in real comfort. The softest seats—the smoothest ride—the easiest driving you can imagine!"

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Wings for Little Bird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

had sent a letter, priding his pa and his own name like that, and it hung now, framed, beside his pa's picture in the courthouse. Jim sometimes wished he'd kept it. But it seemed like everything he'd ever had slipped through his fingers like water through a sun-baked arroyo: the ranch his pa had left him; and the restless, blue-eyed woman with the soft small hands and the cherry-red mouth—maybe Stel would have stayed if the little girl hadn't been took with the diphtheria—it was all water on the sand, all of it, except the belt. He had his pa's old leather poke, too, but that was nearly gone.

THE belt was a thing that wouldn't wear out, a thing solid and sure a man could hang onto, a mark of pride and a past. The belt and the limp—they were all he had. But it was a lot of belt. In a way, it made him still a lot of man.

He had to be alone now, and he went quietly around to the back of the store and sat on a chair tilted against the wall, hoping the boy wouldn't find him. After an hour or maybe two his dull peace began to come back to him. The day was dying, and the saguaros were tall, rooted men raising their clumsy cactus arms to the rich sky.

The little boy came limping around the side of the building, moving in a rainbow of color, holding out a picture he'd made. Jim made no move to look at it and the child thrust it in front of his eyes. "Look," Little Bird said, "I made playing."

Small figures ran on the sand. Their legs were straight and strong; there was movement in the crude little drawing. The child's picture shouted it would be fine to have good legs and run like that.

"Go away!" Jim yelled. "Why do you keep hounding me?" Savagely he ripped the thin paper again and again and threw the pieces on the glowing sand. "There. Now leave me be. Why do you hang around me, anyway? Because I'm a cripple, too?"

He looked after the small figure as it moved jerkily in the direction of the hogans. Now he really did need a drink. His hand shook a little as he reached into his pocket to haul out the poke—might be he'd miscounted. In his haste he pulled the strings clumsily and the ancient leather cracked in many places, spilling change and papers to the sand. The poke was really shot to hell now. So the hell with it, the hell with everything.

He picked up the silver; any way you counted it, it was sixty-five cents. He gathered up the ragtag scraps of his life: legal papers soft with age; a few yellowed bits of newsprint—his pa's obituary from a Dallas paper; a story about Death Valley Scotty; a piece about some ancient Indian treasure some college professors were tracking down; a notice of a new bounty on coyotes.

The light was poor now, but he recognized the headline on one discolored clipping. Must be ten-twelve years ago he'd cut this out, and there'd been a time he'd look at it once in a while. He looked back through the dry years, grinning a little at the Jim Martin he once had been. Used to be he'd kind of blame any trouble on his leg. Used to figure maybe someday he'd have it fixed. This article was about a bone doctor from Vienna in Europe figured out a new quicker way to fix legs and hips like his. And back east in Minnesota there were some doctors who'd learned to do the operation. He crumpled the paper with the others, all but the one about his pa. Hell's fire, all he needed now was a pint, and he didn't even have enough money for that.

Not that he had any kick coming. He had his bunk in back of the store, and morning and evening he got a plate of grub. Once in a while Mrs. Gorman gave him a pile of her husband's old clothes. Rube slipped him a buck now and then—more if he'd done any real work. He had money for tobacco, and often enough for a pint. And he could always sleep, the heavy sleep of a man who has nothing to wake for.

After that afternoon the boy left him alone. Sometimes it bothered him. It had been a mean thing to do, at that. He hadn't meant to be so ugly to the kid. He didn't know what had come over him. Still, the boy might as well get used to it; maybe it was the first time he'd been named, but it wouldn't be the last. Still, he wished it hadn't been him to name him. And sometimes his stomach curdled, when he remembered how the boy had said, lying to beat hell: "You walk as good as anyone. Honest you do, Jim." Once he bought a nickel candy bar and handed it brusquely to the kid and went away quickly before the boy could thank him . . .

The notion got to eating on him. It was a crazy idea and he tried to ignore it. More than ever he wished he hadn't been so ornery to the boy, paying him back for good. Maybe that was what gave him this foolish feeling he owed him something.

When Jim shaved, it was always a stranger's face he saw in the mirror, an unfamiliar face with deep trails of pain around the gentle mouth and on the broad forehead. These days it seemed to him the stranger looked at him reproachfully.

"I won't do it. Doggone if I will," he said to the face.

The lips smiled a bit. The face looked someway more familiar.

"Well—" Slowly he took off the belt, moving back until he could see his waist in the bit of mirror. He took one pained look and swiftly clasped the belt around him. "Goldurned if I will," he threw at the mirror, and quickly left the room.

HE SAID, "I'll have a six-bit belt," and Rube looked at him surprised, and saw Jim wasn't wearing the ornament. "Picked one out," he said, holding back his question.

"My belt needs fixing," Jim said casually.

"Give it to Lupin; he'll fix it for you."

"I can do it myself," Jim said, buckling the cheap plastic around him.

It was a long day. Time and again his hands went to the belt and found only the weightless plastic. He felt plain naked, a man of no substance, weightless, as if the smallest breeze could carry him off.

The next day the silver belt was around him and with it the burden. And that night in his troubled sleep the kid ran free, like the boys in the torn picture.

Well, a man had to have peace, and sleep. Maybe it was a kind of punishment on him. If he hadn't been so ornery to the kid, hadn't got so shaky, maybe he wouldn't have ripped up the poke, wouldn't have seen that old piece of paper . . .

"Still want to buy my belt?" he said to Rube.

"You leaving?" Rube said.

Jim kept his eyes to the floor. "I'm taking Lupin's boy back east to Minnesota. There's a place there they fix legs like his. Do it easy. Read about it once in a newspaper."

Rube started to say something, then thought better of it. He cleared his throat. "Have you talked to Lupin?" he said finally.

"He's all for it," Jim said.

"Have you written the hospital?"

"No. I figure it'll be better I just show up with the kid. I bring him all that way and the money in my hand—it'll be better that way, better than letters."

"Maybe so," Rube said. "You want to pawn the belt?"

Jim shook his head. "I couldn't get enough that way. And where'd I ever collect the money to get it out of hock?"

"All right," the trader said. "Five hundred, like I said before?"

"Okay," Jim said. "I'll take the boy up there and leave money for them to send him back. In an airplane. Takes all the

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scare out of him to know there's an airplane ride at the end of it. I'll come back here." There was a question in his voice.

"Sure," the trader said. He looked at Jim now. "You can still make a good job for yourself here, Jim. You know there's lots to be done. Stop drinking and wake up and you'll begin to live. Six months time you can have yourself a fine silver belt."

"Maybe so. I might just do that," Jim said politely.

Rube rigged him out in a new suit and a fawn-colored ten-gallon hat. He caught a ride to Flagstaff and back with a trucker and got new boots and a barbershopping and a bright blue necktie. He didn't want to look like a pauper; he wanted the boy to have it nice. But he took no pride in the new fixin's, and what were they compared to the belt lying now in the safe?

Rube's wife outfitted the boy in a good-as-new suit outgrown by one of her sons and new shoes and an overcoat against the cold back east. And one morning the big bus stopped for Jim and Little Bird. The

COLLIER'S "Skoal!" WILLIAM STEIG

passengers stared hard at the tall quiet man and the bright-faced child, both lame. An unusual number of Navajos came to trade that morning, all of them in their best, and they stood beside John Lupin and his wife until the bus was a small blue speck in the white distance. . . .

Two weeks later Jim was back, and in another week he was his seedy self. The tie hung, a forgotten string, on a nail in the storeroom; and his hair grew jagged around his big ears. He was the same, except for the belt, and that was gone.

"You'll see it in the movies," Rube said. "Or you could if you went to the movies. Clark Cassidy, the cowboy star, bought it."

Jim got mail. From a doctor back there at the hospital. From a nurse who'd taken a shine to Little Bird. He got mail from the boy—not letters, because the kid couldn't write, but he sent pictures. Drawings of a boy in a high white bed, eating an ice-cream cone; a boy in a wheel chair; and after many weeks, a boy on crutches and a big smile on his face.

Jim was too tired to write letters. He gave the mail to John Lupin, and after that it was Lupin who had the letters. They said Little Bird was doing fine; it was a success what they had done, and he'd be coming home in the early summer.

"How'd you make out with the money?" Rube asked him once.

"Well, just fine," Jim said.

He'd asked a doctor about paying off, and he'd been annoyed with all the questions: Where did he work and how old was he and did he have any property and what kin was he to the boy? Finally he got mad.

"I got money," he said. "I got over four hundred dollars right on me. I want the boy should have it nice. If there's enough, I need about a hundred for his plane ride home—I promised him."

"Don't worry about it; we'll send you a statement, Mr. Martin," the doctor said. Jim felt for a moment as if he had the belt back around him. It had been a long time since anyone had Mr. Martin'd him.

"No," he said. "I'd best pay up now. Me and money don't stick."

"All right," the doctor said, "that'll be"—he thought a bit—"two hundred dollars."

"Good," Jim said. "That's mighty reasonable. I thought it would be more. Reckon you got a good business here."

The doctor smiled. "Yes, we do a fine business," he said.

"So," he told Rube, "I give him the two hundred dollars and I got a receipt. And then I left him money for the plane fare and a few bucks extra—you know, to get the kid candy or a play toy. You know. He was good as gold—the boy. Looked like he was losing his last friend, the day I left."

Well, now he had this thing off his mind and he could sleep again, the long hours of sleep that kept him from thinking or wanting. He walked each day a little more stooped, and he looked no man in the eye because he was a man with nothing now, and he knew it. Some days his leg bothered him so it was a pain to drag it around and he thought: A man with nothing except a pain is best dead and gone.

The telegram was phoned in from Flagstaff, telling what plane the boy was on. Rube took Mrs. Lupin in his car to meet him, and when he asked Jim did he want to come along, Jim counted out his money before he answered. There was a place near the airport you could get whisky twenty cents cheaper than the place near here. No, he'd stay here. There was no point in going.

RUBE'S car drove into the place and Mrs. Lupin got out slowly, holding her shawl tight around her. And then the boy got out. He wore the same suit but he had on a new white shirt. Jim was sitting on the upended petrified log; and slowly, but very straight, Little Bird came to him. He broke into a little run.

"Uncle Jim," he said, "hello, Uncle Jim."

It gave him a pleasure to see the boy, and no one had called him Uncle Jim before. It was nicer in a way than Mr. Martin.

"Hi there, Little Bird," he said. "You look fine. You walk fine."

"My mother says I have a new name," the boy said. "My name is Jim. My mother says it's a good name, the name of the best man in the world. And Miss Barnes, my nurse, she says you're my Uncle Jim. She says you're the nicest man she ever saw."

"She does?" Jim said.

The new-named Jim ran into the store to greet his father, the quiet mother following him, and Jim looked after them. It was fine to see the boy; he felt so good he forgot he limped as he walked toward Rube.

"They did a job on the boy," he said. "Did you see the kid run?"

"Sure did," Rube said. "They sure did. It's a miracle."

They stood companionably in the dusk.

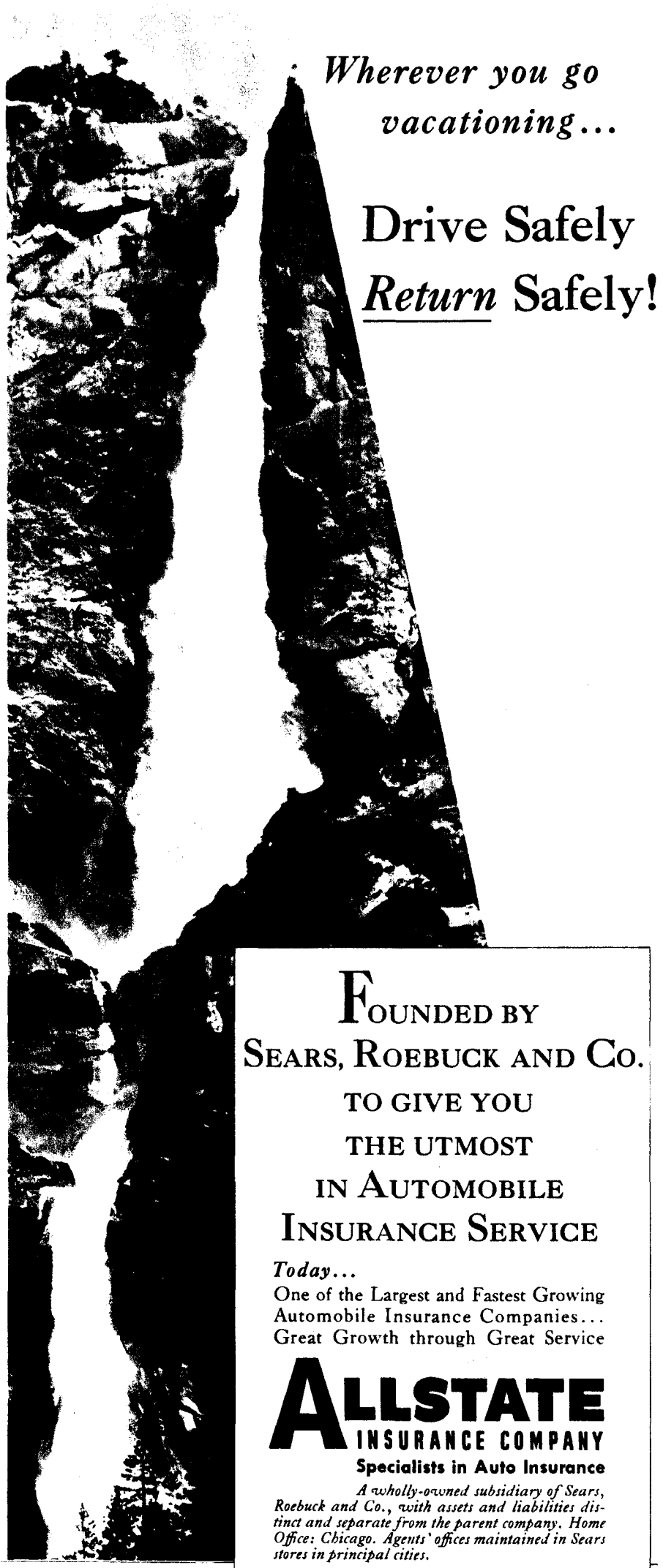
"Say, now," Jim said after a while. "Do you still want the house painted this summer?"

"Sure do."

"You might just order up the paint. I feel like I could work some." He hitched his belt and Rube saw the motion.

"Well, fine. You know, Jim, you do that paint job, do it right, and you can order a fine belt. Wouldn't take you long to own it."

"I don't think I'll bother about a fancy belt," Jim said. He looked Rube straight in the eyes. "I don't need it any more." He wondered if Rube understood him. It was queer how he felt he had the ornament back around him, the good weight of it, the mark of pride, and a past. And maybe, he thought, half smiling, even a future. THE END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HAPPY TALK

Nearly a million of us have seen South Pacific, the great Rodgers-Hammerstein musical based on James Michener's tropic tales. Many times that number have scratched and scrambled for tickets. From the inspired score have come haunting songs and charming melodies, but none more enchanting than the tune Juanita Hall (Bloody Mary) sings to the young lovers, Betta St. John (Liat) and William Tabbert (Lt. Cable). Here's Happy Talk, its words and gestures as universal as love . . .

Peekin' through the branches of a tree . . .

Talk about a moon . . .

Happy talk . . .

You've got to have a dream . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

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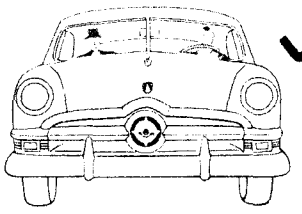

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It's an all-around work horse

It carries 8 big people in comfort

Look at the "Country Squire" and you'll say, "This is for me!" "Test Drive" it and you'll want to buy it!

For here is the car for everybody!

Dad will use it for everything from business to fishing expeditions.

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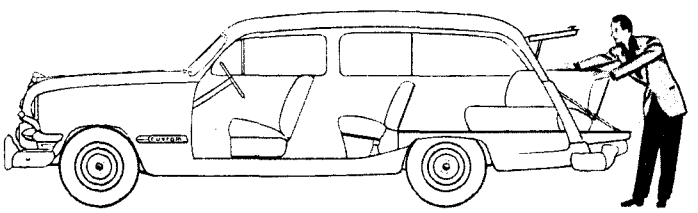
The kids will use it for fun!

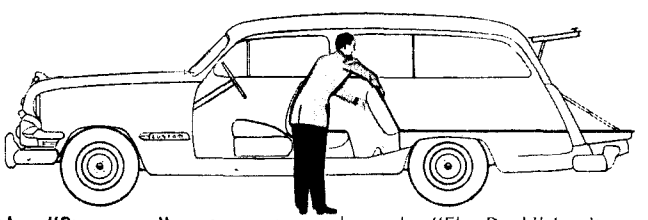
Loaded with features found in no other "wagon" in its field, the "Country Squire" still sports an economy price tag.

Your Ford Dealer will show you how easy it is to own the new "Country Squire." Why not see him today?

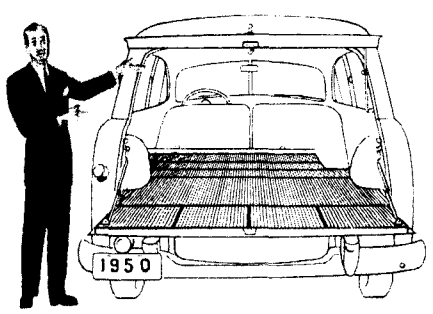
The new FORD "Country Squire" STATION WAGON



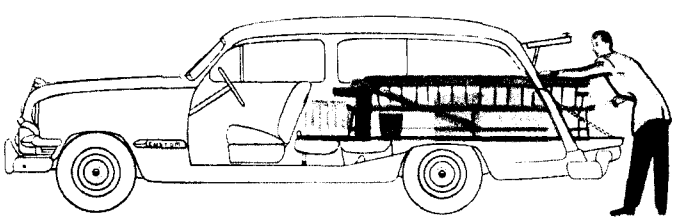
Easy removal of rear seat, without use of tools, starts conversion to more flat carrying area than any other station wagon in its class.



New "Stowaway" center seat completes the "Flat Deck" loading platform. You can slide things in "slick as a ballroom floor."



It's a "space happy" station wagon! The mahogany-grained outer panels of its all-steel "Lifeguard" Body are wood-trimmed. It's the only station wagon in its field with an engine choice—the 100 h.p. V-8 or 95 h.p. Six. And it has that passenger-car comfort and styling that earned for Ford the Fashion Academy Gold Medal.



With the "Level-Loading" tail gate down, there's 38.8 square feet of flat deck, which handles half a ton of freight with ease.

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WAR WAS HECK

By PETER HEUMANN

JOHN RUGE

"SAY, Pop," my eight-year-old began on me one night at dinner, "you oughta see the medals Ricky's father won in the war. With red, blue, green, purple ribbons. Boy!"

"Yeah?" I countered. I had a fierce premonition that it would have been to my advantage to leave the table, and I would have, except we hadn't finished the soup course.

"Ricky's dad flew a fighter. Against the Japs. You oughta see his flying stuff and silver wings. Say, Pop, were you in the Army?"

It had come. The question, which I had been dreading all these years, the question about which I used to half joke, had finally materialized. "Yes, I was in the Army. Now eat your dinner, boy."

"What'd you do in the Army, Pop?"

My wife grinned at the hopeless look on my face. I sighed, beaten.

"I was in the Air Corps."

Ricky's face lighted up. "No kidding, Pop? Just like Ricky's father. Gee, he tells Ricky swell stories. I was there when he told one. About the time he almost got it from two Zeros, and ended up getting both of 'em. Some pilot! How come you never tell me stories, Pop?"

"It could be modesty, but it isn't. However, I was a pilot."

"You were a pilot, Pop? Gosh!"

"Well, just for a couple of weeks. Think I logged seven hours and twenty-three minutes." The boy looked puzzled. "You see, son, not all of us who wanted to be pilots realized our hope. It's like everyday life. Everybody doesn't always get what he's after."

"You mean you washed out?"

It was difficult facing the lad and not easy to talk about it.

"In a word, yes. But I'd better explain, son. Almost at once I could sense that my flying wasn't coming along too well, so I decided if I showed enough courage and initiative to volunteer for first crack at the pre-solo flight, the instructor might feel lenient. I was wrong."

"You flunked the pre-solo, huh, Pop?" I sighed my admission. "So what happened then, Pop? You joined the paddle-foot Army?"

"If you are referring to the Infantry, the answer is no. The Army wanted your father to become a navigator."

"Navigator, Pop! Gee, you were a navigator? You shaped up some of those B-17 daylight bombing runs over Germany? Gee, that's almost as good as being a pilot."

"Whoa. Who said I ever *became* a navigator?"

"You didn't even become a navigator? Holy cow, Pop! What'll I tell the kids?"

"You just tell the kids that your old man was one of the top gunners in gunnery school at Las Vegas. Your dad had the highest turret score in the whole class. In fact—"

"Yeah, Pop, yeah."

"Easy, boy. Near the end of training, the finest hotel in Las Vegas gave a party for us ten top gunners. It was something. There were celebrities, too. A movie actress was there who was going to get married that very night. And they all watched your father take a bow under the spotlight when the master of ceremonies called my name."

"Gee, Pop."

"You're darned right. And what's more, at graduation I had to take another bow. That's when I got my gunner's wings."

The wife had finished her main course and was signaling me wildly to do the same. But the boy and I just let our food get cold.

"So you were a hot gunner, Pop? How many Huns did you nail?"

The fire left my eyes. I could only wag my head slowly and sadly. "Son, there comes a time in every man's life when he suffers a blow, *the* tough one, and that's when I got mine."

"Spill it, Pop."

"They gave me a medical discharge."

"A medical discharge! Oh, brother! You mean the Army got rid of you after all that training? You never even left the States?"

"Oh, I hit Juárez, Mexico, once. Now there was a spot. Let me tell—"

"I didn't know we fought Mexico, Pop."

"We didn't, boy. I just happened to be passing that way on furlough. It's just across the line from El Paso."

"Mmmm. How come you got the discharge?"

"Right elbow."

"What's the matter with it?"

"I broke it when I was seven. See." I showed him it was still impossible for me to straighten it completely.

"Discharged for that! Holy cats! I guess I'd better tell the gang you were 4F."

"I wouldn't do that, son. Did Ricky's father ever belong to the Caterpillar Club?"

"Now what kinda club is that?"

"An exclusive, distinguished organization. There's only one way to make it. You must have jumped from an airplane and saved your life by parachute."

"You mean you're a member, Pop?" I nodded. His face glowed. I figured to rate one white lie, and it wasn't much of a lie at that. For there was the time I stood on the wing of a primary trainer and just happened to pull the ring by mistake. There at my feet lay the released parachute. The altitude of the field was four hundred feet above sea level. THE END

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PHIPPS *to the Rescue*

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Concluding the story of the butler who proved that nothing's impossible in Hollywood, except the people

The Story: The long-missing diary of the late Carmen Flores, a Mexican movie actress, was turning the elegant Hollywood home of ADELA SHANNON CORK into a shambles of warring economic interests. The home had once belonged to Carmen, whose diary was reputed to contain many naughty secrets; already one Hollywood studio had offered $50,000 for the privilege of suppressing the sinful little book.

The question was: Who would get the fifty grand? The diary originally was found by SMEDLEY CORK, Adela's indigent brother-in-law, who needed the money so that he could resume his career of backing Broadway flops. But Adela, a retired queen of the silent films and a notoriously close woman with a buck, tricked him into giving her the diary, which she hid in a safe in the projection room on an upper floor of the house.

On Smedley's side in this cutthroat rivalry was Adela's sister, JANE SHANNON, a lady writer of hearty disposition, who had loved Smedley for years with what she admitted to be a weak-minded passion, and firmly intended to marry him, whether he liked it or not. Jane was ambitious to start a literary agency in partnership with JOE DAVENPORT, a youthful fellow writer of small means. Joe was engaged to be married to KAY SHANNON, niece of Jane and Adela.

Another competitor for possession of the diary was JAMES PHIPPS, Adela's English butler, who could buttle like anything but who had once served time for cracking safes. Adela had already given Phipps the sack for snooping around her room; and the wily Jane, after getting the butler crocked to the eyebrows on expensive liquor, taunted him into cracking the safe. After some mishaps, involving LORD TOPHAM, a young British peer supposed to be wealthy but with not a brain in his head, and two policemen ambitious to become movie actors, Phipps finally cracked the safe. Then with bland perfidy he announced that he intended to keep the diary for his own profit, even though he had recently signed a lucrative contract to play butlers in the movies.

TO SMEDLEY CORK, slumped in his chair on the terrace on the following morning, time seemed to be standing still. Melancholy had marked him for her own, and each leaden moment that dragged itself by took on the semblance of an hour.

To Phipps, on the other hand, chanting a gay air in his pantry, the golden minutes seemed to race. Tra-la, sang Phipps, and tiddly-om-pom-pom. In all Beverly Hills there was, as of even date, no sunnier butler. Lord Topham had described the previous day as the maddest and merriest of all the glad new year, but it seemed to Phipps that the current one relegated it to second place. God was in His heaven and all was right with the world, he felt. A contract with Medulla-Oblongata-Glutz in one pocket and a fifty-thousand-dollar diary in the other—what more could a man want?

Well, the way his head was feeling after last night, perhaps a glass of *(Continued on page 60)*

Phipps withdrew, to all appearances oblivious of the fact that six eyes were boring holes in his back. "The snake!" said Smedley

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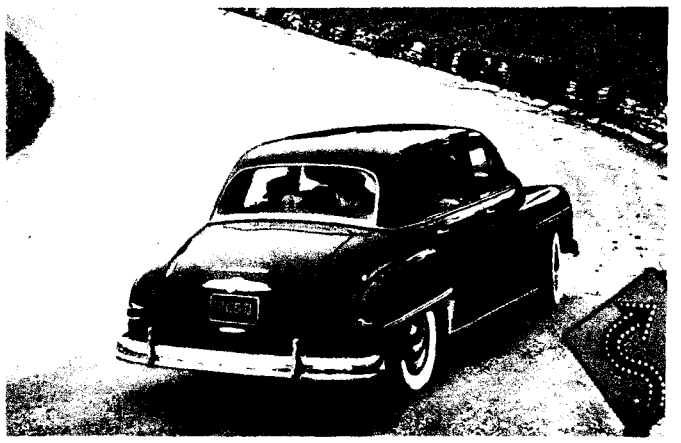

you swing without sway rounding curves, thanks to *diagonally mounted* rear shock absorbers which control horizontal as well as vertical motion. And increased width of tread in the new Plymouth adds still more stability.

big little detail is the fact that extra springs (in burlap pockets) can be added in front or rear seats to meet individual owners' desires for cushion firmness.

NOW—more than ever—the car that likes to be compared

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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War without Casualties

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

The U.S. Air Force, to the tune of some $200,000,000 worth, will deliver airplanes (the stream of B-29 bombers is already under way), spare parts, maintenance, air warning, fighter control, weather and communications equipment. The Navy will provide in the neighborhood of $200,000,000 worth, sending destroyers, submarines, carriers, planes, mine sweepers and miscellaneous craft. Some of these, too, have already been delivered. The Navy will also send mine-sweeping gear, communications, salvage, navigation and radar equipment, guns, ammunition and mines.

This equipment comes from normal reserve supplies as well as new procurement. The amount of armament each nation will get is secret because details would tip off the defense plans of the western European signers of the North Atlantic Treaty.

The program to give American arms to Europe is hardheaded and so is the man chosen to get them there, Major General Lyman L. Lemnitzer. His is the enormous co-ordinating task of seeing that literally hundreds of sections, branches and agencies of the Defense Department send the right weapon to the right country under conditions which assure its use to best advantage in the master NAT defense plan.

General Lemnitzer, who made the submarine landing with General Mark Clark in North Africa and was with Eisenhower in North Africa and with Field Marshal Alexander in Sicily and Italy, was chosen to head a group of military observers to the Brussels Pact Organization in the summer of 1948. He was deputy commandant of the Defense Department's top-level National War College in Washington. A pleasant, assured man of fifty who likes rifle shooting and golf, he can be tough and brusque.

The general believes heart and soul that the nations of western Europe can be helped to become collectively so strong that they can protect their own integrity and borders. "This is no normal, routine peacetime operation," he says, "and a lot of people around here better get it out of their heads that it is. This is an urgent matter and we have to give it urgent treatment."

Neutrality Is Dangerous

In the last war we remained formally neutral until we were attacked. Then we threw everything we could make or muster into battle. We staged and took the major part in three great invasions in Africa and Europe alone. We could have made them sooner had we been better prepared. Now we have a commitment under the North Atlantic Pact—a commitment which in effect binds us to go to war if any of our pact allies are attacked.

The responsibilities we have thus assumed are formidable. But General Lemnitzer, along with his boss, Defense Secretary Louis Johnson, believes that they are dictated by hard common sense. And both believe that this rough business of arming the Western democracies against the armed threat of Communism is the greatest step we could possibly take in winning the cold war against Russia. They point to Turkey, Iran and Greece, most particularly Greece, as examples of what can be done through arms aid.

We gave Greece munitions, food, supplies and technical training. With these Greece has licked Moscow-inspired guerrillas and infiltration. Her government has remained reasonably stable. She has excellent prospects of becoming self-supporting and economically independent. And in Greece the Western World has gained an ally who could, if need be, defend her own territory, and whose possession is vital to either defense or conquest of the western Mediterranean, the Aegean and the Dardanelles.

Turkey, another Title Two country, has been given aid in practically every military department—Army, Navy and Air Force—plus the technical training to make them work. American military men don't think it wasted. Turkey is now spending almost 40 per cent of her budget on national defense, and she has successfully resisted Soviet pressure. Turkey remained neutral in the last war. She might stay neutral again, barring attack or invasion. But our observers feel that she would be a very tough customer for anyone who wanted to cross her mountainous miles to reach North Africa.

Adjoining Turkey and guarding another entrance to the Near and Middle East is Iran, a Title Three nation. Iran's military force is small but its equipment has been rounded out with U.S. arms. Much of the aid thus far has been based upon Iran's internal security needs. American advisers have helped her build a purely internal police force. She also has successfully resisted tremendous Soviet pressure. Thus, the Mutual Defense Assistance Program is neither exactly new nor unproven.

Lieutenant Colonel Clarke Newlon was a Texas newspaperman before the war. He served in the Air Force, European theater, for three years, and is now assigned to the Public Information Office of the Secretary of Defense in Washington

Administration of MDAP is split between three agencies, the State Department, the Defense Department and the Economic Co-operation Administration. Actually State is in over-all charge, but Defense has the main job of implementing MDAP. All its moves are carefully correlated to insure that each nation's requirements under MDAP do not force her to spend so greatly on defense that those expenditures will seriously interfere with her economic recovery.

The job of providing U.S. arms to many nations isn't as simple as merely yanking munitions out of storage here and shipping them abroad. These tanks and planes and ships are complicated machines, and to each recipient country has gone a group of military and technical experts to assist in receiving, assembling, maintaining and using the equipment.

Stores of spare parts and tools, from quarter-inch bolts to entire engines, have to accompany each shipment. Soldiers of each nation have to be trained to use U.S. equipment. Some of that training will be done here, some in the countries themselves. It is expected that training schools will be set up in occupied Germany, where the U.S. already has facilities.

The job of getting the equipment moving from American shores is not just a matter of dashing off a directive. Our Army, Navy and Air Force have vast amounts of stored matériel, protected, of course, but scattered over 40 states and scores of yards and depots. Now this has to be located, item by item, restored, made operational, re-equipped in many instances with new and improved devices, and packed and shipped. To get an idea of the problems the staffs face, follow an operation through each of the services.

The Air Force has many of its spare B-29s in storage at Pyote, Texas. The planes have not been cocooned, but have been given protective coverings to shield them from rain, rust and weather deterioration. The actual job of making the B-29 ready for shipment won't be done at its storage point. It will be done commercially, and at a speed which depends on how large the contract is, how prepared toolingwise the contractor is—and how much we want to spend for overtime.

The job is a commercial one because the Air Force does not have the plants, machine tools and hundreds of technicians needed to rebuild the planes.

At the plant, the B-29 will be subjected to a complete shakedown inspection, to be brought to combat condition. Depending on their hours of flight, the engines may have to be changed. All the plane's "systems"—hydraulic, electronics, firepower, fuel, bombing, navigation, radar and control—will have to be rigidly tested.

Then the plane will go on the production line for rebuilding. The Air Force estimates that with 20 men at work on each plane and 20 more backing them up in the shops, they can bring the B-29 to combat readiness in about six to eight weeks of two shifts. Then will come strenuous inspection flights to see that the new equipment and the repairs are functioning properly. This, AF technicians estimate, will take another week. Over all—nine to ten weeks.

Take the case of an Army tank. When it was stored, the O.V.M (on vehicle matériel) was removed. This means that the electrical system, fire-control machinery, computers, sighting equipment, communications systems, weapons, tools, spare track, first-aid kits and fire extinguishers were all taken out for separate storage. The tank itself was stored under one of two methods, either the use of bags of dehydrant to pick up moisture, or of a "breathing tube" apparatus. The tank may have been stored at the Letterkenny Ordnance Depot in Pennsylvania, for instance, but the O.V.M. had to be placed elsewhere because of maintenance and space facilities.

Putting a Tank in Condition

Here, too, the restoration job will be done by a commercial contractor—chosen from open bidding—who has the material, tools and trained men for the job. Next will come the tank's transportation, probably by truck. To meet road-weight limitations (and low bridges) the turret and guns will have to come off. Normally one tank or two turrets make up a truckload. Say 15 men and three days for delivery, if the contractor isn't too far away. A capable contractor, the Army estimates, with 690 men on or backing up the production line, will take about four days to restore the tank. But it will first take him weeks or even months to retool and restaff with trained men for the job. And then will come road checking and a return to the shop for any revisions.

The tank will then be ready for the O.V.M., and there the Army runs into the same problem as the Air Force. The O.V.M. comprises literally thousands of individual items. Some will have been lost, many more will have to be replaced. The job of putting the O.V.M. into shape, adding improvements made since the end of the war, will probably take several weeks.

Now the tanks and O.V.M. will be shipped to an ordnance depot—Raritan Arsenal in New Jersey, to Anderson, Alabama, Atlanta or Tacoma, Washington, for "marriage." At the depot both tank and equipment will be checked again, the O.V.M. installed, and then the finished product again checked. Then it will have to be processed for shipment by water.

When the Navy takes a destroyer escort from its inactive fleet, the reserve fleet activation team will spend several days removing the dehumidifier and desiccants and preparing the ship for towing. Then the ship will be towed to the shipyard and "activated." Activation means removing all preservatives, checking and making repairs to machinery installations, fire control, radar, navigation communications, and electrical systems as required. There may be some conversion work. The Navy estimates from two to four months will be necessary to put the average destroyer escort in a proper combat-readiness condition.

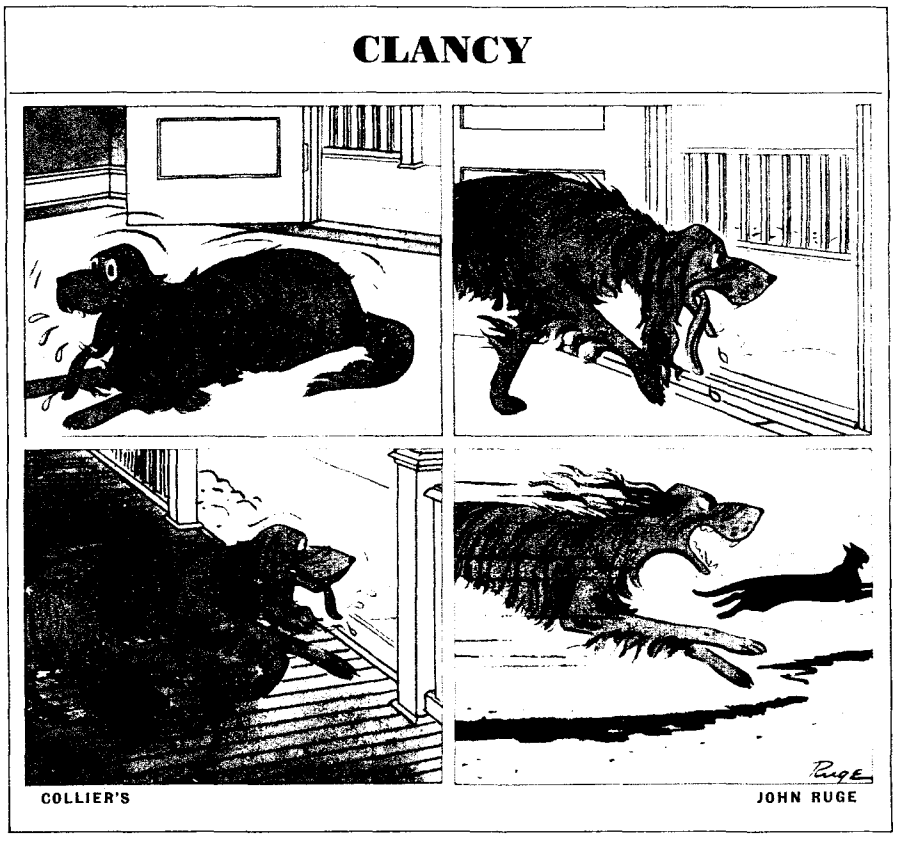
Next the ship will have trial runs. Then it will go back to the yard and be turned over to its foreign crew, who will have to be familiarized with its operation and taken on a shakedown cruise.

The flow of MDAP aid to Europe has already begun, with two submarines, destroyer escorts, a few B-29 bombers, artillery pieces, small arms, and transport vehicles. This is a small beginning, but it will grow steadily.

Nothing about the MDAP program is quick or easy. But there is one major point about the operation which most people overlook, and which may turn out to be most valuable of all.

Getting bombers and ships and tanks out of storage and into operation gives all three of our armed services a chance to get a vital part of their supply and maintenance lines on a fast, workable basis.

That gives us a head start which may prove very important later on. THE END



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Scout Trail Westward

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

the ranch find themselves in an atmosphere quite different from that of any other Scout camp. There is no lake with canoes and rowboats, no organized recreation area with baseball diamonds, archery ranges and handicraft shops. The headquarters buildings consist of an office and supply shack, mess hall, stables and high-fenced corral, and a row of bunkhouses.

To the east, as far as the eye can see, stretch the rolling, treeless prairies broken with oddly shaped, far-off mesas. Rising abruptly to the west are ridge upon ridge of great blue mountains. Instead of khaki shorts and sneakers, the scattering of campers around the headquarters' "Trading Post" swagger about in blue jeans, straw sombreros, hiking shoes or cowboy boots and brightly colored bandanna handkerchiefs. A short walk down the dirt road are grazing buffalo and antelope.

Though as many as 800 boys are often at Philmont at one time, the ranch schedule keeps them broken up in small groups that don't get in one another's way. New outfits spend one day at headquarters and then hit the trail. For the rest of their stay they move steadily through a string of outlying base camps. Often a Wagon Train will go through its 23-day trek without meeting more than one other group along the way. At Cimarroncito Base Camp, outfits totaling as many as 200 Scouts may arrive on a single day for provisioning and rest, and then move out and not see one another again during their entire stay.

First stop for everybody, whether Scouts or the leaders who accompany them, is the doctor's office. Much of the hiking and climbing on the various trips is done at nine, ten and eleven thousand feet, which is no place for anyone with heart or blood pressure problems.

Once they pass the medical check, the boys meet the council groups they are going to camp with. As a national Scout camp, one of Philmont's functions is getting boys from widely separated parts of America acquainted with one another. Riding stirrup to stirrup on a cavalcade may be Philadelphia Mainliners and Mormons from Salt Lake City. While half the outfit is instructed in the use of Dutch ovens, the rest may be taken to a high corral filled with milling Western cow ponies.

"All right," shouts a wrangler, "we're going to pick our horses and saddle up!"

Acquiring Some Horse Savvy

Indignant cries of "Hey, I never even saw a horse before!" and "Are those horses tame?" are silenced with the advice, "Better get in there and pick a horse unless you want to walk for the next week." For the rest of the morning panting, sweating, dust-streaked Scouts struggle with heavy Western saddles, bridles, nose bags and saddle girths. Dust clouds billow over the corral, the horses snort and stamp and the wranglers keep up a steady chant of advice.

After lunch, back they go to the corral to saddle up again. Then they jounce across the prairie on a 14-mile "break-in or breakdown" ride. The next day they start up the trail to the first of the base camps, five to ten miles back in the mountains.

Six base camps and six ranger stations are spaced through the ranch area. Supplies move to them from headquarters by truck, power wagon and pack-mule string.

Each camp offers a different setting and program. At Carson-Maxwell, a jumping-off point for the Wagon Trains, the accent is on horses, calf riding, ranch history and Dutch-oven cooking; at Abreu, there are nature studies and geology trips, pack horses and pack mules; at Cimarroncito, council fires with outfits from other cities and states, exploration of old gold mines; at Ponil, horses, Indian caves and burros; at Rayado, trout fishing, beaver dams and an all-night climb to the 11,800-foot summit of Clear Creek mountain to see the sunrise over Texas, Oklahoma and the snow-capped Spanish Peaks of Colorado. At Headquarters, a tour of the big ranch house and, the last night in camp, a buffalo banquet with roasts and steaks from one of the bulls in the Philmont herd.

As they move about the ranch, the Scouts are able to watch its operations. Cowboys in leather chaps and broad-brimmed sombreros show them how calves are roped and dehorned; how, during the summer months, the Hereford steers are moved to the lush, green, high mountain pastures for grazing; how fences are mended, coyotes trapped and horses trained for roping, cutting and range riding.

Care is taken to acquaint the boys with the customs and courtesies of the cattle country. They learn that Philmont's cow-camp cabins are never locked, summer or winter. If a cowboy from a neighboring ranch, lost in a storm or blizzard, takes shelter in one of them, he will find a chuck box with a week's supply of flour and canned goods and a stack of firewood beside the stove. When he rides out after the storm all he is expected to do is call and report how much of the provisions he used. It is a flagrant breach of etiquette for him to offer to replace the stores.

The boys find themselves faced with many of the rugged conditions of frontier days. The 23-day Wagon Train trip covers 81 miles on foot, 63 on horseback and 35 with burros. On the trail, cavalcade groups follow a real cow-camp routine: up before daylight to feed and water the horses, in the saddle from breakfast until dusk, crawling into bedrolls at night. In the high mountain passes outfits are likely to encounter heavy fog banks, driving hail and thunderstorms. Groups leading burros or back-packing into Rayado Fishing Camp usually arrive soaked to the waist—the trail crosses and recrosses an icy mountain stream 26 times.

While regular cow hands still supervise the burro and horse strings, the balance of the 106-man summer staff is recruited from senior Scouts who first must put in a season of training to become familiar with the operations and terrain of the ranch. Applicants, who now run into the hundreds, are selected on the basis of their physical condition, Scout record and demonstrated leadership in their councils.

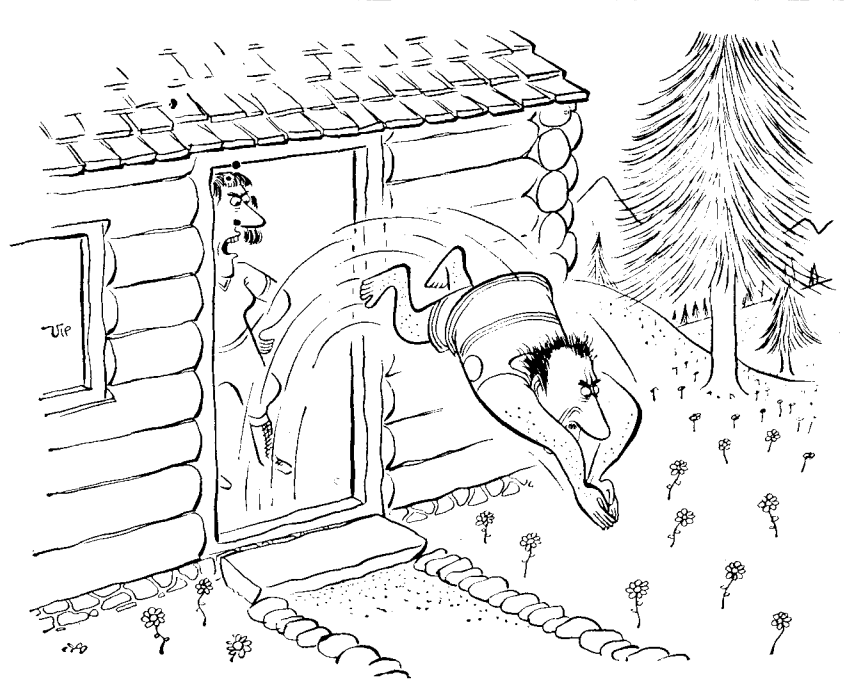
Trail guides, the keymen on the staff, put in especially strenuous summers. From June until September they average between 60 and 70 miles a week over mountain trails, preparing most of their meals over campfires. Oddly, city Scouts seem to show just as much aptitude and stamina for the work as those from the mountain and farm areas. At Clear Creek Ranger Station, for instance, Harold Haddock, a Staten Island Scout who lives within sight of New York City's Empire State Building, spent last summer keeping house by himself in a wall tent at an altitude of 11,000 feet. His job: meeting outfits making the back-pack trip up from Rayado Fishing Camp and guiding them to the summit of Clear Creek Mountain.

Occasionally, the toughest guide meets his match. One was assigned to lead a group of Navajo Scouts from an Arizona reservation. The camp director cautioned him to take it easy with the young Indians. The guide set out at an average pace and called a halt at the usual place to allow everyone to catch his breath. Not even bothering to slip out of their packs, the Navajos explored around while the guide rested.

Somewhat nettled, the guide doubled his pace and waited for them to flop beside the trail. Instead, the Navajo boys hurried ahead of him to get a better view. Increasing his speed even more, the guide reached the evening campsite in time for lunch. The Navajos ate hurriedly and then organized a number of hikes for the afternoon while the completely exhausted guide spent the rest of the day recuperating.

The Philmont staff is used to young cynics who think at first that the wilderness aspects of the ranch are exaggerated. "When we point out spots in Ponil Canyon where it's still easy to find plenty of Indian arrowheads," relates one guide, "there are always some wise guys who don't believe us. They just sit there and say, 'Oh, yeah?' But when a couple of kids take the trouble to look and come back with a handful—you ought to see the stampede."

Similarly, stories of the wild animals with which the ranch abounds often get the same dubious reception until one of the disbelievers, imitating a coyote to startle his fellow campers, is answered by a loud chorus of hair-raising howls and yelps from a nearby mountain. "By the time the echo dies away," a guide chuckles, "the whole outfit is bellying-up to the campfire. For the rest of the trip you don't have to worry about stragglers."



"Okay! Okay! Next year we'll go to the seashore"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

Philmont's mountain lions are seldom seen but campers sometimes hear them at night and occasionally come across evidence of their presence in the torn carcasses of deer. The big cats shrink from any human contact, but during the winter when the tract is deserted they become quite bold.

One of the best mountain lion stories around Philmont last year was brought in by two of the older guides who took a lone camping trip during the winter into one of the back canyons. They caught a big jack rabbit in a snare and, placing it between their sleeping bags, went to sleep.

Tracks Reveal Rabbit's Fate

During the night a light snow fell. When they awoke, the rabbit was gone and in the snow between the two sleeping bags was the track of a big cougar. For the rest of the trip they took turns sleeping and keeping a brisk fire going all night.

The Scouts are also warned about the buffalo and rattlesnakes. During the winter months, when the ranch feeds the buffalo, they become quite tame, but for the rest of the year they are suspicious, unfriendly, and quite capable of staging a rip-roaring stampede. Scouts are cautioned not to approach them closely and, if they see their tails go up, to head for cover. Enraged bulls have injured several cowboys and killed one rider's horse. When they stampede they storm through heavy cable fences as if they were paper.

In an attempt to move them to a fresh pasture last summer the ranch management tried using a fleet of horn-honking trucks and busses. Docile at first, the herd suddenly whirled and charged. Drivers sat transfixed while buffalo clambered over radiators, squirmed between bumpers and crashed off through several fences. A plane had to be sent out to find them after they'd scattered.

Rattlesnakes abound in the Southwest and Philmont has its share, particularly the smaller horned variety know as sidewinders, which are found on the mesas and prairies where streams emerge from the mountains. New campers are warned to be on the alert against them and snake kits are carried by every group. Actually, the danger of being bitten is not great. Even when Kit Carson was living along the Rayado he and his companions referred to the rattlesnakes as the "gentlemen of the prairies" since they rarely strike without buzzing an unmistakable warning of their intentions. No one—cowboy or guide, or camper—has been bitten by a rattlesnake at Philmont, although almost every group kills several during its stay at the ranch.

Perhaps the most exciting experience that Philmont offers is a contact with the history of the American frontier. In Spanish, the word *cimarrón* means wild or unruly. Since the first half of the sixteenth century the area has had a grandstand seat for some of the bloodiest, most romantic and swashbuckling sagas of the great Southwest. Around the Philmont campfires at night storytelling turns naturally to the thrilling episodes of the past—the march of the conquistadors, the rule by the Spaniards, the opening of the Santa Fe Trail in 1821, the days of Kit Carson and the roaring years of our westward expansion.

Philmont ranch is by far the largest gift the Boy Scouts of America have ever received. Back in the days when Waite Phillips owned the vast territory, the governor of New Mexico once announced jokingly that he was considering introducing a bill in the state legislature to buy New Mexico back from Phillips.

Phillips had sold out his large independent oil interests in 1925 and launched into the cattle business. As a ranch residence at Philmont he built a dazzling villa with 20 rooms, 10 bathrooms, a greenhouse, a swimming pool, patios, fountains, pergolas and

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terraced lawns. Far back in the mountains he added two hunting lodges and a fishing camp for which everything from iceboxes to lamp shades had to be packed in by mule train. He developed the property with conservation and irrigation, stocked it with registered cattle, even imported the herd of buffalo.

A skilled hunter and horseman, Phillips rode the range himself, inspecting his cattle and mountain pastures. Often by his side on these rides and on fishing trips, was his young son, Elliot Waite, whose vacations and holidays were spent at the ranch. From his own boyhood on an Iowa farm, Phillips had always had an intense love of the land. This, plus his observance of how much his own son benefited from Philmont's outdoor life, inspired him to a decision.

In 1939 he made his first gift to the Boy Scouts: 35,000 acres in the northern corner of the ranch and $60,000. Two years later he presented them with the balance of the Philmont property, including ranch house, stables and all the administrative buildings. And additionally, as a means of income for further development and operation of the ranch, he donated the Philtower skyscraper he had built in Tulsa. The total gift, including the ranch and office building, amounted to $5,350,360.

Progress Retarded by the War

Philmont's emergence as a national Scout camp was delayed six years by the war, because of rationing and travel restrictions. Several postwar seasons have been needed to get the bugs out of the camping program. This summer the Boy Scouts expect all attendance records to be broken and the big ranch to come closest to its full potential.

Phillips left Philmont fully equipped with horse barns, corrals, a dairy barn, blacksmith shop, slaughter- and icehouses, and stocked with a herd of Hereford cattle, saddle horses, 1,000 sheep, 300 chickens, and even 14 Shetland ponies. The Boy Scout organization has operated the ranch at a profit ever since. Cattle raising is the main source of revenue, plus dairy and poultry products and the yield from the apple orchard. Summer campers now drink pasteurized milk from the ranch dairy, eat Philmont beef and poultry and fresh vegetables raised in the irrigated gardens.

For the wilderness camping program the planners utilized the fishing camp on the Rayado, two hunting lodges and an odd-dozen cabins and small cow camps used by ranch hands. From these evolved the present string of base camps and ranger stations. The great ranch house, which the Phillips family had left completely furnished, was set aside for Scout training groups and conferences.

Down at Carson-Maxwell, Kit Carson's adobe ranch house has been rebuilt from plans drawn by one of his contemporaries. As a museum of the Santa Fe Trail, it will hold rifles and furniture of the early frontier and a real covered wagon. On a ridge overlooking the great prairies have been built a log stockade and blockhouse, modeled after the forts along the Trail, for the Scouts to use as an overnight camp.

Newest program is the vocational guidance for explorer Scouts designed to offer boys a glimpse into possible careers in geology, forestry and wild game management. The American Association of Petroleum Geologists sends four men to Philmont every summer to act as instructors on geology field trips and collecting expeditions and to give short courses in mineralogy.

Scouts who enroll for the game management course will travel with a game warden, who gives his full-time services, studying animal habits, learning to plant beaver, stock trout streams and trap predators.

In the forestry course, Scouts will live as foresters with experts from the Forest Service while they receive practical instruction in timber cruising, reforestation, cutting, identification and fire fighting. Cost for either the forestry or game management course is $26.

Drawled big George Bullock, Philmont's camping director, recently: "Some people probably think we're crazy trying to do so much, but there's something about this country that challenges a man. It's got so much land and sky it makes you want to do a lot of living while you're in it." THE END

Waterfront

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

number. "Occupation?" The little man said he was a picture framer, and that he worked in a shop about half a block away.

He had been hurrying to work, he went on, minding his own business, and all of a sudden the shooting started. He saw Tony Rogers go down, and he was able to describe Lieutenant Henderson.

"Then," he went on, "you took the black-haired man's gun away from him. He showed you something in his hand, and you gave him his gun back and you walked over here. Then the man said something to you and went into that building there."

"That's fine, Mr. Montgomery," I told him. "And did you see—"

"Did you say you're a detective?" The voice of the patrol-car cop interrupted Montgomery's statement and I turned around, annoyed.

"Sure I did. Freddy Malone, Homicide West. Why?" The cop and the driver were both standing there, one on either side of me, and they looked ready for trouble. "Why?" I repeated.

"You got your shield?"

"Of course I do." I showed it to them. "What's it to you?"

"Well, Malone," the driver said, "it's this way. Nobody knew there had been a killing here until I called up and told them about it. They checked with the roster, and nobody ever heard of a Lieutenant Henderson, at least not on this police force. Maybe there's one someplace else, Malone, but there ain't none in New York."

"Somebody must be crazy as hell," I told him. "I saw a perfectly good lieutenant's shield in his hand, he was carrying a cop's gun, and— Let's go in there and find out what happened to him."

The patrol-car rider followed me into the building Henderson had entered less than five minutes before. There was a small lobby, tile-floored, containing a cigarette and candy stand, two elevators and a telephone pay-station booth. The booth was right beside the cigarette counter. A side door opened on Forty-fifth Street.

A SAD-LOOKING hunchback stood behind the counter. "What happened out there, copper?" he asked.

"I'll tell you later," I said. "Right now you tell me what became of the big, black-haired guy who came in right after you heard the shots."

"You mean the fellow in the blue suit?"

"That's the one."

"He left."

"Left? Didn't he make any calls?"

"Not so you could notice."

The cop looked at me queerly, and I knew that Detective Frederick V. Malone was in for trouble. If I had known how much, then, I would have gone out that side door myself and taken the first boat to Patagonia.

"Give me some nickels," I said. I tossed a quarter to the hunchback, grabbed the change and stepped into the booth. I almost ripped the dial off the phone as I called my own office. "Give me Stratford, quick," I said to the operator. "This is Malone . . . Hello, Inspector, this is Malone, and something funny has happened up here at the corner of Forty-fifth. It looks bad all around. Did you get the report of a shoot-

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ing up here? You did? Well, listen to this."

I told him what had happened from the time I started across the street. I told him about the driver's license that Tony Rogers was carrying in his wallet, described Lieutenant Henderson, and gave him the dope the car driver had given me.

"Freddy," he said when I had finished, "you didn't happen to get the number on Henderson's shield, did you?"

"Not all of it, Chief," I said. "He was too fast for me. But I do remember that the last three numbers were two, one and four."

"That's enough," Stratford said. "That's all I need right now. I'm afraid this is a mess, Freddy, and I hope the commissioner doesn't hang it on you. What's the number of the phone you're using?"

I looked at the dial and told him.

"Okay. Stay there until I call you back."

"Well," I remarked when I stepped out of the booth, "Inspector Stratford says there's a mess, and I'm in it up to my neck. We stay right here by this booth until he calls, unless you want to go outside."

THE cop didn't make a move. I got a statement from Mike Rizuki, the hunchback behind the counter, and then the phone rang and I grabbed it.

"Malone? This is Stratford. I'm sending Lieutenant Potts up there to relieve you and take charge, and as soon as he lets you go, get the hell back here. There will be a couple of guys from the district attorney's special outfit up there too, but you come back here no matter what they say, see? This is a worse mess than I thought it was."

"What's up, Chief?"

"Plenty, Freddy, plenty. In the first place, an Edward F. Jenson of 42 Everett Street was subpoenaed yesterday to appear before the grand jury as a witness tomorrow—a waterfront racket case."

"Oh-oh," I muttered.

"And that isn't all. Lieutenant Arthur Meary, of the D.A.'s special squad, was killed last night. Meary was investigating dock rackets. Meary's gun and shield are missing. The last three numbers on that shield are *two one four.*" He hung up.

"This is Freddy Malone, your police reporter," I said, as I stepped out of the booth. "Ah, yes, folks, there's bad news tonight."

It didn't go over at all. I wasn't cut out to be a clown.

Lieutenant Potts, from Homicide West, was talking to an assistant district attorney as I walked over to them.

"Good morning, Lieutenant," I said.

He ignored my friendly approach. "What happened, Malone?" he wanted to know. "Did you see it? Who's the dead guy? Who did it? Why did it take you so long to report it?" He wasn't pleased with me.

"I've just been talking to Inspector Stratford, sir. He says this dead man, Edward Jenson, was supposed to appear as a witness in the waterfront racket hearings tomorrow." Mentioning Stratford's name made me feel that I had at least one friend in the world. "The inspector also says that the man who killed Jenson must be the same man who killed Lieutenant Meary last night."

"Why did Stratford think that?"

I told him about the shield numbers.

"I suppose," Potts went on, "you took the trouble to look at this Henderson before you gave him his gun and kissed him good-by?"

Potts gave me a bad half hour, picking up everything I could tell him, talking to the witnesses, and at the same time giving out the impression that I was no credit to the force—not that morning. Finally he told me to get down to Twentieth Street and report to Stratford.

I took a bus down to Twentieth and walked over to the station house. All the boys in the corridors were pleasantly polite—just as though I was going to my own wake. "Hello, Freddy, old boy" . . . "Hiya, Freddy, what's up?"

Bad news certainly gets around fast. . . .

Inspector Stratford clamped his teeth on his cigar and looked at me for fully forty-five seconds without saying a word or showing any expression. Then he found the cigar was cold, scratched a big kitchen match across the scarred top of his desk and lighted the cigar, and looked at me some more.

I told him what had happened. Now and then he asked me a question, or asked me to repeat something. A couple of times we were interrupted by the telephone, and I could tell from his end of the conversation that he was getting reports from Potts at Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street.

"Well, Freddy," he began, when I finished, "I don't know what I would have done if I'd been in your shoes. It's awful easy to say you pulled a boner, but that isn't the end of it. That doesn't settle anything. But, damn it"—and he pounded his big fist on the desk—"there's been a cop killed, and an important witness killed, and I'm mighty afraid somebody's going to be the goat."

I knew who.

He picked up the phone and gave a number. After a while he got through to the commissioner. "This is Stratford, sir," he said. "I've got the whole story about the Jenson killing now . . . Yes, one of my men was there . . . Fred Malone . . . Third-grade . . . And listen, sir, it was probably the same hood who got Art Meary . . . That's what I said . . . Yes, sir, we'll be down.

"The commissioner wants to see us," Stratford said. "Right now." We walked out of the office together.

COLLIER'S **"When the tide goes out we'll have the best spot on the beach"** DICK CAVALLI

DURING the next hour I told my story again, for the commissioner and the district attorney and half a dozen of their bright young men down at Centre Street. They gave me the works, and when I had finished I was drained dry.

Somebody rapped on the office door, and the commissioner told him to come in.

"Every police reporter in town is downstairs, sir," the newcomer said. "They know that Jenson was killed. They also know that Lieutenant Meary was killed sometime last night. You want I should tell them anything?"

"Tell them I'll give them a story in half an hour."

The door closed again and the commissioner turned to me. "You'd know this black-haired guy if you saw him again?"

"Yes."

"He'd know you, I suppose?"

"Probably."

"Do you know who he is?"

"No, sir. I never saw him before. Never saw his picture, either."

"That's the only thing that's going to save you from a long suspension, Malone," the commissioner said. "Unless the district attorney objects." He looked at the big man in the chair in the corner, and went on. "Because we don't have any pictures, and telling the papers that you're drawing a sixty-day suspension."

I gulped. There went all my hopes of promotion for a long, long time. There went my career, and Mary Kiernan, maybe, and—oh, hell—there went everything.

"But don't let it worry you," he said. "What I tell the papers and what I actually do are sometimes two different things. Instead of suspending you I'm going to give you a chance to get killed."

"Thank you, sir," I said, and smiled. I knew exactly what he had in mind.

"Your job is going to be to get the guy who killed Art Meary last night and Edward Jenson this morning. You're the only man on the force who knows what he looks like. You can bring him in with bracelets on his wrist, or you can bring him in in a sack. The district attorney's office will give you the dope, and Stratford is lending you to them for this job. Call anyone you want for any help you need. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay. Get going. And don't forget that that black-haired guy *knows what you look like, too!*"

Inspector Stratford stayed behind to talk with the commissioner, and the rest of us filed out and finally wound up in one of the D.A.'s special hearing rooms. They started giving me the word.

"You're up against a big thing, Malone," they began. "You're going to buck a big hunk of a big outfit." I knew what they meant. It was the Syndicate. "You won't get all the way up to the top, but you're going to have a chance to go pretty far, if you don't get killed."

"Go on," I said.

"All right. If you know anything, you know how the waterfront is split up as far as the rackets are concerned. One gang has the Hudson River waterfront from Forty-second Street north. Another takes over between Forty-second and Fourteenth. A third works only from Fourteenth south."

"And I suppose they're always trying to muscle in on each other."

"Oh no they don't. Not on your life, Malone. They all check in to the Syndicate and the big boss doesn't want them fighting each other. It might cut down on the profits. But forget that, and just remember that there is a section that reaches from Fourteenth down to the end of Manhattan."

"I get it," I said.

"Now then," the D.A. said, "some time ago we got the boss of that section on a murder rap. A friend of his took over. The new boss didn't have as much on the ball as the old one. The people who were getting shaken down—the truckers, the steamship lines, the longshoremen—everybody who tries to do an honest business—began to feel their oats. Profits to the Syndicate began to fall off. Victims began to talk to us—something they were afraid to do before. We got enough so we could convene a grand jury and start presenting evidence."

"But now this black-haired guy has killed off one of your prize witnesses?"

"That's not the half of it. About a week ago everybody began to shut up tight. Every innocent person on the waterfront was scared to death. The crooks began to act cocky. Three unidentified men have been found floating down the river, dead. Nobody knows how many didn't float, but we have our own ideas."

"Evidently the new boss toughened up."

"No. From what we hear there's a *new* 'new boss.' He came in here from somewhere, with the Syndicate behind him, and took charge. And, damn it, we can't get a line on him, no matter how hard we try."

"Has anybody seen him?" I asked.

"Yes. We know one man who's seen him."

"Who's that?"

"You."

I FELT better. I'd guessed it all along, of course, but when the D.A. said "you" it was just like I was sticking a fork into a steak after waiting half an hour while someone said grace.

"Do you know his name?" I said.

"We know what they call him."

"What's that?"

"Blackie Clegg," he said. "Blackie Clegg. We knew he was tough and a killer, but we didn't know how tough until today. Too bad Art Meary didn't learn in some easier way." He looked strangely at me. "And you're just about the luckiest cop I ever heard of, Malone. I don't know why you aren't stretched out in the morgue beside the late Edward F. Jenson."

"Suddenly," I said, "I begin to think there must be some better way of making a living than looking for Blackie Clegg. But I'll take my St. Christopher's medal in one hand and my .38 in the other and go looking. You got any ideas?"

"Yes. Put the medal in your pocket and take a gun in each hand." He wasn't kidding. None of us were. It seemed that we were all a little scared of this guy Clegg. The office where we sat was many stories above the waterfront, but Blackie Clegg was right there with us. We couldn't see him, but we could damn' well feel him.

I got up and walked over to the window and looked out. Most of lower Manhattan was stretched before me. "I guess I better go down there and get to work," I said. "The commissioner told me he was in a hurry. How do I check in here?"

"Telephone," the D.A. said. "I'll give you a special number. You got any ideas?"

"Starting now, I'm a middle-sized hood from Seattle. My business here is nobody's business. My name's Tim Flynn. I'll have to get a Social Security card and some other papers. As soon as I can get a union card I'll start working as a longshoreman right down there." I nodded toward the window.

"We'll get you the papers in an hour," he said. "We've got a lot of our men working as longshoremen, truck drivers, and such."

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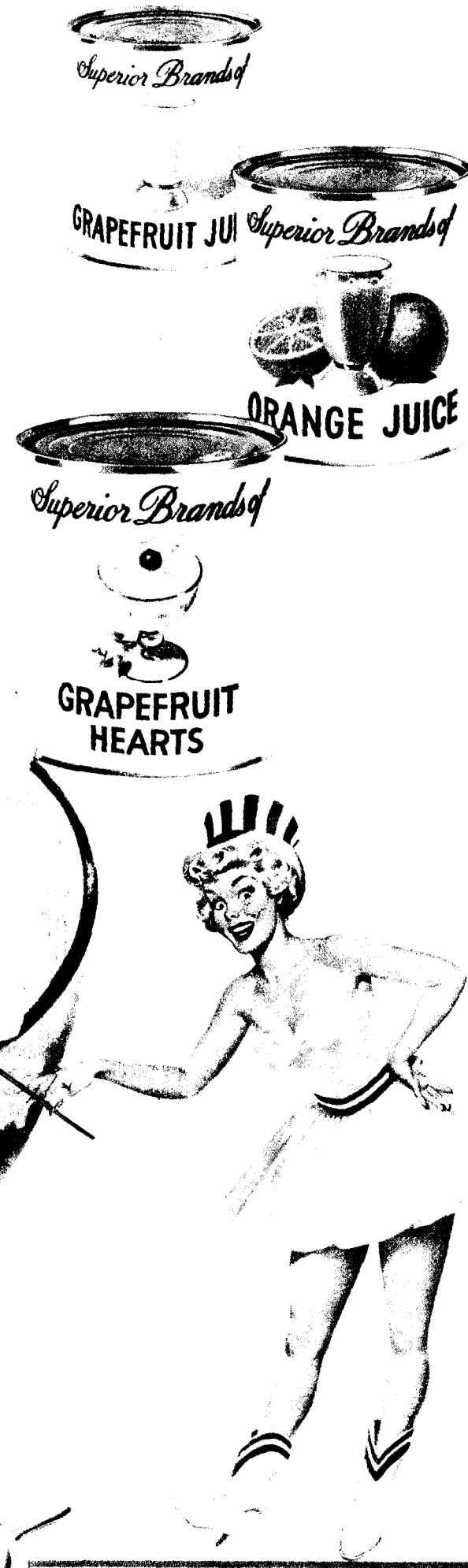

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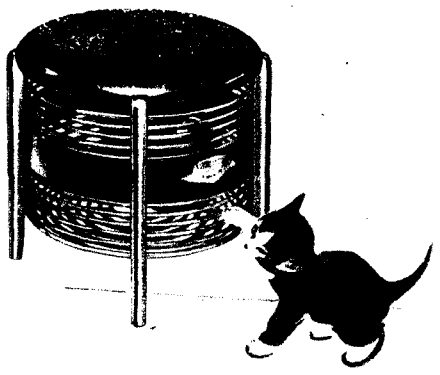

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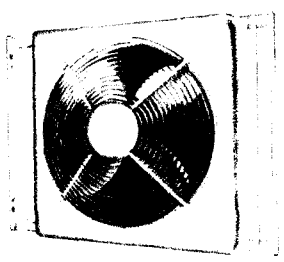

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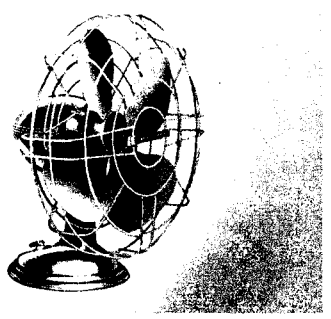

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he said, "and here's how to get in touch with them." He started to outline the setup, but the telephone rang and he reached for the receiver, spoke briefly, and then replaced it.

"Well, boys," he said to all of us, "here we go again. They just found a fellow named Mike Rizuki, a hunchback who runs a cigarette counter up at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, lying behind the counter with a hole in his head."

"You mean the little man who saw Clegg this morning?"

"Yeah."

"That makes the score three to nothing, just for today—so far," I said.

It took about two hours for the boys with the D.A.'s Special Squad to get me a Social Security card made out to "Tim Flynn" and to finish briefing me on my new job. There wasn't much they could tell me. I got a quick course in the high spots they were going to bring before the grand jury. And I learned a lot of little things about the waterfront and the gangs that ran the rackets there.

But the more I learned, the more it seemed like something I had heard before. The same names you always heard in connection with the dope rackets, and gambling, and all the other ins and outs of crime, were behind the waterfront racket. I recognized all of them.

All except the name of Blackie Clegg, that is. He was new, not only to me but to everybody else at Headquarters, it seemed. Nobody doubted that he was the man I had seen kill Edward Jenson.

THERE was no reason for me to go back to Homicide West when I left the D.A.'s offices, so I stuck my hands in my pockets and walked uptown to the little bachelor apartment I rented on Sullivan Street. I opened the minute refrigerator and got a bottle of cold beer. It tasted good, and I sat down to enjoy it in my single easy chair beside the table.

"Happy landings," I said to the two pictures on the table, and raised the glass of beer. One of the pictures was of my father and mother—God bless them—and the other was of Mary Kiernan.

My old man was one of the best detectives and finest Irishmen the New York Police Department ever had—before he got killed. My mother had died soon after Dad's murder, and an uncle had brought me up and kept me out of mischief until the Army got me for the war. After that I came back and went on the force myself.

As for the other picture, of Mary Kiernan, she was the girl I was going to marry. As I looked at her, I suddenly put the glass of beer on the table, snapped my fingers, and growled at myself. I had promised to have a ring for her that evening! That's where I had been going when Blackie Clegg shot Ed Jenson!

Nobody, I hoped, would blame me too much for forgetting. There was still a chance I could get it anyhow. I called Charlie Rothstein, my jeweler friend, and sure, he was still open and wondering what had happened to me.

The glass of beer was left behind, to get warm and flat, and I dashed for the bus stop. The late afternoon papers were on the stands, and the troubles of the world had been pushed away by headlines that read:

3 DEAD IN RACKET MURDERS.
GRAND JURY WITNESS SHOT TO DEATH ON BUSY STREET

Police Lieutenant Killed

Cigar Seller Found Murdered in Building

Detective Lets Killer Go

I bought a couple of papers, jumped onto the first bus, and buried myself behind the pages so nobody could see me. The story, in one form or another, took up most of the front page, and the runovers were continued here and there.

A small picture in the middle of the front page was headed *Suspended*, and under it was: *Frederick Malone, whose suspension from duty for a period of sixty days as a result of his negligence was announced by the Police Commissioner this afternoon.*

But the guy in the picture wasn't me! I don't know who it was, but nobody who looked at it would ever be able to pick the real Freddy Malone out of a line-up. I read some more, and found that "Frederick Malone" was thirty-seven years old and lived on Riverside Drive. I'm less than thirty and live on Sullivan Street.

Charlie Rothstein hadn't seen the papers. I picked up the ring. It was white gold with a pretty-good-sized diamond set in it. Charlie really gave me a break on that stone, but I had done some favors for him, too. Mary would be nuts about it, I knew. I gave Charlie the money I had been saving for months, and thanked him. He put the ring in a box, hoped he could come to the wedding, thanked me, and wished me luck.

Luck—I was going to need it.

MARY is a nurse at St. Anthony's Hospital and lives at the nurses' quarters with all the other girls. Usually I meet her in the reception room, but this evening she was waiting outside. I knew she had been reading the papers as soon as I saw her.

"Freddy," she said, "what happened? Is it true? That wasn't your picture in the paper, was it?"

She wanted to believe it was some other Malone, and I didn't know how to tell her it wasn't. All I could do was just what I always do when I see her—wonder how anything as wonderful as she is could ever fall in love with a big dumb cop like me.

This evening, when I met her, she was wearing a dress cut sort of low and square across the front. I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her, just to show her how much I loved her and how beautiful I thought she was. But her lips were unsmiling, tight and worried.

"Was it you, Freddy?" she said.

"No," I said, taking her arm. "That wasn't my picture. But the rest of it is true, except that I'm not suspended. Let's get away from here, and I'll tell you all about it. And don't worry—everything's all right."

Of course everything wasn't all right, and I didn't fool Mary for a minute. But she didn't ask any more questions about the news until we were seated in a booth at the back of a restaurant and had two glasses of beer on the table between us.

"Now tell me what happened, Freddy."

I told her all about it, in a low voice.

"This new job," she said when I finished. "It'll be dangerous, won't it?"

"No worse than any others, darling. There's always a chance of running into a little trouble now and then, but not much." I hope the good Lord will forgive me for the way I lie to that girl sometimes.

"You didn't have to take it, did you?" Mary asked.

"I never stopped to think whether I had to take it or not, Mary," I told her.

The evening was kind of queered from the beginning. Mary only picked at her food, and I wasn't very hungry. When dinner was over, we walked out of the restaurant. Neither of us wanted to go and sit in the hot front room at Mary's place, and aside from that there wasn't much choice. We strolled down to Washington Square Park, where there was a little breeze and less privacy, but all the benches were crowded.

I was beginning to get that helpless feeling. You know—a guy wants to give his girl a diamond ring and can't find the proper place or time to do it. It isn't like giving somebody a punch in the nose. With engagement rings you need the proper setting.

Mary felt it too—this ring wasn't going to be any great surprise to her—and when I said something about a ferryboat ride to Staten Island she said, "Let's go."

We had the bench across the back of the upper deck all to ourselves. Mary relaxed and for a little while we were able to forget about police work, and killings, and Blackie Clegg. For an hour we were on a desert island, someplace in an ocean where nobody except the two of us had ever been. Sure, it was just an old ferryboat in New York harbor, but we liked it.

The moon was on us as we came back, and the diamond sparkled in the soft light when I opened the box and slipped the ring over her finger. There were sparkling stars in Mary's eyes, too.

But why in the hell should I tell about it? When I got back to Sullivan Street the half-empty glass of beer was still standing on the table where I had left it.

I dumped it down the sink and poured out another bottle. This time I was interrupted by the telephone.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello," a voice I didn't recognize answered. "Is this Fred Malone?"

"Yeah, this is Fred Malone. What do you want?"

"Are you the detective?"

Something prickled my scalp. "Hell no, I'm not a detective," I said. "Who's this?"

"This is Ed Lansing, from the Herald Tribune. I'm trying to get in touch with the Fred Malone who was mentioned in the papers this afternoon."

"You've got the wrong guy, Mr. Lansing. The paper I read said he lived up on Riverside Drive."

"That story's cockeyed. There aren't any Fred Malones up there."

"Well," I said, "the one you want ain't here, either."

I hung up without saying good-by, looked up a number in the book, and dialed it. "Herald Tribune," a voice answered.

"City desk," I said, and when I got through I soon found out that nobody named Ed Lansing was writing for the Trib.

So I knew somebody was looking for me, and I figured it was somebody I didn't want to meet. Not right then, anyhow. I took my badge and my regulation .38-caliber revolver, and the rest of my police gear, and hid them all in a laundry hamper in the bathroom. Then I changed into some old clothes, checked a little .32 automatic of mine to make sure it was loaded, and dropped it into my trouser pocket.

I couldn't waste too much time, but I closed the windows, finished the beer, turned off the refrigerator—there wasn't anything in it but beer—and went out, locking the door behind me. I had plenty of money, and two extra clips full of .32 bullets. The door key I hid in the outside hall.

It was about four o'clock in the morning. I walked to the nearest intersection, crossed the street, went back on the other side, and slumped down beside some garbage cans in a dark entryway opposite my apartment. Any passer-by who saw me would have thought I was a bum, sleeping off a jag.

THE big black car came along in about ten minutes. Two men got out. Another stayed inside, at the wheel. It was too dark to see what they looked like, but the two who got out started for the front door. That was all I needed to know. I unrolled myself from my hiding place, lurched like the drunk I was pretending to be, and staggered away. A quick glance, as I rounded the corner, told me that the two men were just entering the vestibule. I could imagine them ringing my bell, receiving no answer, and then breaking the front-door lock and going upstairs.

Fortunately, there was nobody using the phone booth in the drugstore. The nearest precinct house answered immediately. "Listen," I said, "this is Freddy Malone, and there is a big black sedan parked right in front of my house. Two guys just got out and are on their way up to my place. Ten to one you can pick them up for breaking and entering, violating the Sullivan Act, and stealing the car they came in."

The cop at the desk thanked me and hung up. I'd called that station enough so they knew my voice and knew where I lived and didn't waste time asking questions. When I left the drugstore I walked back around the corner and waited until two plain squad cars whipped past me. One pulled up in front of the black sedan, the other went alongside, and I saw dark shapes hurry out.

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I went back to the drugstore and made another call, this time to the special number the district attorney had given me.

"Hello," I said. "This is Tim Flynn."

"I understand," the voice at the other end said. "What cooks?"

'Somebody's looking for me at my apartment, but I got out ahead of them. Two cars from the Sixth Precinct just moved in on them. Can you take it from here?"

"Can do," the voice said. "Thanks."

I went uptown to Pennsylvania Station. In one drugstore I bought a bottle of ammonia, in another, a bottle of peroxide. Then I rented a washroom and a razor in the station and went to work on my head.

One shave, three hair washings and about two hours later I walked out, a changed man. My hairline had receded a little, my eyebrows were thinner, and my brown hair was the damnedest blond mess you ever saw. Blackie Clegg would have a tough time recognizing me now.

After a quick breakfast I beat it downtown. This time I went to a sleazy place that called itself the Royale Hotel. There wasn't anything royal about it, and the hotel part was purely a matter of opinion. Downstairs there was a saloon, and a small room off to one side. If you could call the whole place a hotel, I guess you could call the small room a lobby.

I signed the greasy register "Tim Flynn," and gave Kansas City as my address. The stocky, ugly-looking guy behind the counter squinted at me with his one good eye. You could tell it was the good one because it was bloodshot. The other one was clear, undissipated, blue-pupiled glass.

"How's things in Kansas City?" he asked.

"Damned if I know, Jack," I said. "I've never been there in my life."

"In that case, I can give you a room for five bucks a day, take it or leave it."

That was what I expected, and it was all right with me. One-eye figured I was on the lam. If I was, I should be willing to pay five bucks for a four-bit room.

"How much a week?"

"Figure it out for yourself, blondy. Seven times five comes to thirty-five, no?"

"Make it thirty by the week and I'll take it." I dropped three tens on the counter and he reached for a key at the same time he scooped up my thirty.

Room 202 had a bed, a wardrobe, a table with two drawers, a chair, and a window. Ventilation was something they had somewhere else. Offhand, I'd say the room was twelve feet long and seven or eight feet wide. I dropped gingerly on the bed, wiggled around to dodge the worst bumps, and was sound asleep in five minutes.

ALONG about four thirty I woke up. I went downstairs and looked into the saloon side. It got the afternoon shade and was reasonably cool and surprisingly clean.

Two rough but friendly-looking men were standing at the bar, drinking beer and talking to each other. I stepped up about three feet away from them and gave my order. "White wine and beer."

The bartender did a double-take. Kind of a stunned surprise popped into his shoe-button eyes and spread over his face. It even seemed to reflect from the top of his head, which was as bald and shiny and polished as a goldfish bowl. He got the beer part of the order, but you could see that the first half had trapped him off base. "What was that again?" he asked gently.

"White wine and beer."

"You want I should—maybe sort of mix 'em together?"

"No," I said. "I want the wine in a wineglass and the beer in a beer glass."

He shook his shiny head. "Now I've heard everything," he said sadly. "Once there was a guy came in here and ordered a stinger. The bartender who was here before me said he served a poosy caffay in his time. But white wine and beer—never. No wonder I got no hair. Let's see what we have."

One of the two men laughed. "That's okay, Smoothie, I heard of it before." He turned to me, smiling. "You must be in from the Northwest, fella," he began. "I remember people used to order that mix when I was out in Portland."

"That's right," I said. "When was that?"

"Last part of the war. I came off a Liberty ship in Portland and stayed on the beach. Got a job in the shipyard."

"Used to be in Seattle, myself. You guys ever been there?"

Neither of them had. "Haven't been there since forty-two," I continued. "Worked on the docks. Then the Army got me. Never went back. Just been knocking around, here and there." The bartender, still shaking his bald head, slowly put the two glasses on the bar and I sipped the wine.

"Whatcha doin' now?" the other man asked.

"Keeping my mouth shut and looking for work."

"Sorry." The man went back to his beer.

"Okay, I'll meet you for lunch at one o'clock. What time will you be there?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

"That's okay." I smiled, moving over a little. "It isn't anything too serious. What's chances of getting jobs around here?"

"That's about it," the first one, a tall guy with red hair, freckles and huge hands chimed in. "That's about all there is—chances. You shape up in the morning and you shape up again after lunch, and you take a chance on getting a job."

I knew what he was talking about. They were longshoremen. In New York, longshoremen generally report to certain docks twice a day, once at five minutes to eight and then, if they didn't get a job the first time, at five minutes to one. That's what's known as the "shape-up."

It has been called a vicious system. Maybe five hundred men report for a job that needs no more than one hundred. Who gets picked? If the waterfront is full of racketeers, and if the hiring foreman is in with them, then the longshoremen who work are all too often the ones who kick back part of their pay.

The big guy with red hair talked like a man who wasn't kicking back.

"I still got a little bit of money left," I said. "How about me buying a beer?" The bartender caught my nod and hurried to draw three beers before I mentioned more white wine. "My name's Tim Flynn."

"Thanks, Flynn," the redhead said. "This here is Hank Farmer. My name's Clancy, and I'm just as big an Irishman as you are."

We shook hands all around, and they thanked me for the beer.

Inside of an hour we were all great pals. Clancy and Farmer said they were—as I knew—longshoremen. After talking about my chances, we decided that I was big enough to be a longshoreman too.

"Tell you what," Clancy said. "First of all you gotta join the union. Tomorrow's Friday. We'll all be down to the union hall early to pay our dues. Meet us there and we'll show you how to get a book, and then you can shape up with the rest of us."

That sounded good to me, so we made a date for the next morning and they shoved off.

You could get food, of a sort, at the Royale Hotel, but I wanted more than ham sandwiches. There were some pretty good places on Fourteenth Street, I knew, so I went up there, bought a paper, picked out a restaurant, and ordered a huge dinner.

YESTERDAY'S double murder was still front-page news. The D.A. was quoted as saying that if Fred Malone had been on his toes it would never have happened. Only the fact that Malone had a good record had prevented his immediate dismissal.

Some reporter had looked up Harrison Montgomery, the little witness who had told me what he saw, and had a story about him. "I heard three shots," Mr. Montgomery said. "I could feel one of them whistle right past my head. Then I saw a big man, with black hair and a broken nose, standing behind an automobile with a pistol in his hand. I've been seeing his face in my dreams ever since. I hope I never see him anyplace else—nightmares are bad enough."

There was a picture of Harrison Montgomery and his wife and two kids, standing outside their house in Queens.

Montgomery seemed to be the big hero, while I was the big goat. The name "Blackie Clegg" wasn't mentioned. He was still referred to as an "unknown killer." I leafed through the rest of the paper but didn't find anything about three men being arrested at my address on Sullivan Street the night before. Evidently the district attorney was keeping that under his hat.

The only thing left in the paper was Dick Tracy, and I wished Blackie Clegg would drop into my lap as easily as Tracy's crooks dropped into his.

I went back to the bar at the Royale and my wine-and-beer routine, keeping my ears open. There was always a chance to pick up some information if a couple of drunks started talking too much. But nobody got drunk, and nobody talked.

That night I slept well. The Royale Hotel was just as quiet as the Waldorf-Astoria. There wasn't any gunfire in the halls, no murders, no nothing except a few trucks rolling along West Street. . . .

But murder was being planned while the city slept. Maybe, if I had known, I could have done something about it. But only a few people were in on the planning, and I wasn't scheduled to meet them until it was too late.

At seven thirty Friday morning, as Harrison Montgomery, the little picture framer from Queens, walked out of his house toward the bus station, somebody shot him through the head and escaped in a black coupé. The car was found half an hour later, abandoned. It had been stolen the night before.

Harrison Montgomery had seen Blackie Clegg. Mike Rizuki had seen Blackie Clegg, too.

So had I.

But while that coupé was sitting outside Montgomery's house waiting for him to finish his breakfast, I was getting a union book which would entitle me to shape up with the rest of the dock-wallopers.

Clancy met me and took me in to the union's twenty-fifth assistant secretary, or whatever he was. He took my name, my address, my Social Security number, and my money. For that I got a union book. Then I had to pay a month's dues in advance. For that I got a button.

Then I got told to shape up at Pier 47 if I wanted to work, or to go to hell if I didn't.

(To be continued next week)

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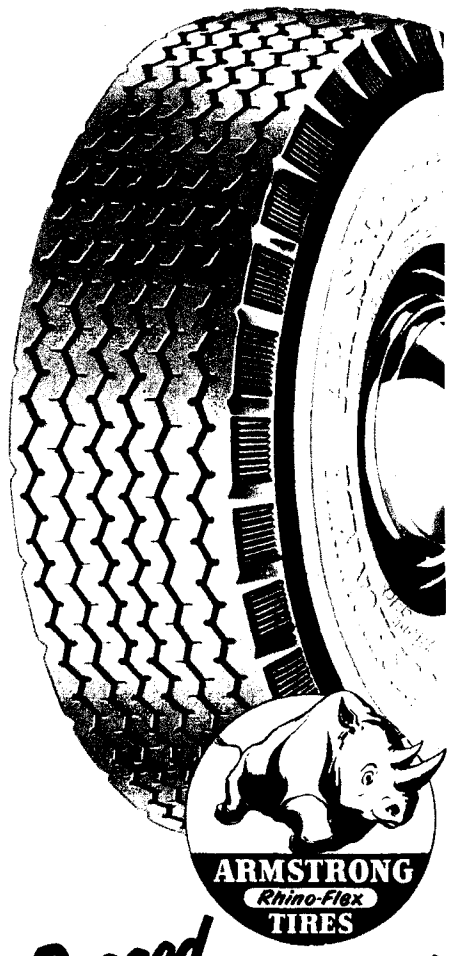

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Lost Illusion

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

What happens when a young man comes home to meet his father's young wife? What happens when he hates his father and when Laura, the new wife, is very lovely?

HE STOOD at the rail and tried to pick out his father from the swarms of people waiting at the dock, but it was impossible to make out any particular face in that sea of faces. He had wanted very much to see them before they saw him—his father and his father's new wife—so that he could prepare himself a little for the meeting. It would be a difficult enough business anyway. With a woman whom he had never laid eyes on, about whom he knew practically nothing—his father was no letter writer, and his description had told Philip very little—it was a frightening business.

Philip had really been trying very hard to adjust himself to the whole idea, ever since his father's letter had reached him at his *pension* in Paris, but it was a long time since he had been good at adjusting himself.

"It would please me if you would give up your summer plans for mountain climbing in Switzerland and come home instead," the letter had said. "Laura and I would love to have you here for the wedding."

Well, he had compromised. He had not come back to America in time for the wedding—his father should have known better than to ask him—but he was here now, six months later, with the summer's climbing behind him and another term finished at the Sorbonne. He would stay on Long Island for a month and then go back to France, and that was as much, he thought, as could be expected of him.

They were putting down the gangplank now, but Philip remained at the rail, still trying to find his father in the crowd. A girl in a hat of artificial violets, ridiculously inappropriate for December, stood next to him and made some comment about how thrilling it all was.

He muttered an answer, only half looking at her. *Just about the age Bonnie would have been now . . .*

He knew the girl was watching him. He had the kind of dark, sensitive good looks that appealed to women—the lean young face with its restless black eyes and the gentle mouth that could, in a moment, lose its sweetness and become hard. But when he continued to ignore the girl in the violet hat, she finally left the rail and went away.

The tension went out of him slowly. There was no escape from it, of course, unless he entered a monastery, and he hadn't the temperament for that. The world was full of girls, and he could not altogether avoid them. He had thought it might be better in Paris, but it had been no better, not that part of it. Every girl who was young and alive, whether she was American or French, made him think of Bonnie, young Bonnie, who was dead.

"Philip! Look—there he is! Philip! Phil!"

He heard his father's voice from directly beneath him and then he looked down and saw the old man pushing his way to the front of the crowd, waving and smiling. Not an old man at all, of course. He would never be an old man. He was one of those rare ones with a certain charm, a vitality, a magnetism, which he would never lose. As lean as Philip he was, with the same dark, sensitive face.

He was laughing now as he looked up at Philip. "Aren't you going to get off?" he shouted. "Come on, boy! Come on!"

It occurred to Philip that his father was very eager to see him, but somehow that didn't matter to him. He began to move slowly toward the gangplank. He still could not see the woman, but it was impossible to stand there any longer, now that his father had caught sight of him.

His heart began to pound slowly and painfully. "She's a bit younger than I am," his father had written, with what Philip had felt to be deliberate ambiguity. Philip had seen young girls enchanted by his father. Even Bonnie, in the beginning, had thought him fascinating. But if he had actually married one of them, if he had inflicted that on Philip, along with everything else . . . Well, Philip thought, as he walked down the gangplank, I don't have to stay the three weeks—I can take the next boat back . . .

In another moment, his father had him by the arm. "Phil, what a long time it's been! It's good to have you back. You're still too thin, aren't you? But Ella will soon fix that. She's been cooking and baking all morning. The house hasn't smelled so good since you left." If Philip had not known his father so well, he would have thought he was nervous. "And now, my boy, come and meet Laura. She's waiting back at the customs—wanted us to have the first minutes alone."

LAURA stood watching them approach, a tall, slender girl in a mink coat, with no hat on the red-brown hair that she wore in a coronet of braids. At first glance Philip thought that he had been right, that his father's wife was very young, no more than twenty-five perhaps. He saw that she was beautiful, that her eyes were cool and luminous and her mouth warm and sweet, and he felt the familiar tight pain because she was here, young and vital and lovely, and Bonnie was forever gone.

Then she said, "Hello, Philip," in a soft, rich voice and she held out both hands to him and raised her head so that the light struck it full on, and he saw that she was not a girl at all, but a woman in her middle thirties.

For the first time since the boat had neared the harbor, he relaxed a little. He said, "Hello, Laura," and then, because he suddenly wanted to say something nice to her, "I've been looking forward to meeting you." He smiled, and there was not the tautness on his face now. "Trust Dad to pick a winner."

His father looked tremendously pleased. As soon as Philip had finished with the customs, the old man took each of them by the arm and led them to the car, talking eagerly about plans for the future months. He talked as though he expected Philip to stay, though Philip had made it quite clear in his letter that he was going back to Paris at the end of three weeks. No doubt the old man thought that once he got him here he could charm him into staying, the way he had always charmed everyone else. But Philip was not like the others; Philip was immune.

The car that waited for them was new, a long,

"I think you ought to give me more of a chance, Philip. Perhaps you could grow to like me in time and you wouldn't mind my living here"

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metallic-green sedan, all glittering with chrome.

"How do you like her?" his father asked.

"Nice job."

"Want to try her?"

Philip stiffened, stepping away from the keys that his father jangled gently. "No, thanks," he mumbled. "I'll relax in the back."

He saw Laura give him a quick glance before she stepped in beside his father, and he thought with bitterness that his father could have waited and let her find out for herself the fact that Philip did not care to drive, that there was something a little peculiar about him.

Peculiar! he thought, leaning his head back against the seat and closing his eyes. Was it peculiar never to want to drive a car again, when the last time your hands had been on a wheel, you had driven the girl you loved to her death? *Bonnie,* he thought, and saw it all over again, as he had seen it for so many months, so many sleepless nights. He had been driving too fast, he had taken the curve too fast, and the tree had suddenly been there, black and huge before the windshield. Then, afterward there had been Bonnie lying on the grass with her golden hair falling across her pale forehead and her eyes closed as though in sleep.

He stirred and sat up and saw his father's smile in the rearview mirror.

"We're having steak for dinner, Phil. How long is it since you've had a good sirloin?"

"It's good coffee I've missed most," Philip said, "but I know that's one thing I'll never get from Ella. She can't brew a cup worth drinking."

Laura spoke softly, for almost the first time since they had left the dock. "I'll make it for you, Philip," she said. "I make the best coffee you've ever tasted."

Instantly he was ashamed of his churlishness. He sat forward a little and tried to make small talk, and in a few moments he had them both laughing over an experience he had had in a café before he had learned enough idiomatic French to feel at home in Paris.

Laura looked at him over her shoulder for a moment and then smiled up at his father. "He has your humor and charm."

Philip knew what nonsense that was, but still he felt pleased. He grinned and shook his head. "No, you're wrong, Laura," he said. "I'm a pretty sullen brute. You'll find out."

She turned and looked at him again. "I don't think so," she said. "I think we're going to get along very well." . . .

AFTER they were home—after Ella had thrown her plump brown arms around him and made him taste a ginger cookie and after he had looked at some of the new books in the library—he went to his room to unpack.

He had always loved his room. He had been a solitary boy, enjoying his own pursuits, his own dreams, behind the closed door of this place that belonged to him alone. Now as he entered it he allowed himself to feel for the first time a pleasurable sense of home-coming. But in a little while his father came and knocked.

"Mind if I come in for a minute? Laura's making the coffee for you." He sat on the bed and looked at Philip with that easy smile of his, and Philip wondered whether he could actually have forgotten all the bitterness between them or was just determined to ignore it. "Tell me what you think of her," he said.

"She's as beautiful and charming as I'd expect any woman you'd select to be," Philip said. And then, before he could stop himself, he said, "But I thought she'd be younger. You usually like them younger."

He had made up his mind not to say such things. He was going to be home for such a short while, and he had intended to be agreeable.

"She seems very young to me," his father said. "There are eight years between us."

Philip turned away to the window. There were twenty-five years between you and Bonnie, he thought.

His father spoke softly. "Aren't you any happier, Phil?"

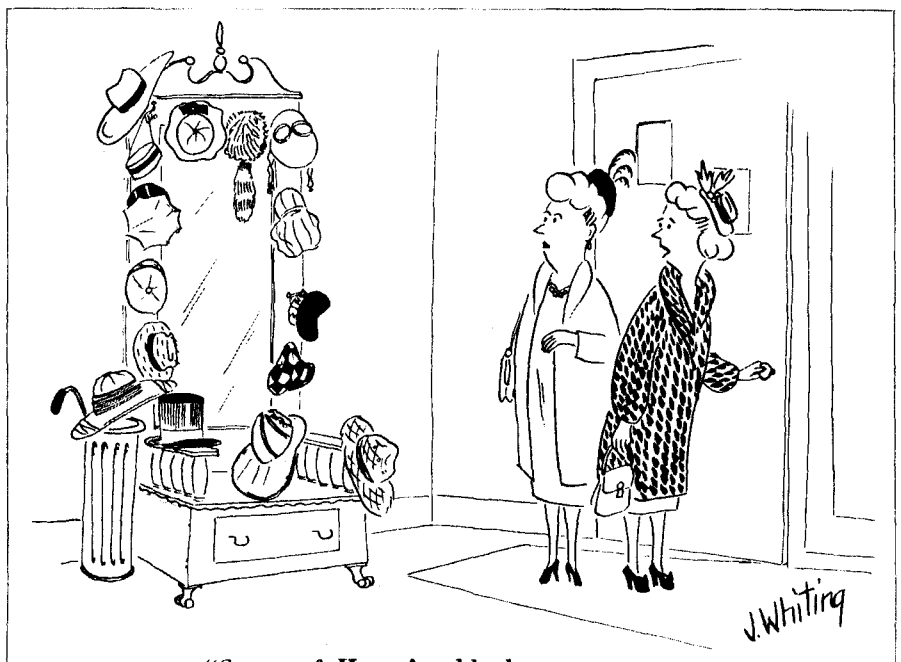
Philip looked through the window at the winter streets. "I'm all right," he said harshly. After a minute he heard the door close quietly.

He could feel himself beginning to tremble. He should not have come back at all. It was no good. Everything brought back his bitterness. It would be better for him just to leave at once.

WHEN there was a second knock on his door, he did not answer it. Let his father think what he liked.

But this time it was not his father at the door. "Philip, it's Laura. I've brought your coffee."

He opened the door, and she came in with a steaming pot and a cup and saucer on a tray. She had changed into something blue and softly flowing, and when she sat down in a straight chair and watched him sip the coffee, once again he was amazed at her grace and at her beauty and her calm.



COLLIER'S **"Some of Harry's old classmates are here tonight. It's a shame the way they split up after leaving law school"** J. WHITING

He drank standing up. He had taken off his jacket and tie and his hair was rumpled. Laura looked at him and laughed a little.

"Sit down," she said. "Do you always look ready to leap off somewhere? Sit down."

He sat. "This is wonderful coffee," he said. "Thanks." He drained the cup and got up again. "First decent cup of coffee I've ever had in this house."

"I'll make it for you all the time, then."

He stood in front of her. "I'm not going to be here all the time. As a matter of fact, I'm going back as soon as I can get a boat."

She looked back at him steadily. "I think you ought to give me more of a chance, Philip. Perhaps you could like me in time, perhaps you wouldn't mind my living here."

"It hasn't anything to do with you," he said, setting down the cup and saucer with a clatter. "I don't need any time to like you. I liked you the minute I saw you."

"What is it, then? Why do you want to leave?"

She sat with her hands so quiet, looking at him with that cool, wise gaze, and all at once he wanted to tell her. He had never told anyone, but he wanted to tell her, his father's wife.

"Don't you know about it?" he asked her. "Hasn't he told you anything about Bonnie?"

"Just that you were in love with a girl and wanted to marry her, and that she was killed."

"We were on our way to be married. Dad didn't approve, so we were going to drive until we found a place where we didn't need his consent. I wasn't twenty-one, you see." Philip turned away from her. "We didn't get far," he said. "I drove into a tree."

She said nothing for a minute. She did not protest or say she was sorry. When she finally spoke, it was to ask him to tell her about Bonnie. "What was she like?"

He began to speak of Bonnie, without embarrassment, without the shyness that he so often suffered when he spoke of something that really mattered.

"She was eighteen," he said. "She was sweet. She was—I don't know—wonderful is the only word, I guess. Her eyes were very blue and she had blond hair that she wore cut straight all around, with bangs. She used to say she knew it wasn't the fashion but she thought it suited her. That's how she was—not like anybody else."

For a minute he couldn't go on, and Laura sat quietly, waiting. Then he told her how he and Bonnie had met at a college dance. Bonnie had been there with someone else, but she had spent the whole evening with Philip and danced every dance with him. And with Bonnie he had suddenly found a new kind of confidence, so that he had danced well and talked well and been charming and amusing just as his father was. Perhaps it was because she expected him to do things well, he told Laura. She admired him and seemed to lean on him, and it made him strong and capable and assured in a way he had never been before.

They had loved each other from the beginning, but it was a while before he so much as kissed her. He had wanted her to realize that this was nothing light or casual to him, that she was different, more important to him than any girl he had ever known.

Philip stopped talking. He could not tell Laura the rest, of course. He could not tell her how he had come home one day and heard voices in the library, his father's soft and Bonnie's strained and shrill, and how Bonnie had come running out as he stood there, the tears not yet dry on her cheeks, and her soft hair tumbled.

Later she had clung to him and said, "Your father—Oh, Phil, your father—" Her voice was trembling so that he could scarcely make out the words. She kept saying, "Oh, Phil, oh, Phil—" over and over.

In his horror and grief and anger, he had wanted to confront his father at once, but she had begged him not to. "What's the use? It will only make everything too embarrassing and awful for everybody if he knows you know. Let's forget it, Phil."

Forget it! He would never forget any of it.

Laura poured him another cup of coffee. She did not tell him that he was young, that he would get over it, that he would find someone else. Somehow he had known she would not say these trite and stupid words.

"You've had a bad time," she said, and the rich sympathy in her voice warmed him. He wished he could have told her everything, all of it, so that she might understand the real hurt, the really ugly truth. She was the one person he wanted to tell, and the one above all others to whom he could not speak.

"Don't go tomorrow." She handed him the coffee, smiling at him. "You've tried going away. You've been away almost a year, haven't you? Ever since it happened? Well, give home a chance now. Give us a chance, your father and me."

Philip looked at her, and then looked down at the cup. He wanted to say: How can my father help me, when it's he who is to blame for what happened?

He thought again of that last night, of his father standing behind the library desk with his fingers resting on the polished surface. Always when Philip remembered it he saw the long, spread fingers, white at the tips from the pressure.

"I'll never give my consent, Philip," his father had said. "I'm sorry."

"But why? All I ask is that you tell me why."

His father had looked at him with a kind of pity which left Philip weak with anger and with humiliation. "I have told you, Phil. You're too young to know your own mind. In a year you'll be twenty-one and you can do as you like, but until then I'm responsible for you and I have to say no."

Philip's fury had broken then. "I know why you don't want me to marry Bonnie," he said. "I know the real reason. You want her for yourself. You think if you have another year, maybe it will still happen the way you want it to. But you're wrong. Because we're going to be married right away. There are places where I don't have to be twenty-one."

As he ran out of the house, to the car where Bonnie waited, he had heard his father's voice calling his name again and again. But he had not stopped. He had plunged into the car and seized the wheel with trembling hands and gone tearing off into the night. An hour later, because of what his father had done to him, Bonnie was dead.

"Don't look so haunted. Don't think about it any more," Laura's voice said softly. He had almost forgotten she was there.

LAURA got up and went over to the bed where his luggage lay open, the clothes half in and half out. She picked up one of several records, carefully packed among his undershirts, and looked at it.

"Dixieland jazz!" she exclaimed. "A real old one. Where did you get it?"

He moved to her side, looking at the record over her shoulder. He laughed. "In Paris, of all places. In a funny little shop full of all kinds of secondhand American stuff. I brought it home to try on a really good phonograph."

"I haven't heard that kind of music in years," she said, and he thought she sounded almost wistful.

He looked at her. "You like this kind of music?"

"Yes, oh, yes, I do. Could we listen to it?" She smiled at him.

He laughed. "What a girl you are. Come on!" He took her hand in one of his and the record in the other and pulled her to the door. There he paused a minute and looked at her. "I don't think I'll go tomorrow, after all," he said. "I think I'll stay a while." . . .

It was the last place, here at home where his father was, that Philip had ever expected to be happy again. But as the days passed he began to feel more and more alive, he began to laugh more, and enjoy small pleasures, and the bad memories faded a little. He felt almost normal, except that he still could not drive a car.

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He owed it all, he knew, to Laura. She gave up most of her days to him while his father was at the office. She went with him to listen to jazz bands, and to the theater, and took long walks with him in the snow, letting him talk when he wanted to, talking herself when he felt like listening. He had been alone since Bonnie died, but he was not alone any more.

She said something to him once about youth, speaking of it as a thing she had long ago lost. It was late afternoon and they were sitting in the living room with only the light from the fire that Philip had made. The logs had burned down now, and the glow was soft on her face, so that she looked as she had looked to him the first moment at the dock, almost his own age.

"You're young," he said. "In all the ways that count, certainly. And anyhow you have such beauty that nobody could look at you and think of age."

She said, "Thank you, Philip. I don't believe even Gay has ever said anything nicer to me."

SHE was always bringing in his father. It was the only flaw in their times together. Of course she could not know how he felt. He had avoided being alone with his father, but he had been very courteous to him, very pleasant, because he knew Laura would blame herself for any friction.

"My father is much better at saying the right thing than I am," he told her. "It must be wonderful to be born with charm, to know that anything you do or say will come out right and enchant everybody."

She looked at him oddly, her gray eyes narrowed a little. "I don't believe Gay knows it at all," she said. "I don't believe he thinks about it. He's just interested in everything, he just enjoys life and people. That's his charm."

They heard him come in at that moment, walking with his light, springy step. "Hello, you two," he said. He gave Philip a little salute and took both Laura's hands, kissing her and then standing off and looking from one to the other. "You know, if I were a stranger seeing you both like this, I'd say you were exactly the same age." He laughed. "You haven't been playing tricks on me, my dear? You've not just turned twenty-one, and pretended to be older."

"I've been telling her the same thing," Philip said with a faint smile. "I think she's taking us in."

Laura got up, away from the fire, and switched on the lights. She said, "You men are going to turn my head," and she smiled, but Philip thought her voice sounded unnatural.

A few nights later she gave a little impromptu party for some of Philip's friends, people he had not seen since he had gone away, and girls he had never met before, friends of the others.

Philip danced. He had not danced in a year. He danced and he talked and he felt no fury because these girls were alive and Bonnie was not. He could think of Bonnie quietly now, without anguish.

He saw Laura dancing with his father, and later he saw her slip into the kitchen alone. He murmured something to the girl he was with, and followed her. She was helping Ella load a tray with sandwiches.

"Seems nice to have a young folks' party in this house again," Ella said. "I miss parties."

She went out with the tray, and Philip said to Laura, "It was good of you to arrange this for me. You've done so much for me. I'm not the same person I was when I came home, and it's all because of you."

"I'm glad, Philip." She was arranging glasses on a tray, and she looked at him over her shoulder and smiled a little and then went back to the glasses. "Are you having a good time?" she asked him.

He said softly to the back of her head, "If you mean, am I enjoying the sweet young things you've invited for my entertainment, no, I'm not."

She looked concerned. "Oh, Philip, you still—?"

"No," he broke in, "It's not that. It's just that they're so—so shallow, so young. The way they laugh, the things they talk about." He took a deep breath. "I guess it's the comparison. I've had such superior companionship these past few weeks."

She seemed to be busying herself unnecessarily with the glasses. "Come now, my boy, that's enough of your flattery," she said lightly, without looking up. "You run along to the young people, where you belong."

"Why are you so condescending all of a sudden? Laura—" His voice sounded too loud in his own ears. He lowered it, his heart pounding. "Laura. All this time, all these weeks—"

She broke in. "They've meant a great deal to me, Philip. In a few weeks I've had a chance to be with you and get to know you." She smiled. "And you've been patient with your new stepmother."

He winced and moved away from her, but as she began to leave the kitchen he stepped quickly in front of her again. "No," he said, his voice trembling. "You're just hedging. You won't admit—" He took her hand, and her fingers felt light and cool against his palm. "When I saw these girls here tonight, I knew. I guess I've really known all along, inside. Don't you know it too, Laura? Don't you feel—?"

"Philip," she said gently. "Philip, stop it." She withdrew her hand and stepped away from him, looking at him with that odd, narrowed gaze that he did not understand. "You're forgetting that I'm your father's wife."

The blood began to pound in his head. "No, I'm not!" His voice rose. "I'm not forgetting it. You don't know."

"I don't know what?" Her voice had turned cold.

He could not bear it. It was not right that she should think him so low, that she should not understand. "Why shouldn't I try to take you from him? Why not?" he asked in a choking voice. He clenched his fists on the linoleum counter, and the glasses shivered and jangled on the tray. "He tried to take Bonnie from me. If it weren't for him, she'd be alive."

Laura did not move. "Go on."

When he had finished telling her, she said, "We'll talk about this, Philip, as soon as the party is over—you, your father and I. We'll have it out before we go to bed tonight."

He reached for her hand again. "Yes, I want to do that too. The sooner we settle everything the better. As soon as I can leave, and take you to Paris, everything will be all right."

"Go back to your guests now, Philip," she said. "We'll talk later."

WHEN the last guest had gone, the three of them went into the library. Laura shut the thick doors and then sat down in the deep leather chair, her hands quiet in her lap even now, while Philip moved restlessly around the room and his father sat on the edge of the desk, swinging his legs a little.

"What's the family conference for?" he asked, looking from one to the other and smiling. "Are we going to talk about all the guests now that they've gone?"

Laura leaned forward. "No, Gay. This is serious, very serious."

"Oh?" He stopped swinging his leg. "All right," he said, looking only at Laura now. "Let's have it."

She did not hesitate. She did not try to soften it or embroider it. There was never a woman like her, Philip thought. "Philip says he loves me, Gay," she said. "He wants to take me back to Paris with him."

His father sat very still. "I see," he said. "And do you want to go?"

"Yes, she wants to go," Philip said harshly, not looking at Laura. "And if you try to keep me from my happiness again, I think I'll—"

His father stopped him. "Don't worry, Phil. If this is your happiness I won't stand in your way. Happiness is all I've ever wanted for you."

"He doesn't believe that, Gay," Laura said from the chair behind them. "He told me about you and Bonnie."

His father did not speak. There is nothing he can say, Philip thought.

Laura stood up. "Tell him the truth, Gay," she said.

His father looked at her, and she looked at him, and all at once it was as though Philip were no longer in the room.

"I can't," his father said softly. "I can't leave him with nothing at all."

"I'll tell him, then. I'll tell him as you told it to me," Laura said. "No, don't stop me, Gay, it's time he knew." She turned to Philip. "Your father was never after Bonnie; it was the other way around. And the day you came home and met her tearing out of this room, she had come here to ask him to marry her. All the time she was pretending to care for you she was writing notes to your father and calling him up and coming here to see him when you were out. That last night, when she finally realized it was no use, she was furious and hysterical. You know the rest."

PHILIP stood silent in the center of the room. For a moment he could say nothing at all. Then he spoke to his father, ignoring Laura. "If this is true, why didn't you tell me at the time?"

His father shook his head. "The way you thought of her, the way you loved her, Phil, I felt it would hurt and shock you too much. I didn't think you'd try to marry her without my consent—I never figured on that. I'd forgotten what love can do." He glanced at Laura, and then looked back at Philip again. "I thought in a year you'd probably find out for yourself that she wasn't for you. If you hadn't, then I'd have been forced to tell you, to show you what she'd written to me. The way it happened that last night, I didn't have a chance, and then afterward, I wanted to let you keep your illusion—it was all you had left."

Philip spoke softly. "Even though it meant I hated you?"

"I thought anything would be better for you than such disillusionment. In time, when you were older, I would have told you. I even kept one of her notes. If you want to see it now, if you don't believe I'm telling you the truth—"

"I believe you," Philip said, barely audibly. "I don't want to see it."

He walked across the room and stood there with his back to them. He stood there for a long time, while they waited quietly behind him, and he thought of Bonnie, the Bonnie he had loved and never lost, because she had never existed. And he thought of Laura, whom he had loved partly because she had been so kind to him, and because she had helped him come alive again, but more because it was such a fitting revenge against his father.

After a time he knew he could not stand there any longer in silence. He would have to say something, even though there were no words for what he wanted to say. He looked at Laura, and then he came around to where his father still sat on the edge of the desk.

"Dad—" he said. "Dad—"

"It's all right, Phil. I understand. We both understand."

"But I have to tell you—"

He never knew afterward how he had meant to say it, because in the end he did not say it at all. There was a knock on the library door just then, and one of the girls who had been at the party came in.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said. "Steve's car is stuck in the snow outside. He's been trying to get it out all this time." She was a little breathless and she was smiling. "I hope I haven't disturbed you. I came back up here to phone for help and for a cab to take me home. I really can't wait with him any longer or my family will wonder where I am."

Philip did not realize that his hands had been clenched inside his pockets until now he unclenched them and felt the subsiding pain where his nails had dug.

"Don't bother about the cab," he said, and smiled back at the girl. "I'll drive you home." THE END

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Phipps to the Rescue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

fizz water. He rose and mixed himself one. And as he drained it, singing between the sips like somebody in a drinking chorus in an opera, his eye fell on the clock. Nearly noon? Time for old Smedley's yoghurt.

Smedley had closed his eyes when the butler arrived on the terrace, and was not aware of his presence till he spoke behind him.

"Good morning, sir," said Phipps, and Smedley skipped as nearly like the high hills as is within the scope of a seated man.

"Oof!" he said. "You startled me."

"That will cure your hiccups, sir."

"I don't have hiccups."

"I am sorry, sir. I was not aware of that."

Smedley, who had been in one of his daydreams, now realized for the first time that the voice which had broken in on his reverie was that of southern California's most prominent viper. A viper to end all vipers.

"Well, viper," he said, injecting a wealth of hate and abhorrence into the salutation.

"Sir?"

"I said viper."

"Very good, sir. Your yoghurt, sir."

"Take that damned stuff away."

KAY and Joe came onto the terrace. They had been wandering through the rose garden, discussing ways and means. Kay's view was that love was all and that so long as they had each other, what did anything else matter? It was enough for her, she said, that she was going to marry Joe, because Joe was a woolly baa-lamb. Joe, while conceding that he was a woolly baa-lamb and admitting that love was swell, had rather tended to argue that a bit of the stuff would also come in handy, and from this the conversation turned naturally to Phipps, who in such a dastardly manner had placed that bit of stuff beyond their reach. It would be gratifying, said Joe, to have a word with Phipps. So, coming onto the terrace and seeing him there, he had it.

"Ha!" he said. "Well, you sneaking, chiseling, two-timing, hornswoggling highbinder!"

"Good morning, sir."

Kay, too, was severe. "I wonder you can look us in the face, Phipps."

The butler sighed regretfully. His innate chivalry made the thought of having given offense to Youth and Beauty an unpleasant one.

"I am sorry to have been compelled to occasion you inconvenience, miss, but, as Miss Shannon so well put it, it was military necessity. One cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs."

He winced a little. Those overnight potations had left him in a condition where he would have preferred not to think of eggs. His breakfast that morning had consisted of a slice of Melba toast and three pots of black coffee, and even the Melba toast had seemed at the time excessive.

Joe had thought of another one. "You wolf in butler's clothing!"

"Yes, sir. Precisely, sir," said Phipps deferentially. He turned to Smedley. "If you persist in refusing to drink your yoghurt, sir, I shall have no option but to inform Mrs. Cork."

Smedley endeavored, as usual unsuccessfully, to snap his fingers. "That for Mrs. Cork!"

"Very good, sir."

"You can go to Mrs. Cork and tell her, with my compliments, to boil her head."

"Very good, sir. I will bear your instructions in mind."

The butler withdrew, to all appearances oblivious of the fact that six eyes were boring holes in his back.

"The snake!" said Smedley. "We've got to do something."

"But what?" said Joe.

"Yes, what?" said Kay.

There, Smedley admitted, they had him.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," he said. "It's no good trying to formulate a plan of action without Jane. Where is Jane?"

"In the Garden Room," said Kay. "I saw her as we passed. I think she's working on Aunt Adela's Memoirs."

"Then come on," said Smedley.

Jane, as fresh, so far as the eye could discern, as an infant newly risen from its afternoon nap, was seated at the desk, prattling away into the Dictaphone as if without a care in the world.

Observing the procession filing in at the French window, she suspended her activities.

"Hello, boys and girls. Gosh, Smedley, you look like something left over from the Ark," she said.

Smedley exhibited pique. "How do you expect me to look?" he protested. "I haven't been to bed for two nights. Jane, what are we going to do?"

"About Phipps?"

"Of course about Phipps. What else did you think we'd got on our minds?"

Jane nodded sympathetically. "It's a problem," she agreed. "I ought to have reflected, before enlisting Phipps's services, that he is a man of infinite guile."

"Can't you force him to give it up?" said Kay.

This pleased Smedley. The right spirit, he considered. "Good idea. Intimidate the fellow. Stick lighted matches between his toes."

Jane was obliged to discourage this Utopian dream.

"My dear Smedley, you can't stick lighted matches between the toes of an English butler. He would raise his eyebrows and freeze you with a glance. You'd feel as if he had caught you using the wrong fork. No, the only thing is to try an appeal to his better nature." She rose, and pressed the bell. "I guarantee no results. For all we know, Phipps hasn't a better nature." She regarded Joe solicitously. "You're looking very gloomy, Joe. Feeling a little low?"

"I could walk under a cockroach."

"Cheer up. There is still joy in the world, still the happy laughter of children and the singing of bluebirds."

"That's all right about bluebirds. I want to get married, and I'm down to my last ten dollars."

Jane stared. "Last ten dollars? What's become of that thousand you had?"

Joe's manner betrayed a certain embarrassment. "Well, I'll tell you, Jane. You remember that gambling joint, Perelli's, we were talking about a couple of days ago? After the party broke up last night, I thought I'd go down there and try to make a fast buck."

"Did you make a fast buck?"

"Unfortunately, no. But there's always a bright side. Perelli did."

"He cleaned you out?"

"Except for ten dollars."

"You unbalanced young boll weevil! Kay's right. You're not an *homme sérieux.*"

Kay flared up. "He is not an unbalanced boll weevil. And what do you mean, saying he's not an *homme sérieux?* I think it was very sensible of him to go to Perelli's. It wasn't his fault he didn't win."

Jane let it go. This, she felt, was love.

"Ah, come in, Phipps."

The butler had manifested himself.

"You rang, madam?"

"Yes. Good morning, Phipps."

"Good morning, madam."

"Quite a night last night."

"Yes, madam."

"No ill effects, I trust?"

"I have a slight headache, madam."

"And now what about things?"

"On what particular point do you desire information, madam?"

Jane did not find his manner promising. Anything less resembling a butler likely to be talked with honeyed words into giving up a diary worth fifty thousand dollars she had never beheld. She persevered, however.

"About the diary. You remember it? It hasn't slipped your mind?"

"No, madam."

"Having slept on the matter, you still propose to keep it?"

"Yes, madam."

"And sell it and convert the proceeds to your own use?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I don't want to hurt your feelings," said Jane, "but had it occurred to you that you will have some exceedingly nasty questions to answer about this on judgment day?"

"No doubt, madam."

"But you don't quail?"

"No, madam."

Jane gave it up. "All right, Phipps. You may withdraw."

"Very good, madam."

"What do you like at Santa Anita today?"

"Betty Hutton, madam, in the fourth."

"Thank you, Phipps."

"Thank *you,* madam."

The door closed. Jane lighted a cigarette. "Well," she said, "I did my best. Nobody can do more. When you come up against Battling Phipps, you certainly know you've been in a fight."

The door reopened.

"Excuse me, madam," said Phipps. "I inadvertently omitted to deliver a message entrusted to me by Mrs. Cork. Mrs. Cork presents her compliments and would be glad if Mr. Smedley would join her in the projection room at his earliest convenience."

Smedley did one of his quick dance steps. "What! What does she want?"

"Mrs. Cork did not honor me with her confidence, sir. But when I left her, she was standing scrutinizing the safe—"

"Oh, gosh!"

"—and heaving gently, sir, like a Welsh rabbit about to come to the height of its fever. Thank you, sir."

The door closed again.

Smedley was plucking at his collar. "Jane, she's found out. She suspects me. What'll I do?"

"Stick to stout denial. Get tough. Say, 'Oh, yeah?' and, 'Jussa minute, jussa minute.' Speak out of the side of the mouth."

Smedley went out, gulping unhappily. Jane wandered to the French window and looked out on the sunlit garden. Kay came to Joe, who after his brief observation about Mr. Perelli had returned to the depths.

"Cheer up, darling," she said. "You still have me."

Jane turned. "Come here, Joe." She pointed. "What do you see?"

Joe followed her finger with a dull eye. "Clouds," he said. "Black, inky clouds. And murky shadows threatening doom. Oh, you mean the figure in the foreground?"

"Right. Lord Topham. He is coming this way, you observe. How have you been getting along with him since your arrival?"

"Pretty well. He was telling me about the trouble he has been having with a girl in England called Toots. Apparently she gave him the brusheroo, and he's a bit down about it."

"You were sympathetic, I hope?"

"Oh, yes."

"Good. Then he probably looks on you as a bosom friend. A very rich young man, Lord Topham, I understand," said Jane meditatively. "One of England's richest, Adela tells me. Something to do with chain stores or provision markets, if I am not mistaken."

THIS opened up a new line of thought for Joe. "Good Lord, Jane, you aren't thinking of touching Topham?"

"It is always a sound business principle, when you need twenty thousand dollars, to go to the man who's got twenty thousand dollars."

"Jane, you're a genius."

"That's what I kept telling those people at Superba-Llewellyn, but they wouldn't listen to me."

"Pitch it strong, old friend."

"I will, Joe, I will."

The Lord Topham who a moment later dragged his long legs across the threshold of the French window and added his presence to the little group of thinkers in the Garden Room differed substantially from the exuberant young athlete who had made a similar entrance almost exactly twenty-four hours earlier. Then, it will be remembered, he had had a song on his lips and a

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gleam in his eye as the result of having broken a hundred on the golf links. For even an anxious lover, awaiting a reply to his well-expressed air-mail letter from the girl with whom he has had a falling out, will temporarily forget the sex angle after doing eighteen holes in ninety-seven strokes for the first time in his life.

Vastly different was the somber figure that now loomed up behind its eleven-inch cigarette holder. The face was drawn, the eyes haggard, the general appearance that of one who has searched for the leak in life's gas pipe with a lighted candle. Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, so dead, so dull in look, so woebegone, drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night and would have told him half his Troy was burned.

Actually, what was causing his despondency was the fact that shortly after breakfast he had received the cable he had been expecting, and it had been a red-hot one. Miss Gladys (Toots) Fauntleroy was one of those girls who do not object to letting the sun go down on their wrath, and it is to be doubted whether a more vitriolic five bobs' worth had crossed the Atlantic Ocean since the days of the late Florenz Ziegfeld.

THE newcomer's gloom did not impress itself on those present, so self-centered do we all tend to be in this world.

"Lord Topham!" cried Kay. "Do come in, Lord Topham."

"Yes, do," cried Joe. "Just the man we wanted to see."

"The very person," said Jane. "Lord Topham, old boy, could we have a word with you, Lord Topham, old boy?"

She patted his shoulder lovingly.

"What the dickens are you doing?"

"Just patting your shoulder, Lord Topham, old boy, old boy."

"Well, bally well don't," said the old boy morosely.

A chill crept into the hearts of the reception committee. They looked at one another with a growing feeling of uneasiness. Something was wrong, they felt, something was seriously wrong. This was not the effervescent young man they had hoped to see.

"Listen, Lord Topham," said Joe. "It is within your power to bring joy and happiness into quite a number of human lives."

"Then I'm bally well not going to do it," said Lord Topham. "Would it interest you to know how I feel about the human species? I hope it jolly well chokes. I don't mind telling you that I got a cable from my girl Toots this morning which has definitely turned me into a mis-what's-the-word. I mean one of those blokes who get fed up with their fellow men and go and live in caves and grow beards and subsist on berries from the bush and water from the spring. Don't talk to me about bringing joy into human lives. I have to do without joy, so why shouldn't the ruddy human lives? To blazes with them. Let 'em eat cake."

"But if you don't help me, I'm ruined."

"Well, that's fine," said Lord Topham, brightening a little.

Phipps came softly in, and Jane regarded him with an unfriendly eye. "You again?" she said. "The way you keep shimmering in and out, one would think you were the family specter."

The butler preserved his equanimity. "I came to inform his lordship that he was wanted on the telephone, madam. A transatlantic call, m'lord."

Lord Topham quivered.

"Eh? What? What? A transatlantic call? Who is it?"

"A person called Toots, m'lord."

"What! Good Lord! Good heavens! Well, I'm dashed. Well, I'm blowed. Well, I'll be jiggered. Gangway, gangway, gangway!" cried Lord Topham, and was out of the room before one could have said "What ho?"

Phipps, about to follow, was stopped by Jane. "Oh, Phipps," said Jane.

"Madam?"

"One moment, if I may delay your progress. Could you bring us some strengthening cocktails?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Thank you. But don't go. When we were chatting just now, there was a point I omitted to touch on."

"Yes, madam?"

"It is this. Had you a mother, Phipps?"

"Yes, madam."

"Had she a knee?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then did you not learn at that knee to do the square thing by all and sundry and not to go about steeping yourself in crime?"

"No, madam."

"H'm. Negligence somewhere. All right, Phipps. Push off. Don't forget those cocktails."

"I will put them in preparation immediately, madam."

The door closed.

"Now what would Phipps's mother be like?" mused Jane. "Something on the lines of Queen Victoria, I imagine." She turned to Joe. "Did you say, 'Oh, hell!'?"

"Yes."

"I thought you did, and it wrung my heart. You take a dim view of the situation?"

"I do."

"I don't. I have high hopes of Lord Topham."

"What, after the way he was talking just now?"

"Forget the way he was talking just now. Since then his girl has called him up on the transatlantic telephone. Girls don't dig down into their jeans for the price of a transatlantic telephone call unless love has reawakened in their hearts, dispelling like the morning sun the mists of doubt and misunderstanding."

"Oh, Jane!" cried Kay.

"If such is the case, I don't think I am wrong in assuming that the milk of human kindness will have come surging back into the Topham bosom like a tidal wave, sweetening his outlook and rendering him a good and easy prospect."

Footsteps sounded in the corridor, gay, galloping footsteps. The door was dashed open, and something that might have been a ray of sunshine in form-fitting gray flannel came curvetting over the threshold.

"I say," cried this new and improved edition of Lord Topham. "Everything's fine. Everything's all right. Everything's splendid."

AGAIN Jane patted his shoulder, this time without provoking a protest. "Precisely what I was hoping when I heard that your heartthrob was on the telephone. Get them calling up on the telephone, and it's in the bag. She loves you still?"

"Absolutely. She cried buckets, and I said, 'There, there!' "

"Well, well, well, I couldn't be more pleased. I'm delighted. We're all delighted. And now, Lord Topham, could you spare me a moment?"

"Oh, rather."

"Fine." Jane led the young man to the sofa and took a seat at his side.

"Tell me, my dear Toppy, have you ever seen a man in a fur coat with three chins, riding in a Rolls Royce with a blonde on each knee and smoking a five-dollar cigar? Because, if so, you can be pretty sure he was a literary agent."

"A what?"

"A literary agent."

"What's that?"

"A literary agent—or authors' representative—is a man who sits in an armchair with his feet on a desk, full of caviar and champagne, and gives a couple of minutes to the authors who come crawling in on all fours, begging him to handle their output. Should he consent to do so, he takes ten per cent of the kitty."

"What kitty would that be?"

"I refer to all emoluments received from these authors' works, which amount to very large sums indeed. You would be astounded if you knew the amount of money that pours into the coffers of an authors' representative. New clients every hour of the day coming in and pleading to be allowed to give him ten per cent. It's a bonanza."

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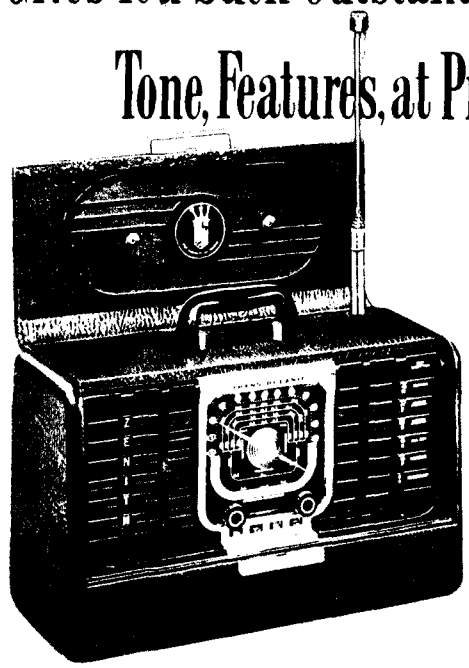

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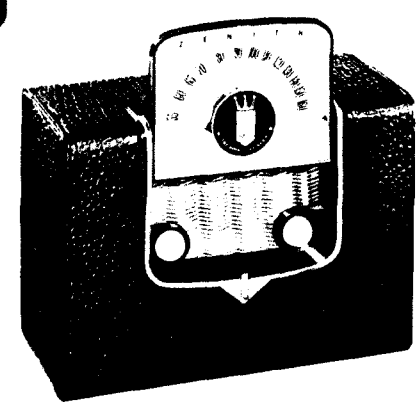

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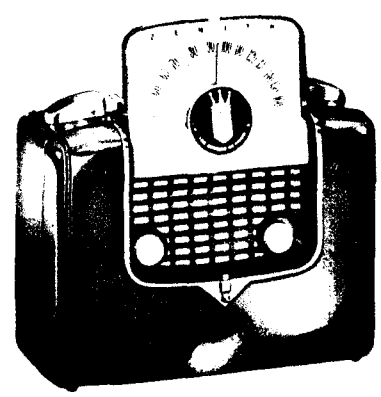

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"A gold mine."

"Oh, absolutely."

"I knew you would see it, my dear Toppy. I knew I could rely on your swift intelligence. You have a mind like a razor. Now, then, the point is that Joe here and I have the opportunity of buying an old established business of this nature."

"An authors' representative business?" Lord Topham said.

"Just that."

"You'll make a fortune."

"Exactly. The same thought occurred to me. We shall have to spend the rest of our lives thinking up ways of doing down the income tax authorities. And all we need, to begin operations—"

"You'll have more money than you know what to do with."

"We shall sprain our wrists, clipping coupons. And all we need—"

"So what I would suggest," said Lord Topham, "is that you slip me a hundred dollars as a temporary loan."

Jane swayed a little, as if she had just received a blow in the solar plexus.

"Eh?"

"You see," said Lord Topham, "owing to circumstances over which I have no control and which give me a headache whenever I try to understand them, I can't get a penny of my money out of England, not a solitary dashed penny. My pals tell me Sir Stafford Cripps is afraid I'll only spend it foolishly. Well, this leaves me considerably strapped for the ready, so if you want to earn the undying gratitude of a bloke who is down to a cigarette case and a little small change, now's your chance."

Jane looked up. "Joe."

"Yes?"

"Did you hear what I heard?"

"I did."

"Then it wasn't just a ghastly dream."

Lord Topham was going on to explain further. "What put it into my mind to ask you was what you were saying about your extraordinary wealth. Here, on the one hand, I said to myself, is this dear sweet creature rolling in the stuff, and here, on the other hand, am I, unable to raise a bean on account of Sir Stafford Cripps and his penny-pinching ways. So naturally the thought floated into my mind, 'Well, dash it!' I mean, a hundred dollars means nothing to you—"

A weary look came into Jane's rugged face. "Have you a hundred dollars, Joe? No, I remember you haven't. Then I suppose—Here you are, Toppy."

"Thanks," said Lord Topham. "Thanks most awfully. Yo ho! You know what this means? It means that I can now go to Santa Anita this afternoon with a light heart, ready for any fate. Phipps tells me Betty Hutton is a snip for the fourth and—Well, in a nutshell, my dear good preserver, thanks awfully. May Heaven bless you, my jolly old multimillionairess. Yo ho!" said Lord Topham. "Yo frightfully absolutely ho!"

He passed through the French window on winged feet.

SLOWLY, Jane drew a deep breath. Her face was careworn, as if hers was the head upon which all the sorrows of the world had come, and when at length she found speech, she spoke dully.

"So that's that," she said. "A disappointment, Joe."

"Quite."

"Upsetting."

"Most."

"Yes, distinctly upsetting. Until that last awful moment everything seemed to be going so well. It makes me feel as if I had been chasing rainbows and one of them had turned and bitten me in the leg. If only I had remembered to give a thought to existing financial conditions in the British Isles, I would have been spared a painful experience. My last hundred dollars—gone—just like that. And for what? To enable a goofy English peer to back his fancy at Santa Anita. Oh, well, I suppose it all comes under the head of the Marshall Plan. Ah, Smedley," she said, as the door opened.

"What news from the throbbing center of things?"

Smedley was looking warm and glassy-eyed, like a sensitive director of a shaky limited liability company emerging from a stormy meeting of shareholders.

"She's as mad as a wet hen," he said.

"Too bad," said Jane. "One hates to cause Adela distress. What happened?"

"She swears that we've got the thing," Smedley said.

"She little knows. Did you try stout denial?"

"Yes, but it didn't do any good. You can't drive an idea out of Adela's head, once it's in it. You know what she's like."

"I do, indeed."

PHIPPS entered, bearing a loaded tray that tinkled musically. He laid it on the desk with his usual air of being a plenipotentiary to some great court delivering important documents.

"So what was the upshot?" said Jane.

"Eh?" said Smedley, who had been eying the cocktails.

"How did it all come out in the end?"

"Adela? Oh, she stuck to it that we had opened the safe, and she seemed to think you were the one who had got the diary. She put on a big act, and finished by saying she had phoned for the police."

"What!"

A sudden light came into Jane's eye. Her despondency had left her. She was once more the Old Master in full command of the situation.

"The police are coming here? Then I think I see daylight. It's better than the arrival of the United States Marines. Phipps!"

"Madam?"

"I greatly fear, Phipps, that you are in a spot. Did you hear what Mr. Smedley said?"

"No, madam. My attention was occupied with depositing the cocktails, madam."

Jane gave him a sympathetic look. "Stick close to those cocktails, Brother Phipps. You'll be needing one in just a moment. Mr. Smedley said that Mrs. Cork has sent for the cops."

"Indeed, madam?"

"I admire your icy coolness. In your place I would be trembling like a leaf. The officers of the law are on their way here, and what will they do when they get here, these officers of the law? They will spread a dragnet. They will case the joint. They will go through the place with a fine-tooth comb."

"So I imagine, madam."

"They will find your hiding place, the secret nook where you have cached that diary. And then what?"

The butler remained politely puzzled. "Are you hinting that they might suspect me of the robbery, madam?"

Jane laughed raspingly.

"Well, considering that you have an established place in the hall of fame as an expert safeblower, whom else would they suspect? It begins to look like a sticky week end for you, Phipps."

"I disagree with you, madam. It is true that the constables will probably discover the object under advisement, but I have merely to explain that in abstracting it I was operating on Mr. Smedley's behalf. My position was that of an agent acting for a principal."

Jane raised her eyebrows. "I don't understand you. Are you suggesting that you were *asked* to open the safe? You don't know anything about this, do you, Smedley?"

"Not a thing."

"You never asked Phipps to open the safe?"

"Certainly not."

"Did you, Joe?"

"No."

"Kay?"

"No."

"Nor did I. The trouble with you, Phipps, is that you will insist on trying to hide your light beneath a bushel. Quite independently and on your own you conceive this brilliant idea of busting the safe and pinching its contents, and you try to give the credit to others. It shows a generous spirit which one cannot help but admire, and in recognition of our admiration we should like to do something for you. Hand the thing over to Mr. Smedley, and he will take charge of it. Then you won't have anything to worry about. You follow my reasoning?"

"Yes, madam."

"I thought you would. Go and get it."

"I have it on my person, madam."

Without any visible emotion the butler drew the book from his pocket, placed it on a salver and brought it to Smedley, who took it like a trout jumping at a fly.

"Would there be anything further, madam?"

"No, thank you, Phipps. You will receive your agent's commission, of course."

Smedley started. "What, after this?"

"Certainly. We must keep the books straight. And we agents stick together. You will receive your cut in due course, Phipps."

"Thank you, madam."

"Sorry you have been troubled."

"Not at all, madam."

"After all, you have your Art."

"Precisely, madam," said Phipps, and made a decorous withdrawal.

Joe was eying Jane devoutly, like a man gazing at some great public monument. His feelings were for a moment too deep for utterance, but eventually he managed to tell Jane she was a marvel.

"She certainly is," said Smedley. "Well, I'm off to see that gardener at the Lulabelle Mahaffys, to get him to translate this thing for me. I shall be in a stronger position to bargain with those fellows at Colossal-Exquisite if I know what's in it."

"You are going to close with Colossal-Exquisite's offer?" said Jane.

"If it's still firm. Fifty thousand dollars is a nice round sum."

Jane agreed. "Very nice. Very round. Yes, I'd take it. Get their check, lay aside five thousand for Phipps, slip Joe and me our twenty thousand, and you'll be set."

SMEDLEY, who had been making for the French window, briskly like a man to whom time is money, paused. He seemed perplexed. "Joe and you? Twenty thousand? I don't get this. What are you talking about?"

"For the literary agency."

"What literary agency?"

"You told me you would put up the money for it," said Joe.

Smedley stared. "I said I would put up money for a literary agency? When?"

"The night before last. When we were at Mocambo."

"This is the first I have heard of this."

"What! But we were talking about it for hours. Don't you remember?"

Jane was looking grave. "I was afraid this might happen, Joe. Smedley has a memory like a sieve."

Smedley bridled. "I have an excellent memory," he said stiffly. "But I certainly have not the slightest recollection of ever having heard a literary agency mentioned. What is this literary agency?"

"The one Jane and I want to buy."

"And you construed some passing remark of mine into a promise that I would lend you the money?"

"Passing remark be damned. We discussed it for about an hour and a half. You kept patting me on the back and telling me over and over again—"

Smedley shook his head. "Some mistake. The thing's absurd on the face of it. I wouldn't put up money for a literary agency. Much too risky. I'm going to go back to New York and get into the producing game again. I shall take an office and let it be known that I am prepared to consider scripts. Bless my soul, it will be quite like old times. Well, I can't stand here talking," said Smedley. "See you all later."

He went out, and Joe and Kay, after an instant's stunned silence, came to life and bounded after him. Their voices died away across the garden, and Jane sat down at the Dictaphone.

"Ah, Hollywood, Hollywood," said Jane. "Home of mean glories and spangled wretchedness, where the deathless fire burns for the outspread wings of the guileless moth, whose streets are bathed in the shamed tears of betrayed maidens."

She looked up as the door opened.

COLLIER'S "He's proposed twenty-three times. I accepted him once, but he didn't notice" KATE OSANN

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"Ah, Adela," she said welcomingly. "I thought you might be looking in. Yo ho! Yo frightfully absolutely ho!"

Adela was looking even more formidable than usual, and her voice, when, after fixing Jane for some moments with a baleful stare, she finally spoke, vibrated with stormy emotion. "So there you are, Jane."

It took more than a vibrating voice to lower Jane's morale. She nodded with what seemed to her sister insufferable heartiness. "Yes, here I am, working away as always. I was just recording your views on Hollywood at the time when Bioscope wouldn't give you a job."

Adela continued to stare balefully. "Never mind my views on Hollywood. Jane, where is that diary?"

Jane wrinkled her forehead. "Diary? Diary?" Her face cleared. "Oh, you mean the one you were taking care of for Smedley? Isn't it in your safe?"

Her pent-up feelings were too much for Adela. She picked up a cocktail glass and flung it emotionally against the opposite wall. "Do you want it in words of one syllable? Then you shall have it. You—stole—that—diary."

"Diary is three syllables."

There was a pause. Jane, too, picked up a cocktail glass, but with the intention of making a better use of it than her sister had done. Jane filled her glass, and drank its amber contents with a satisfied sigh.

"Well?" said Adela. "Are you going to have the effrontery to deny it?"

Jane seemed amused. She refilled her glass, paying a silent tribute to the absent Phipps. Jimmy Phipps might be about as slippery a customer as ever breathed the pure air of Beverly Hills, with a moral code which would have caused comment in Alcatraz, but he knew how to mix cocktails.

"But, my dear Adela, I can't open safes."

"You have friends who can. Your friends are well known to be the scum of the earth, thugs who would stick at nothing."

"The only friend of mine on the premises last night was Joe Davenport, and you can hardly suspect Joe of being a safeblower. Why, you might just as well suspect Phipps. No," said Jane, sipping the butler's masterpiece reverently. "An outside job, if you ask me."

"An outside job!"

"That's right. Probably the work of an international gang. Damn' clever, these international gangs. Have a cocktail?"

"I will not have a cocktail."

"You're missing something good. Unlike the international gang."

"So you wish me to believe," said Adela, trembling, "that it was just a coincidence that my safe was burgled on the one night when it contained that diary?"

"A pure coincidence—and a most unfortunate coincidence for you."

Adela stared. "What do you mean?"

Jane shrugged her shoulders. "Surely it's obvious?"

"Not to me."

IMMEDIATELY Jane's manner became grave. There was concern in it, and sympathy. She hesitated a moment, as if reluctant to break the bad news.

"Well, consider your position," she said. "Smedley had a firm offer of fifty thousand dollars for that diary. He wanted to keep it on his person, but you officiously insisted on taking it from him and putting it in your safe. In other words, you voluntarily assumed full responsibility for it."

"Nonsense."

"You won't find it nonsense when Smedley brings suit against you for fifty thousand dollars."

"What!"

"Don't forget that he has three witnesses to testify that you took the thing against his expressed wishes. There isn't a jury in America that won't give him your head on a charger."

Adela groped her way to the sofa and collapsed on it. "But—but—"

"I told you you ought to have a cocktail."

"But this is absurd."

"Not absurd. Disastrous. I can't see how the cleverest lawyer could make out any case for you. Smedley will win hands down."

Adela had taken out her handkerchief and was twisting it agitatedly. Much, if not all, of her stormy emotion had been drained from her. When she spoke, there was quite a fluttering note in her voice.

"But, Jane—"

"Yes, Adela?"

"But, Jane, can't you reason with Smedley?"

AS SHE finished her cocktail Jane sighed contentedly. "Now we're getting down to it," she said with satisfaction. "Now we're arriving somewhere. I *have* reasoned with Smedley."

"You have?"

"Yes, he was in here just now, breathing fire and fury. I never saw a man so worked up. Adamant, he was. Insisted on the full amount and not a cent less. You should have seen him striding about the room like a tiger. I doubted at first if I would be able to do anything with him. But I kept after him. I pointed out what a nuisance these lawsuits were and urged him to agree to a settlement. And in the end, you'll be glad to hear, I beat him down to thirty thousand."

"Thirty thousand!"

"I knew you'd be pleased," said Jane. She looked at her sister incredulously. "Do you mean you *aren't* pleased?"

Adela choked. "It's highway robbery."

Jane could not follow her. "I would call it a perfectly ordinary business transaction. Owing to you, Smedley is down fifty thousand dollars. He very decently agrees to accept thirty. Pretty square of him, I should have said. Still, have it your own way. Let him bring his suit, if that's the way you want it. If you would rather pay fifty thousand than thirty thousand, that's your affair. Eccentric, though, it seems to me."

"But, Jane—"

Jane pointed out another aspect of the matter. "Of course, it will mean a lot of unpleasant publicity, I'm afraid. You won't show up well at the trial, you know. The impression the public will get from the evidence is that you're the sort of woman who is not to be trusted alone with anything that isn't nailed down."

The picture she had conjured up decided Adela. She rose. "Oh, very well." She paused for a moment, to overcome a sudden urge to scream and break the remaining cocktail glasses. "It's an outrage, but— Oh, very well."

Jane nodded approvingly. One likes to see one's flesh and blood reasonable. "Good," she said. "I'm glad you're taking the sensible view. Trot along to your boudoir and write the check. Make it out to me. Smedley has appointed me his agent, to handle the affair." She accompanied Adela to the door. "Gosh, how relieved you must be feeling," she said. "You would probably like to go into a buck and wing."

Phipps appeared. "The constables are here, madam."

"Oh, damn the constables!" said Adela, and sailed past him.

Jane gave the butler a grave look. "You must excuse Mrs. Cork, Phipps, if she is a little brusque. She has just had a bereavement. Show the officers in."

"Very good, madam."

Joe and Kay came through the French window. They were looking dejected.

"Well?" said Jane.

"No luck," said Joe.

"He wouldn't listen," said Kay.

This caused Jane no surprise. "Smedley is a bad listener. He reminds me of the deaf adder with whom the charmers had trouble. But cheer up, Joe. All is well."

Joe stared. "All is *what?*"

"Everything's fine."

"Who says so?"

"I say so."

"The constables, madam," announced Phipps.

Sergeant Ward entered, followed by Patrolman Morehouse.

Jane greeted them effusively. "Well, well,

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well," she said. "How delightful seeing you again."

"Good morning, ma'am."

"I was thinking only just now how nice it would be if you were to drop in once more. You're looking extraordinarily cheerful," Jane said. "Has some good fortune come your way?"

The sergeant beamed. The patrolman beamed.

"I'll say it has," said the patrolman. "Tell her, Sarge."

"Well, ma'am," said the sergeant, his granite face wreathed in smiles, "we've done it."

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, ma'am. Got a call this morning from the Medulla-Oblongata-Glutz casting office. We start tomorrow."

Adela came in. She had a slip of paper in her hand, but there was nothing in her demeanor to indicate that she enjoyed carrying it. She came to Jane and gave it to her, reluctantly like a woman parting with lifeblood. "There," she said.

"Thank you, Adela."

"And may I remark that I wish you had been strangled at birth."

The sergeant saluted. "You sent for us, ma'am?"

"Yes," said Jane, "but it was a mistake. My sister thought her safe had been robbed last night. It wasn't."

"Ah? Well, that's how it goes," said the sergeant.

"That's how it goes," said the patrolman.

"Good morning," said Adela.

"Good morning, ma'am," said the sergeant.

"Hey!" said the patrolman. "Excuse me, lady, but may I have your autograph, ma'am?"

Adela paused at the door. She swallowed once or twice before speaking. "You may not," she said. "And one more word out of you on the subject of autographs—or any other subject—and I'll pull your fat head off and make you swallow it. Good morning!"

The door slammed. The sergeant looked at the patrolman. The patrolman looked at the sergeant.

"Women!" said the sergeant. "Can you beat them!"

"Why, yes," said Jane. "Sometimes. But you need to be a woman yourself and very, very clever—like me. Here, Joe," she said, and handed him the check.

He looked at it listlessly, then staggered. "Jane! Good heavens, Jane!"

Jane patted her chest. "The Old Master!" she said. "Which way did Smedley go? I want a word with him."

THE home of the Lulabelle Mahaffys, whose gardens were tended by the Mexican gentleman with whom Smedley had gone to confer, stood some two hundred yards down the road from the Carmen Flores place, and it did not take Jane long to cover the distance. She had just arrived in sight of the gate when she saw Smedley come out and start walking toward her. He was whistling, and there was a jauntiness in his step which bespoke the soul at rest.

"Well, Smedley?" she said. "Did you see him?"

"Oh, hello, Jane," said Smedley. "No, he wasn't there. It's his day off. But it doesn't matter. I was just coming back to ask you to lend me that jalopy of yours. I want to go down and see those people at Colossal-Exquisite. Bless my soul," said Smedley, casting an approving glance at the blue sky, "what a glorious day."

"For you."

Smedley was not a man of quick perceptions, but even he could appreciate that this morning, which had brought such happiness to him, had been more sparing with the ecstasy as regarded others. He recalled now, what he had neglected to observe at the time of their meeting, that both his niece Kay and that young fellow Davenport had exhibited not a few signs of distress of mind when chatting with him.

"What was all that nonsense young Davenport was talking about a literary agency?" he asked. "He seemed very excited about it, but I was too busy to listen."

"Joe and I were thinking of buying one."

"You? Are you in it, too?"

"That's right. As was carefully explained to you. You're like a Wednesday-matinee audience, Smedley. You miss the finer points."

Smedley puffed remorsefully. "Well, I'm sorry, Jane."

"Don't give it a thought."

"But you can understand how I'm placed, a sensible woman like you. I can't afford to go putting up money for literary agencies."

"You prefer something safer, more conservative, like backing Broadway shows?"

"That's where the big money is," said Smedley defensively. "I shall be bringing to the business now a wealth of experience and a ripened judgment."

"Ripened judgment, did you say?" Jane said, remembering the little stinker adapted from the French on which Smedley had lost his all.

"Ripened judgment."

"I see. Ripened judgment. God bless you, Smedley," said Jane, giving him the tender look a mother gives her idiot child.

COLLIER'S — **"Well! Well! He's quite a fine fellow. About bedtime, isn't it?"** — JOHN RUGE

A klaxon tooted in their rear. If it is possible for a tooter to toot respectfully and deferentially, this tooter did. They turned, and saw approaching a natty little roadster, at whose wheel sat Phipps. It is a very impoverished butler in Beverly Hills who does not own his natty little roadster.

He drew up beside them, and Jane noted suitcases on the seat. It seemed that Phipps was flitting.

"Hello, my bright and bounding Phipps," she said. "You off?"

"Yes, madam."

"Leaving us for good?"

"Yes, madam."

"Rather sudden?"

"Yes, madam. Strictly speaking, my tenure of office should not have expired until the day after tomorrow, but I chanced to encounter Mrs. Cork not long since, and she expressed a wish that I should curtail my stay."

"She told you to get the hell out?"

"That was substantially the purport of her words, madam. Mrs. Cork seemed somewhat stirred."

"So this . . . is good-by?"

"Yes, madam."

Jane dabbed at her eyes. "Well, it's been nice seeing you."

"Thank you, madam."

"I'll say this for you, Brother Phipps, that when you're around, there's never a dull moment. We part with no hard feelings, I trust?"

"Madam?"

"About that diary."

"Oh, no, madam. None whatever."

"I'm glad you can take the big, broad view."

"I find it easier to do so, madam, because the brochure which I handed to Mr. Smedley at the conclusion of our recent conversation was not the diary of the late Miss Flores."

Smedley, who had been gazing stiffly into the middle distance, as if resolved not to show himself aware of the presence of one whom he considered, and always would consider, a viper of the first water, suddenly ceased to be aloof and detached. He transferred his gaze to the butler, and his eyes popped, as was their custom when he was deeply moved.

"What!"

"No, sir."

"What are you talking about?"

"It was a little thing I borrowed from the cook, sir."

"But it's in Spanish."

"I think you will find that it is not, sir, if you will examine it, sir."

Smedley whipped the volume from his pocket, gave it a quick glance and registered triumph. "Spanish!"

"You are mistaken, sir."

"Damn it, man, look for yourself."

Phipps took the book in his deferential way. "Yes, sir, I was wrong." He put the book in his pocket. "You are quite right, sir. Spanish. Good day, sir. Good day, madam."

He placed a shapely foot on the accelerator.

"Hey!" cried Smedley.

But there was no answer. Phipps had said his say. The car gathered speed. It turned the corner, beyond which lay the broad road leading to Beverly Hills. Like some lovely dream that vanishes at daybreak, James Phipps had gone out of their lives.

That Smedley was reluctant to see him go was manifest in his whole bearing. Breaking into a clumsy gallop, he started in pursuit. But these natty roadsters are hard to catch, particularly if you are a man of elderly middle age and sedentary habits.

Presently he came back to Jane, panting and passing a handkerchief over a streaming brow, and Jane stared at him with honest amazement.

"If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," said Jane, "I wouldn't have believed it. You *gave* it to him. You handed it to him. If you had served it up to him on an individual skewer smothered in onions, you couldn't have done more."

Smedley writhed beneath her scorn. "Well, how could I know he was going to—"

"Of course you couldn't," said Jane. "After having exactly the same thing happen yesterday with Adela, how could the thought have entered your mind? And what possible reason could you have to suspect a man like Phipps of anything in the least resembling raw work? All your dealings with him must have established him in your mind as a stainless soul and a paragon of spotless rectitude. Honestly, Smedley, you ought to be in some sort of home."

"Well, I—"

"Or married," said Jane.

SMEDLEY quivered as if the two simple words had been a couple of harpoons plunged into his shrinking flesh.

"Yes," she said, "that's what you need—marriage. You want someone to look after you and shield you from the world, and by the greatest good luck I know the very woman to do it. Smedley, I have been potty about you for twenty years, Heaven knows why—"

"Jane, please!"

"And, if you didn't suspect it, what probably misled you was the fact that until yesterday I never told my love, but let concealment like a worm i' the bud feed on my damask cheek. I pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy—"

"No, Jane, really!"

"—sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief. But now I have changed my act, and, like Adela, I intend to stand no nonsense. I cannot offer you luxury, Smedley. All I have to lay at your feet is a literary agency which Adela is backing to the tune of thirty thousand dollars."

Smedley had not supposed that anything would have had the power to divert his mind from the hideous vision of matrimony which her words had brought before his eyes, but this did.

"Adela?" he gasped. "She's given you thirty thousand dollars?"

"With a merry smile and a jolly pat on the back. And tomorrow Joe and I start for New York and get our noses down to the grindstone. It will be hard work, of course, and it would be nice to have you at our side doing your bit. For I am convinced that in a literary agency you would find your niche, Smedley. You have the presence which would impress authors. I can just see you giving them five minutes. Editors, too. That Roman-emperor deportment of yours would lay editors out cold.

"But I can see why you hesitate. You are reluctant to give up your life of luxury under Adela's roof, with yoghurt flowing like water and Adela always on hand for a stimulating chat. By the way, I wonder how you stand with Adela just now. She may be the least bit sore with you, and when Adela is sore with anybody, she shows it in her manner."

Smedley paled. "Oh, gosh!"

"You'd better marry me, Smedley."

"But, Jane—"

"I am only speaking for your own good. As I say, I cannot offer you luxury, but you'll lunch at Sardi's and see all the new shows. And you'll like being married, once you get used to it. Why, look at the men who, once they started, couldn't stop, and just went around marrying everything in sight. Look at Henry the Eighth. Look at King Solomon."

Out of the night that covered him, there shone on Smedley a faint glimmer of light. Something like hope dawned in him. He weighed what she had just said. Henry the Eighth, King Solomon—knowledgeable fellows, both of them, men whose judgment you could trust. And they liked being married, so much so that, as Jane had suggested, they made a regular hobby of it. Might it not quite easily prove, mused Smedley, that marriage was not, as it was generally called, the fate that is worse than death, but something that had its points?

Jane linked her arm in his and gave it a squeeze. "Wilt thou, Smedley," she said, "take this Jane?"

"I will," said Smedley in a firm voice.

"That's my little man," said Jane approvingly. "This afternoon we'll go out in my jalopy and start pricing ministers." THE END

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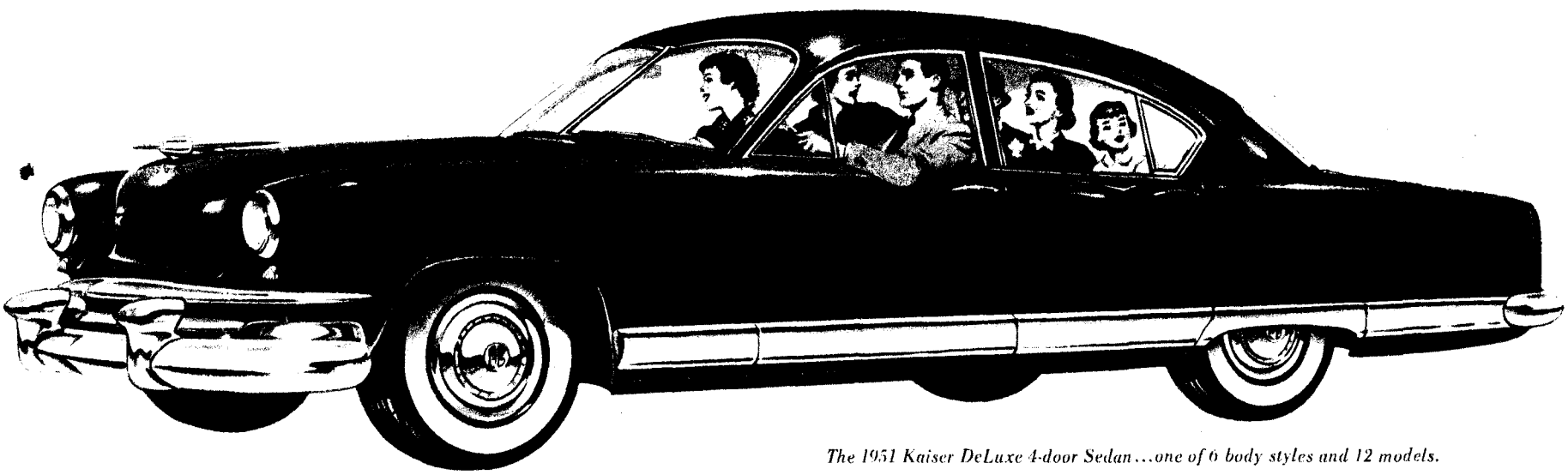

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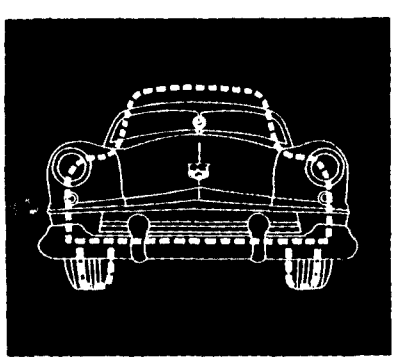

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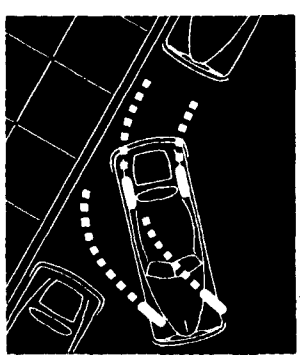

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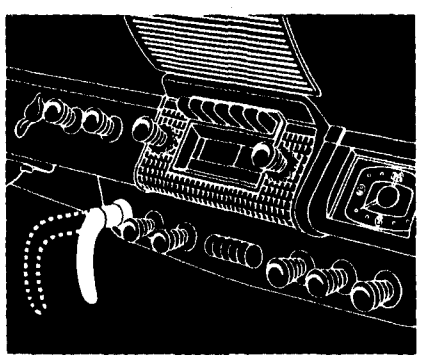

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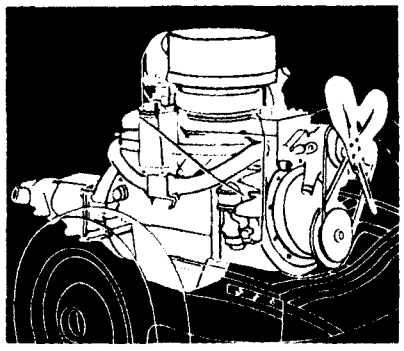

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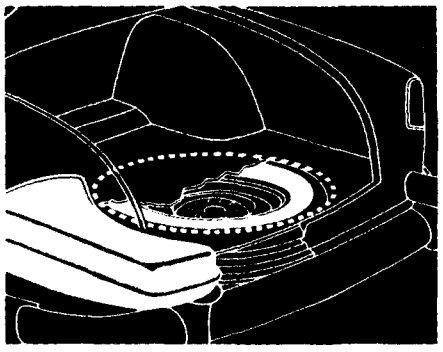

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The Magnificent Watusi

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

record, however, was the real excitement. Our warriors were *literally* frothing at the mouth with hysteria, and their formidable eight-foot spears began singing right and left through the air of that stifling, dusty village. We left the cameras turning and every one of us hit out for the jungle.

The fits that these people fall into when they are excited are peculiar and terrifying. Hour after hour they dance and shout and make mock attacks upon one another. Finally, the tension becomes so great that a terrible hysteria seizes them, and after hurling their spears they fall to the ground gasping, coughing and convulsive. Fourteen of them were seized on this occasion and it took four of their fellows to hold each of them so they couldn't injure themselves and others.

* * *

I WENT to Africa quite convinced that Africa was being held in subjection by an unregenerate Europe. I returned convinced only that my preconceived ideas were wrong. I have no solutions.

Anxious to conform to the customs and manners of my hosts I asked Rodney Chilton, my stand-in, whom I knew to be a man of intelligence and good will, just how one should deal with Africans. He had been here since 1941, when he was in the King's African Rifles. I'll never forget his advice.

"Dick," he said, "when I was first posted out here I was told to treat them just as I would a pet dog. Reward them when they are good and punish them when they are bad." Rodney brooded for a long moment, and then he added, "And the discouraging fact is, it's the best advice I ever got."

To understand this attitude, which seems almost universal among the European population, it is necessary to know something about British East Africa, and the tragic irony that forms it.

When the white man came in numbers to East Africa at the end of the last century he found it potentially fabulously rich, but sparsely populated with sick people and scrawny cattle. He set about to mitigate human misery—to break the corruption and tyranny of tribal chiefs and witch doctors, to stop tribal warfare, and to wipe out terrible plagues that ravaged the inhabitants. He forbade tribal warfare and stopped, to a great extent, tribes like the Masai from raiding and killing their neighbors.

What happened? The black people began to multiply in staggering leaps and bounds. In the hills near Machakos, for instance, an old-time planter told me that in 1908 the census showed 2,000 natives. Today in the same area live 30,000. The cattle (as well as the vast herds of zebra and antelope) thrived similarly.

The "balance of nature" was, in this case, upset as a result of the most altruistic of motives, but the consequences were nonetheless terrifying. For the land was, and is, unable to support its enormous increase in dependents. The thousands of cattle crop the grass before it has a chance even to seed. And because of the natives' "cattle complex," very little stock is ever slaughtered for human consumption. The rains seem to be decreasing, and Kenya and Tanganyika are faced with the prospect of reverting to desert. This would be irony in its most classic sense.

When the European settlers perceived the tragic problem they had created, they couldn't retrogress; they couldn't abandon the more peaceful tribes to the depredations of the Masai. They tried to educate the African out of his ancient, primitive agricultural methods, but progress was slow, if perceptible at all.

So they hit upon the idea of setting aside vast tracts of land as "native reserves" where, theoretically, no white man or Indian might own land.

At the same time they allotted certain sections to themselves and restricted ownership to Europeans on the theory that the natives would not use modern and progressive farming methods, and that if erosion were allowed to progress on even one farm, all the neighboring farms would be affected.

The result is constantly debated. The white Highlanders claim the natives ruin their areas through ignorance. Others insist that the reserves are too small to support the constantly growing numbers of natives. Some white settlers insist the blacks must be kept uneducated, that they are 2,000 years behind the whites in the evolutionary scale. The official government attitude calls for a gradual intellectual and economic development of the Africans. Extremists want to pull the tribes out of the bush whether they wish it or not.

COLLIER'S — "We're going to be married in October . . . if we're still engaged by then, of course" — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Meanwhile, the black man merely *lives* in Africa—very much as he always has; and unlike other subject peoples in the modern world he does not fight back. At least, not yet . . .

* * *

EDDIE MUTESA is the King of the Baganda. He is a king with no more nor less power than His Britannic Majesty, George VI. Eddie's father developed in Uganda a parliamentary form of government. There is a Prime Minister called the Kagwa, and a Parliament. And a palace.

To meet His Majesty I was driven to a lovely "tropical Georgian" mansion atop one of Kampala's seven hills. The guard snapped smartly to attention as we drove through the bamboo gates, and the king himself was on the steps to greet us and escort us into the charming drawing room.

Eddie Mutesa is a slight man about twenty-five, with very black skin and finely chiseled features. He speaks English softly and in the clipped accent of his alma mater, Cambridge University. He wears impeccable Bond Street clothing, with dazzling starched collars, mixes an excellent Martini, and loves Brahms and Beethoven.

Night had fallen when we left the palace and the grounds were filled with the weird cacophony of native marimbas and drums.

"The royal musicians," explained the king. "Custom decrees that they must play continually all night when the king is in residence." As a conscientious monarch, he is respectful of his nation's traditions, but something in the way he said it made me wonder if Brahms and Beethoven wouldn't have fallen more pleasantly on his ears.

I often think of the little king on the hill in Kampala, hovering in an impossible world neither black nor white. And I feel sorry for His Majesty, King Eddie Mutesa.

* * *

THE presence of the white man has a great deal to do with the African's indolence. For when he was allowed to run his own affairs, the tribesman was quite a busy fellow. There were always preparations to be made for war and for cattle stealing. There were civic discussions to be attended in the chief's hut. There were juries to serve on, and hunting to be done. All these activities have been largely taken from him by the European administration, leaving him a lot of time to sit in the shade and watch his wives work.

These millions of simple easygoing people in the heart of Africa present, of course, an utterly irresistible bait for Communists. Nairobi is one of the hottest pressure points of Communist organization in the world.

In East Africa, Communist influence is as yet negligible, but the field is very fertile. It's simple to go into a native village and promise the African that under a different set of white friends there would be no taxes, much food, much dancing, many wives and little work. The only counter that the British, Belgians or French can put forward is that the sole way he can raise his standard of living is by working harder than he ever has in his history, and by producing more than the bare minimum he consumes himself.

One of the most powerful leaders in central Africa is a fabulous black man named Joma Kenyatta. Joma started his life in the jungle, but with incredible drive he got himself to England and Cambridge University. Later, the story goes, he came to America for a time, and then spent two years studying in Moscow. Now he is back in Nairobi.

I visited a coeducational school run by Kenyatta in a native reserve about 20 miles north of Nairobi. There are some 700 pupils, ages about four to sixteen. They live in barracks and learn in open-air classrooms, each consisting of a sketchy thatched roof, a few benches and a blackboard. From the exercises that I saw (written in English), it would seem that Joma's curriculum now concentrates not on political theory, but on the three R's—with a little global geography thrown in.

The colonial governments believe that at his present stage the African can make the greatest progress by preserving, though modifying, his ancient tribal structure. The Communists want passionately to detribalize. In Joma's school, where several Kenya tribes are represented, tribal ways are preserved only as cultural relics, not as a body of tradition on which to base political, economic or moral attitudes.

On a hill on Joma's campus is slowly rising a large stone building which will be the future home of the Kenya Teachers College. It is being built by volunteer labor and volunteer contributions—a shilling or two a month from ambitious tribesmen all over Kenya. The brick-by-brick progress must at times be almost imperceptible. But Kenyatta has the patience of his race. And, in the meantime, pupils are graduating every year to go forth into bush and jungle to establish wherever they can new schools modeled after their alma mater.

* * *

SAM SLATTER, a district police chief, agreed to take me back some 55 miles into the Wakamba reserve to interview Malaku, the most powerful witch doctor in the district. Slatter, who is one of the most famous policemen in East Africa, really likes Africans, understands them, and is kind to them.

On the way to the witch doctor's *boma*, over the roughest road in all Kenya and through lands wickedly lacerated by erosion, Sam told me something of the witchcraft that is so deeply embedded in the African structure. It seems that casting evil spells on people occupies only a small part of the witch doctor's time. His duties include making cattle-stealing parties invisible, making villages safe from robbers, advising the chief on the location of sacred groves (which are scattered, miraculously green, throughout this denuded reserve), and divining the most propitious time for the initiation of young warriors as well as for both the male and the female ceremonies of virtue.

To learn to do all these things takes a lifetime of study, so the witch-doctoring profession is a hereditary one. The old man starts to hand his lore on to his oldest son as soon as the youngster can say the ancestral equivalent of "abracadabra." And since a fee is charged for each incantation or divination, any boy who is lucky enough to be born into a witchcraft family can look forward to inheriting a lucrative business.

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In Kenya recently some of the young men who had returned from the army openly began doubting the power of witchcraft. One by one, they were found mysteriously dead, horribly slashed for their impiety—as though by the offended Powers. Slatter brought a whole group of witch doctors to trial and proved that, fearful of the spread of such heresy, they themselves had murdered the freethinking youths. Out of deference to African feelings they were not hanged, however, but banished to a certain village where the police can keep an eye on them. They are still doing a profitable business.

Malaku's *boma* is on top of a wind-swept hill. While it is larger than most, it resembles thousands of others in that it is merely a circle of thorn bushes surrounding a few native huts, with cows, chickens, goats, women and children living contentedly side by side. Malaku himself, however, has a tin-and-plaster house with a padlock on the door, for he has much magical paraphernalia that must be safeguarded.

This powerful African, I was disappointed to see, is a rather unremarkable-looking man, dressed that day, despite his wealth, in old slacks, blue shirt and new tennis shoes. He and Sam, old "friends," greeted each other guardedly. Yes, he would be quite willing to show me his magic things.

The tools of the trade which holds millions of Africans in subjection are not very impressive. Malaku's women brought a tin of black "medicine" that looked like gunpowder, some water, three kernels of corn, three nondescript stones, and an iron stake with a hole in it. His apprentice son was entrusted to fetch the magical *kisabu* from the locked house.

This *kisabu*, holiest of holies, is an odd stone with a declivity in it to receive the "medicine." It is bound into the grotesque, hand-shaped crotch of a bush. (Malaku's son, anxious to display his learning, assured us that this stone was older than the world itself.) These objects were all deposited at the base of an ancient Muaa tree, charred from hundreds of former incantations. When the kernels and stones were placed in a careful pattern, the water and medicine mixed, poured into the *kisabu*, and lighted, we were ready for magic.

With Sam interpreting, I asked Malaku some questions.

"Who gives the *kisabu* its powers? Is it a devil or a god?"

"No one knows. It is very, very old."

"What if someone stole the *kisabu?*"

"No one would dare steal it. No one would even think of stealing it."

"Then why do you lock it up in your tin-and-plaster house?"

No answer.

"How much to cast a spell to make people invisible?"

"One goat."

"How much to cast a spell to kill a man?"

"One shilling." (Sam chuckled. "Obvious nonsense. He knows I forbid those spells so he's trying to confuse me.")

"When you make cattle-stealing parties invisible does it always work?"

"No. Sometimes another tribe pays their witch doctor more to take my spell off. Then he uses more powerful medicine. It is my tribe's fault when they are seen, because they have not paid me enough."

"For a shilling will you cast a spell on me?"

"A little one."

"What?"

"I will make you safe on your journey back to Machakos."

It was dark as we drove home, wrapped in our magical safety.

* * *

A VISIT to the Belgian Congo was the climax of our African adventure. Sir H. Rider Haggard, who wrote King Solomon's Mines in 1885, had lived a short time in South Africa, but he had never visited the central part of the vast continent where the action of the story takes place. But even from 2,000 miles away he had heard the myth of a royal and mysterious people—a race of kings, all of them over seven feet tall—who lived somewhere in the heart of Africa. It was these people, whose existence has been proved since Haggard's time, that we were determined to visit and use in the climax of our film.

The minute you set foot in the Belgian Congo you realize the difference between English and Continental ideas of colonization. As our car drove us from the airstrip at Astrida to the hotel of Monsieur Faucon, the natives snapped to attention and saluted or removed their hats. The Belgians, who took the territory from the Germans after the first World War, have very little truck with the "hold in trust" theory. They are in the Congo as conquerors—benevolent, yes, but conquerors nonetheless—and frank capitalists.

Under this system the Africans are regarded realistically as a valuable labor force for the mines and plantations. As such, it is only good business to keep them happy, healthy and well fed. Public clinics and Catholic mission schools are everywhere, and the church, the government and industry work hand in hand to render all manner of services to the natives. Under this system, too, we saw very little of the Kenya white-settler attitude that the African is 2,000 years behind in the evolutionary scale. In the Congo, for economic reasons, the African is encouraged to increase his technical skill.

Coming from the dollar-hungry sterling areas where we had been working, the plethora of goods in the Congo was astounding—including new American automobiles and cigarettes, plus good Scotch whisky. The explanation for all the dollar goods is simple: The Congo sells us uranium.

The one native people in the Congo who have yielded not an inch to their white overlords are the fabled, seven-foot Watusi. And the Belgians admire them for it just as the Kenyans are proud of their recalcitrant Masai. The Watusi are probably the most unlikely, the most remarkable, the most worthless, and the most interesting people on earth. How or when they got to the middle of Africa, no one can say. They are not Bantu at all, but a Nilotic people with the almond eyes and finely chiseled features that one sees carved on ancient Egyptian tombs. The Watusi are a race of Pharaohs; they have never done any work, and they never will.

Apparently when they first entered their present home they subdued the original inhabitants, a black tribe called the Buhutus, and made them slaves. The Buhutus still serve their gigantic masters—though officially, of course, they are no longer slaves. Watusi women, who are strikingly beautiful, are carried through the village streets in litters borne by four sweating Buhutus. Watusi men are constantly followed by a pair of Buhutus, and as they stroll majestically through the streets they have only to hold out a languid hand to have a pipe, already lighted, placed in it.

The present king of the Watusi keeps a herd of cattle that are as remarkable and useless as his people. They are magnificent beasts with gigantic horns spreading sometimes as much as 14 feet. These cattle are treated very much like a top-notch royal regiment. They are festooned and decorated with all sorts of ornaments, their hoofs are polished, and their udders are painted white. A troop of Buhutus tends this herd night and day, holding succulent grasses up to beasts too lazy or too proud to bend their heads. They clean them constantly.

The Watusi scorn learning Swahili. Their own language is as obscure as the tribe's origin, and is difficult even for the government officials who were helping us. When our director wanted to communicate with a Watusi actor, he gave his instructions in English. This was translated into French for our Belgian assistant, who translated it into Swahili for the native interpreter who in turn translated it into Watusi. If the original direction had by that time become somewhat garbled (as was usually the case), the question the Watusi asked about it had to go all the way back down the same tortuous line. No wonder we didn't get home for Christmas.

Strangely enough, this indolent people have the finest folk art we saw in Africa. The palace that the royal architect designed for our use (and, needless to say, which the Buhutus built) was a truly lovely thing, created solely from wattle poles and exquisitely plaited bamboo shoots.

Watusi dancing, singing and drum music are superb. But, of course, the Watusi do not dance or sing themselves. The Buhutus do it for them. The king's dancers, whom we used in the film, executed the most exciting choreography I have ever seen, to the accompaniment of those huge throaty drums that seem to hit you in the pit of the stomach.

One of their dances was a colossal suite that took 45 minutes to perform. It was in eight acts, between each of which the dancers rested for two or three minutes. Some of the acts were chanted and seemed to be telling a definite story, while others looked like the wildest improvisation. But we were told that actually the design of the whole suite is carefully fixed by tradition. Through it all, the leading dancers never varied their strange, seraphic smiles, symbolizing their masters' royal contempt for death.

We never could have made use of this fascinating motion-picture material in Watusiland had it not been for Monsieur George Sandrart, the Belgian Resident of this country. In 25 years' service, Monsieur Sandrart has been constantly fascinated by the Watusi, and saddened and worried by their gradual abandonment of their traditional ways. They have fallen in love, for instance, with tennis shoes and berets and pull-over sweaters. They wear their traditional magnificent raiment now only on state occasions.

Monsieur Sandrart had been impressed and reassured by our preoccupation with authenticity and accuracy. He had assisted at long conversations between us and the two oldest living Watusi, in which their memories of the former unspoiled days were probed for data. Monsieur Sandrart came to the decision that, despite political intrigue in both the Congo and Brussels over our proposed visit, he himself was going to make it possible for us to make a historical record of his beloved Watusi. Exhibiting an independence of his home government that had been born during the war years, when no orders emanated from occupied Brussels, he calmly set about clearing the way for us.

Monsieur Sandrart was probably the only man in the world who could persuade the Watusi to take up a trade, even so glamorous a trade as movie acting. He was certainly the only man who could persuade them to get up in the morning, to come over to the king's palace, to discard their beloved pull-overs and berets and tennis shoes, and to do the inexplicable things these strange Americans wanted them to do.

We could find no way to make them understand that it was a movie we were making to tell a story—play-acting, pretending just for fun. And then Bundy Martin made a discovery. It was near Christmas in devoutly Catholic Watusiland, and one day he noticed that in the mission at Kigale the ingenious white fathers had told the entire Christmas story in miniature tabloids as though the whole miracle had occurred deep in the heart of the jungle. King Herod was a splendiferous Watusi chief, and the manger was a round, plaited-reed house in the middle of a banana plantation.

Why not, it occurred to Bundy, tell the story of King Solomon's Mines in the same mission-play terms? He tried it on our Watusi, taking all of one afternoon. They became enchanted with the story, they loved the hero and they hated the evil ones. They couldn't wait to learn how it came out. We had no further trouble persuading the Watusi to act.

Whatever else happens, if King Solomon's Mines is ever released in Watusiland it is going to be a big hit. THE END

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Great Heart of Cat Island

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

beautiful Catholic church which he named after two saints—Peter and Paul—and endowed with three towers instead of two.

The Great Heart of the Bahamas was born in 1877 in Richmond, England, a suburb of the city of London. He was the son of a well-to-do British lawyer and the grandson of a noted British brewer; so young John Hawes led the normal middle-class boyhood of England's lush Victorian period. He went to preparatory school in Brighton, and rode horses and sailed boats with his small contemporaries. And then he attended fashionable King's School in Canterbury, where he won prizes in drawing and history, struggled through mathematics and Latin, and played cricket and football.

When he was sixteen years old, John's father asked him, "Have you thought of what profession you want to enter?" and when the youngster shrugged his shoulders and looked blank, the father, in the traditional manner of Victorian parents, said, "All right, then. You're going to be an architect." So young John was "articled" to a firm of architects called Edmiston & Gabriel. This meant that his father paid the firm £100, in return for which the Messrs. Edmiston & Gabriel allowed the boy to work for them as an apprentice for five years—at no salary.

This Apprentice Had Ideas

Ordinarily, such apprentices labored as office boys for the five-year period, contributing nothing to the company. But young John Hawes's case was startlingly different. In a year, he was turning out building designs that were making money for the firm. Soon he was winning prizes at the Royal Institute of Architects and at the Architectural Association—whose night schools he attended; and when he left the firm at the age of twenty-one, he was becoming known throughout the profession for his daring and revolutionary ideas.

In the ornate Victorian period, he was a believer in simplicity and functionalism, and he almost could be considered a forerunner of the great architects of today's modern school.

One of his early designs, for instance, was a seaside cottage at the town of Bognor in West Sussex. Here, the twenty-one-year-old Hawes had the problem of giving his client a view of the sea despite the fact that there was a row of houses in between sea and client. He promptly built the man a plain, rectangular four-story tower, with a completely glassed-in studio on the top floor. This was almost unheard-of in those days, and architectural critics came rushing out to see it. One London architectural journal ran a full-length article on "Hawes's White Tower," and soon similar white towers were springing up on the south coast—to the enrichment of the Hawes pocketbook.

Other British and French architectural journals kept featuring designs and sketches by the brilliant young prodigy; and then, when he was twenty-two, he attained a success rarely achieved by men three times that age.

One of his models was accepted by the Royal Academy—to be shown in the annual exhibition of world-famous paintings! This design was for a church in the North of England—and it discarded all the elaborate Gothic and Byzantine styling prevalent in that day. Instead, Hawes's church was of simple lines with roughhewn native stone walls, to blend in with the rugged countryside. The church was to be built on several levels to follow the natural contour of the hill—and again Hawes stirred up a controversy. He had no windows at all on the north side! This was to keep out the cold wintry blasts. On the south, however, he used oversized windows to let in the warm rays of the sun.

Not only did this design attract wide acclaim, but young Hawes immediately was signed up by Anglican Bishop Hornby to construct an exact duplicate at Gunnerton in Northumberland—England's Far North. The only difference from the original model is that Hawes put in frosted instead of transparent glass. "I took one look at the rushing mountain torrent and the lovely ravine below," he says, "and I realized that the beauty would be too much of a distraction for even the most devout worshipers." The church, St. Christopher's, still is pointed out to visitors to Gunnerton.

At this point, just as young Hawes seemed on the verge of establishing a prosperous career in architecture, he gave it all up and became a clergyman. One afternoon in 1900, Hawes simply threw his T squares off the drafting table and rushed off to volunteer to become an Anglican missionary in Zanzibar. The doctors turned him down

Father Jerome and model of St. Augustine Abbey Church, Nassau

because of an underdeveloped chest, so he went to Lincoln Theological College instead and emerged two years later as a deacon in the Church of England. A year later he became an ordained minister and was assigned to be curate of a slum parish in London. He thought his architectural days were over.

And for a while he seemed to be right. The sensitive and intense young man was deeply troubled. After three years of labor among the poor people of his parish, he discovered that he could find solace only in reading Paul Sabatier's Life of St. Francis of Assisi, and in 1907, he literally set out to emulate the good man's life. He put on his oldest clothes and walked about England barefoot for three months in the dead of winter—living as a tramp. He slept in haystacks and hallways: once he was arrested for begging. He served several terms in the workhouse; and he suffered terribly from hunger and cold.

However, when it was over, he felt spiritually uplifted; and he agreed to build a monastery for a group of young rebel Anglicans living as Benedictine monks on Caldy Island off the coast of Wales. After that he settled down again as an assistant parish priest on the Isle of Man, and then in the city of Birmingham.

But, in 1908, Hawes received a cable—and before he knew it, he was up to his neck in architecture again. The cable was from his old friend, Bishop Hornby, for whom he had built the prize-winning church in Northumberland. Hornby at the time was bishop of the Bahamas, and he wrote: "Worst hurricane in years has destroyed nearly all of our churches on Long Island.

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Would you come and rebuild them? Surely it is a God-given opportunity for you." Hawes sailed for the Bahamas on the next ship—to become rector of St. Paul's at Clarencetown.

His debut as a minister in the Bahamas was an auspicious one. He was touring the islands in the bishop's yacht, when he was asked to preach a guest sermon at Harbour Island. He looked down from the pulpit and saw all the white people sitting in the front of the church and the Negroes sitting in the back, and he asked: "Why do you do this—when God created all men equal?" As Father Jerome recalls it today, "The congregation nearly fainted with shock, and I was rushed out of the church as quickly as possible."

Durable Old Stone Buildings

In walking around Nassau, Hawes noticed only two structures that had not suffered damage from hurricanes, fires or termites—the three principal scourges of the islands. The fortunate buildings were the city's ancient citadels—Fort Montagu and Fort Charlotte—which had been put together out of living rock in the eighteenth century, with stone floors, three-foot-thick stone walls, and arched stone roofs. "If these are the only buildings that can withstand the elements here," he decided, "I am going to build my churches the same way."

And so Hawes introduced a completely new concept of building to the islands by going back to the medieval method of placing stone upon stone and erecting ancient Roman arches for stone roofs.

The wisdom of Hawes's method was proved later when the Royal Bank of Canada put up a modern reinforced concrete building in Nassau. The hot sun soon cracked the concrete, letting in the tropical moisture to rust the steel reinforcements inside, and the building had to be torn down in less than 10 years. Hawes's St. Paul's Church, on the other hand, still is as sturdy and as beautiful as the day it was dedicated.

The dedication of St. Paul's and three other Hawes-built Anglican churches in the Bahamas took place in 1911. Just before the ceremonies, Hawes felt the old troubled spirit stirring within him again. This was in spite of the fact that he was having a wonderful time riding horses, charting the islands in his sailboat, Hispaniola, and digging up archaeological treasures on San Salvador, Columbus' first disembarkation point in the New World. He went back to reading the Life of St. Francis, and then, the very day of the dedication, he made a momentous decision. He felt that he had to pattern his life after St. Francis, but that he couldn't do it in the Church of England. He decided he would have to become a Catholic and enter the Order of St. Francis.

When he told Bishop Hornby, that kindly gentleman didn't attempt to dissuade him. He just said, "Let's take a walk in the garden." Then he said, "I'll pay your salary until you are actually accepted into the Catholic Church." Hawes wept as he thanked the bishop. He left the island for the United States as soon as the dedication ceremonies were over.

Hawes became a Catholic at Graymoor-on-Hudson in New York on March 12, 1911. Then came two years of further troubled wandering, while bishops all over the world vied to get the famous convert into their dioceses. One day, remembering how his roving as a tramp had soothed his spirit, he took off on an immigrant ship for Canada. His money ran out in Calgary, Alberta, just as he saw a sign reading "Mule Drivers Wanted for Canadian Pacific Construction Project at Crow's Nest Pass." Since he was an expert horseman, he got the job.

After six months of this, he felt better again. He started to work his way back to England; one of the jobs he held down was as a cow hand on a cattle train. He stopped in England, briefly, then went to the Beda College in Rome, where he received three years of special instruction as a Catholic priest. Upon completion of his studies, with a choice of dozens of parishes all over the world, he chose the roughest—42,000 square miles of arid bush and desert in western Australia, where a gold rush had brought an influx of thousands of Catholic Irishmen. He spent 24 years as a priest in Australia, and these were among the most interesting of his life.

A New Mexico bishop once described his parish to Hawes as being so large that it took him three hours on the mail train to pass through it from one end to the other. To which Hawes replied, "That's nothing, m'lord. If I were to get on the mail train in my parish at 6:00 A.M., I would *still* be in the parish when the sun went down that night." He rode the huge 90-ton camel wagons carrying wool from the sheep ranches, and he helped bring law and order to the toughest gold-mining camps in history.

Hawes became most noted in Australia for his work during the deadly flu epidemics that followed World War I. When the disease broke out in camps of aborigines in his parish, they were quarantined and no one would bring them food. They faced starvation, until Hawes undertook to ride out to their camps with supplies twice a day.

Once, he arrived at a white men's mining town and no one came out to take his horse. He soon discovered that a half-caste ranch hand had become ill with the flu, then had gone mad and shot himself. The entire town was cowering behind shuttered windows while the disease-ridden body lay untended in the street.

Hawes found a cart and fearlessly drove up to the body. He lifted the corpse into the cart and drove to the outskirts of town, where he dug a grave himself and buried the man. Then he returned to the town and burned the ranch hand's tent and belongings. The government later credited him with saving the entire town. Miraculously, Hawes did this time and time again through the epidemic without ever once catching the disease.

Hawes's headquarters in western Australia was the town of Mullewa. When he arrived, the diocese was very poor and his church consisted of a wretched tin building. He fretted over this for a while. Then he decided he had to have a decent church—and he was back in the architecture business *again*. He borrowed five bags of lime and began to dig the foundations. By noon, 12 Irishmen on a railroad section gang had spotted him and came over to help. He had plenty of voluntary labor after that and the church cost practically nothing, since it was built—like all his works—out of native stone.

This church is called Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and Herbert Eales, when he was president of the Royal Institute of West Australia Architects, described it as "one of the most beautiful buildings I have ever seen."

This was the beginning of Hawes's undoing in Australia. The local bishop, perceiving that he had returned to architectural pursuits, immediately gave him a number of assignments. Before he was finished, Hawes had constructed a magnificent new domed cathedral in the city of Geraldton, plus a dozen other buildings, including two colleges and the great Tardon Agricultural School for British immigrants. The site for this agricultural school had to be hacked out of the wild bush, and Hawes built a dam to insure a water supply for the institution. He also is credited with introducing the California mission style of architecture to Australia. As a reward for all these achievements, he was made a monsignor in 1936.

His Last Australian Project

Hawes last great work in Australia was his best, but it almost cost him his life. The building is famous Nazareth House, a great hospital built at the seaside in Geraldton. It is a huge quadrangular structure which also includes an old-peoples home and an orphanage for British children whose parents were killed in World War II. While the planning and construction were going on, Hawes also was serving as priest in four towns and thousands of square miles of bush—and in his "spare" time he was breeding some of the finest horses and fox terriers in the country.

Suddenly all this activity caught up with him and he collapsed. It was a heart attack. His doctor told him that if he didn't slow down he was going to die. Then, as Hawes puts it, "I lay in my bed and I realized that I hadn't had time to say my prayers and prepare for my death. In the middle of a psalm I would come to, thinking of a flying buttress. So I knew again that I would have to return to the simple Franciscan life and spend my remaining few days in meditation and prayer."

And that's how the handsome, erudite Monsignor Hawes became bearded, lonely Father Jerome (the name given to him by the Franciscans) trudging barefoot in his gray habit about remote Cat Island. He de-

COLLIER'S "After working my way through college as a waiter, I discovered it was the only thing I could do well" FRANK ELKIN

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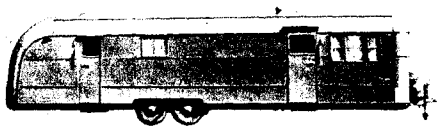

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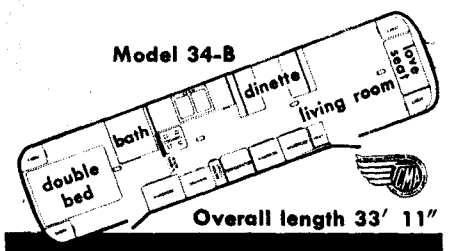

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cided that the Bahamas were the most beautiful place he had ever been in, and that's where he wanted to die. So he set sail for the British West Indies in May, 1939, and settled on his isolated hilltop, which he spotted from the mail boat soon after he returned to the islands. He bought the hilltop from the descendants of the slaveowners who used to own the plantations on this once prosperous island. He named the hilltop Mount Alvernia, after the hill in Tuscany where St. Francis received the wounds of the Cross.

At first, Father Jerome lived in a cave, which had been a pirates' den, then a refuge for runaway slaves, and finally a shelter for the natives' goats to protect them from wild dogs. After six weeks he was driven out by the land crabs and the rats, and he lived in a shack until he had finished erecting his tiny stone hermitage.

A Debate with Conscience

The first Sunday he said Mass in the miniature one-man chapel, he looked up and saw two native children standing outside and praying along with him. The following week, a dozen other natives climbed the mountain to pray. And soon there were so many worshipers that there was no room on the hilltop for them. Finally, one of the natives said to the priest, "Father, will you build us a church? We have nothing but shacks here for our houses of worship." For a while, Father Jerome debated with himself as to whether his duty was to assure himself a place in heaven, or to help a miserable people in great need. The people won.

Today, Father Jerome has worked out a neat balance between his responsibilities as a hermit and as a humanitarian. From Monday through Friday, he meditates on the hill, and on week ends he works in the villages.

Every few months, too, he boards the mail boat to go to Nassau for a few weeks of consultation and planning of new church buildings for the diocese. Catholics in the Bahamas number only 10,000 among a predominantly Protestant population of 75,000; and since there are few white people in this total, the diocese is a poor one. When you ask Father Bonaventure Hansen how he succeeded in getting Father Jerome out of retirement again, the acting bishop says, "He recognized our need, the same as he recognized the need of the people on Cat Island. Besides, he is like a great musician. He keeps retiring, but when he sees a piano, he has to sit down and play."

Father Jerome explains it another way. "If I meditate too long without working," he says, "I dwell too much on my infirmities—and I get sick."

He built a convent at Nassau and the Peter and Paul Church at Clarencetown. At Bimini, he designed a church roofed with conch shells set in cement, and at Old Bight on Cat Island he had to resort to one with a thatched roof, because, he said, "I'm getting too old to stand on ladders and handle heavy stones." He has drawn plans for a majestic new St. Francis Xavier Cathedral to command the entrance to the harbor at Nassau; and he almost has convinced the Knights of Columbus in the United States that they should finance a church he has designed for the exact spot on San Salvador where his archaeological research indicates that Christopher Columbus made his first landing.

This has been a sore point with him for years, because in 1891 the old Chicago Herald erected a monument on the north shore of the island at the point where *they* thought Columbus first stepped ashore. Father Jerome snorts whenever this is mentioned. "Landing point, indeed!" he says. "Why, any fool can see that not even a *rowboat* could get through the reefs on that north shore!"

One of the most striking of his current projects is St. Augustine's Abbey on Fox Hill outside of Nassau. The abbey compound eventually will include a monastery, a convent, a college, a technical school, a guesthouse and a church—all in California Mission style. Thus far, only the monastery and the college are built and the church is under construction—but already tourists in Nassau are flocking to see it. Many are attracted by the novelty of watching medieval construction going on in the twentieth century.

COLLIER'S — **"So *this* is Camp Obbewaha! You sure sold my folks a bill of goods"** — BARNEY TOBEY

Father Jerome uses no steel or lumber or cement block in his construction. He breaks open the side of a nearby hill, and quarries the natural coral rock directly at the site of the church. He builds massive three-foot walls of great chunks of rock and mortar, with air spaces in between to allow for expansion of the rock in the hot tropical sun. He covers the rough exterior of the walls with mortar to provide a smooth surface. He builds each arch in the roof over a tall wooden form on wheels, which can be lowered and rolled onto the next vault as soon as the arch is finished. There is nothing to rot or rust away, and even the drainpipes are carved out of the stone and mortar.

The cost of this type of construction is incredibly low. The only outlay is for mortar and lime, and for labor, most of which is voluntary; yet, as Prior Frederick of the monastery says, "This building will be standing long after New York skyscrapers have crumbled away."

Father Jerome's hermitage on Cat Island was built the same way. It consists of a seven-by-five-foot cell, an eight-by-five-foot chapel, a seven-by-five-foot guest cell, and a 12-foot-high bell tower. The ceiling is so low that I had to duck my head when I entered. As Father Jerome said, "You can see it is not a vast edifice." The only furniture in the cell is a stool and a writing desk, which is built into the wide sill of the single window. On the floor, in the space below the desk, is Father Jerome's bed. It consists of a plank covered with a straw mat. There are books scattered about the cell, among them a life of Henry VIII, plus odd cans of Ovaltine, peanut butter, stomach powders and turpentine for painting.

The chapel contains a tiny altar and a single pew; while the guest cell has plastered walls, a hardwood floor, a cot, a flit gun and a Christmas card tacked to the wall, reading: "Bishop Donahue wishes you every grace and blessing during this holy and joyful season. 1948." Bishop Donahue, auxiliary archbishop of New York, occupied this cell for one night during the summer of 1944. "Poor man," says Father Jerome. "The wind was blowing in the wrong direction that night and he almost stifled."

Outside the hermitage, Father Jerome has a sundial, which he does not trust completely. "I have my watch and alarm clock along just to be sure," he says. He has built a stone reservoir on the top of the hill to trap the rainwater into a 900-gallon cistern; but the rest of the hilltop is a beautiful garden with breath-taking views of the ocean on both sides.

It is from this setting that Father Jerome cribs on his meditation time to turn out a tremendous amount of creative work. He has written many published poems here, and he does a good many of the oil paintings, wood carvings and sculptures that have gone into the churches of the diocese. He also draws covers for the local church magazines, and he has penned cartoons and essays that have a genuine George Bernard Shaw flavor.

In one cartoon, after a visiting dignitary complained to him about the lack of plumbing facilities in his hermitage, he drew "Suggested Equipment for Visiting Dignitaries," which was a long line of trailers marked "kitchen," "cinema," etc., with a privy on wheels at the end.

In his published diary, he gives recipes: "To my dish of boiled rice or Indian corn, I add a sauce made with red peppers, tomatoes, shallots or onions out of my garden, chopped up small and fried in cottonseed oil"; philosophy: "I hear people are bemoaning the high cost of footgear and are restricted to a few pairs. The hermit has his footgear perpetually being resoled and reheeled by nature and needs no new ones"; and whimsy: "My beard I regard not so much as an escape from shaving, but as a penance. How anyone could grow a beard from preference, I cannot imagine."

His published diary has the following descriptive passage: "The hermitage burial crypt is a natural cave extending some 30 feet below the chapel. It is low, and the rocky floor uneven. I have seen snakes slither out; tarantulas and uncanny scrabbling crabs, red and black, that sidle along waving huge pairs of pincers. A hermit, to be a proper hermit, must sometimes sleep in his grave. I sleep there occasionally, as on Ash Wednesday night. I keep the lamp by my side, to keep these other creatures away."

Contrasted with this is Father Jerome's evident and complete worldliness: He used the grave to store lumber while the hermitage was being built. He avidly reads the newspapers when they come in on the mail boat, and he authoritatively discusses current events. He says, "It's a priest's business to pray, but he can't do it properly unless he knows what he's praying for—or against."

It is this worldliness, combined with his spiritual qualities, that makes him so beloved of the people of Cat Island. He not only understands their souls, but also the economic factors that make them so incredibly poor; the collapse of the island's agricultural economy after the abolition of slavery in 1838, and England's inability or unwillingness to do anything about it, in this least-important corner of the British Empire.

The people think of him as a Biblical character sent to help them. Some even think that he can work miracles.

Diary Describes a Drought

One of the reasons for this might be found in the following entry from his diary:

"At the present time there has been a very long drought. It has not rained for months and the islands' water resources are almost entirely depleted. My supply of water in my cistern is down to a few inches, but the people are far worse off, and many of them are in a state verging on destitution.

"Just after noon today, up the hill come two girls carrying big pails of water on their heads—about two gallons each—all the rough, rocky, narrow bush-track from the village, a mile and a half in the scorching sun. Their mothers have heard the priest's water has gone bone-dry. I tell the girls to let the rest of the people know that I still have a little water, and not to bring any more water up—that they need every drop for themselves. But the next morning, up come more people with pails on their heads.

"It is a cloudless day, and stifling hot. But suddenly a long black cloud forms quickly overhead and, soon after, down comes a heavy shower of rain. The next morning, the cistern holds two feet of water. Two weeks more, there are 900 gallons in it. The village wells are running over."

When I returned to New York, I pondered for a long time over the significance of Father Jerome's story. I wondered what the most important achievement was in the amazingly varied life of this great man. Finally, I discussed it with my colleague, Gordon Manning, a Catholic—and Manning almost immediately came up with the answer. He said, "On a small island, Father Jerome has accomplished what the world still is striving for—the way to peace through charity and kindliness." THE END

Next Week

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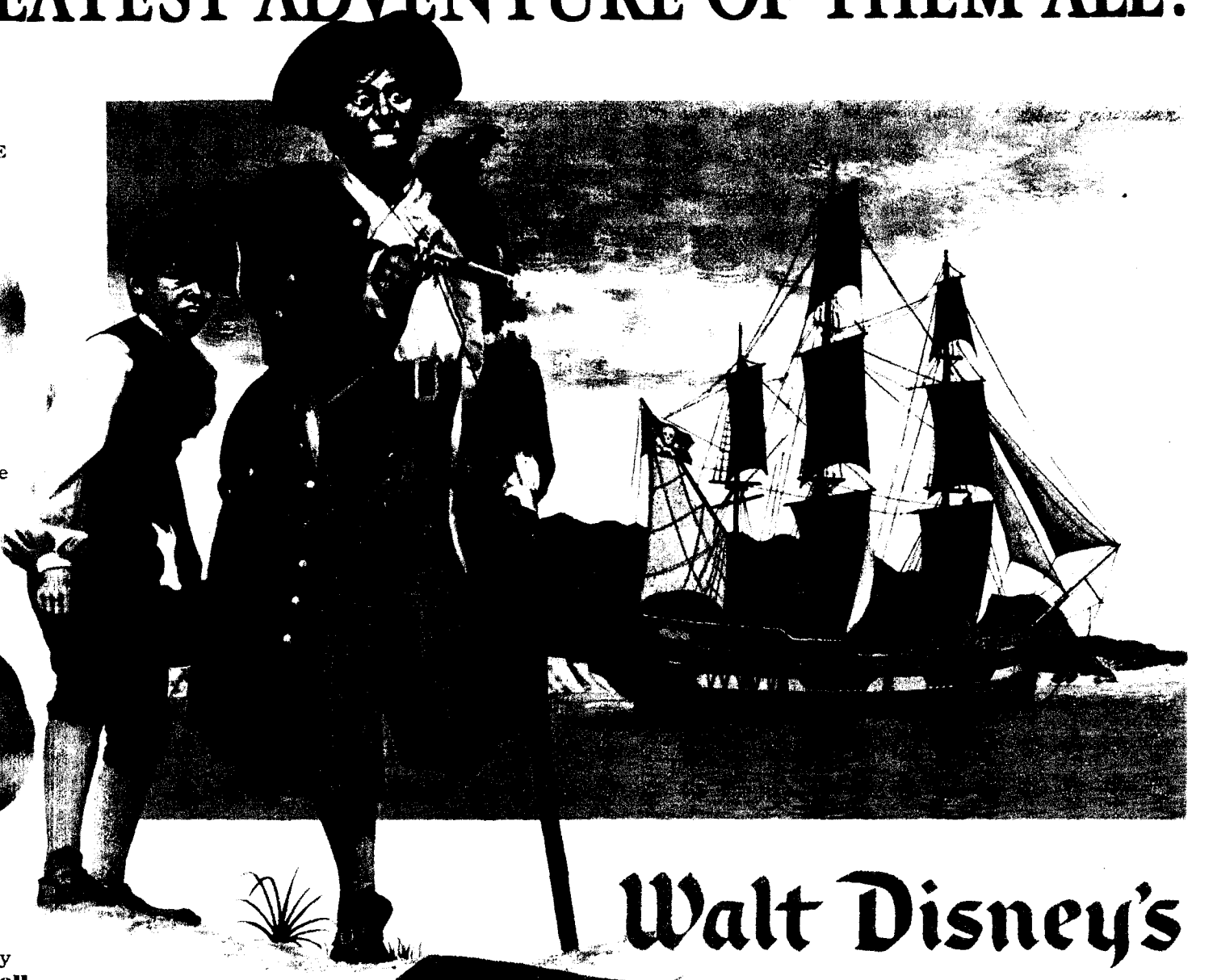

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Substitute

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

canyons of the town, people were still ebbing and flowing through the streets, but Harry Mallon and his wife slept. . . .

Four blocks away, Eddie Landrum stepped out of an elevator and went past rows of shadowed desks to the lighted oasis of the sports department. Sitting down, he began to punch diligently at a typewriter.

You buy and sell, he punched out in a metallic clatter, *and when you own a baseball club you are always in danger of buying a pig in a poke. Last night the few scattered patrons who wandered into Forrester Field by mistake saw the latest in a series of inspired bad bargains by the Crestwood Panthers.*

Harry Mallon, who used to pitch for the Detroit Tigers (must have been during the Spanish-American War), came in during the closing innings and served up a nothing ball to Walt Sibbi, who promptly parked it. In Mallon, the town was promised at least the remnants of a big-leaguer, but judging by what he showed last night the guy ain't even a batting practice hurler. Enrique Sautto, the Cuban terror, finally got the fire out but . . .

So wrote Eddie Landrum. This was for the column, slugged *Sportingly Yours* and by-lined, so he frowned and concentrated hard. Eddie was beginning to feel his stature, for he had sold a humorous article on Sautto to a national magazine and was working on the local competition for the Golden Gloves. After he had done a second draft of the column, the plump reporter walked over to the copy desk.

Mack Lawlor, the night city editor, read the column and sucked lightly through his teeth. Mack was a gnomish, disinterested man. He reread the column and glanced up at Landrum.

"Why so rough?" he asked mildly. "It was the guy's first start here."

"He's a bum," said the sports writer.

Lawlor stared up at him for a few seconds. He started to ask if the sports reporter had ever played on a baseball team, anywhere, but didn't do it. Instead he passed the column and tossed it into the basket. Landrum walked out. In an hour, Lawlor sent out for coffee, and the whole building vibrated slightly as the morning run began. Four blocks away, Harry Mallon and his wife slept on.

DURING the next two weeks, Mallon pitched in relief four times. He got credit for one win, after a ninth-inning rally by the Panthers, but the other three times he was knocked out. When he was not at the ball park, he and Carol looked the town over. It was her idea, and puzzled him a little, since she had never shown such tourist inclinations before. It was a pretty little town, and several times as they rode along the shaded streets, looking out of the bus window, she remarked that it would be nice to live in a place where there was no winter. Harry would nod absent-mindedly, because he was worried about his job.

At the end of his fourth week with the club, they played a Saturday-afternoon double-header against the league leaders. Harry was sitting before his locker, bent over, when Dutch Lundigan stopped in back of him.

"Got a minute, Harry?" he asked.

"Sure mike." Mallon got up, and clattering on his spikes, followed the chunky little man into the office. Lundigan did not sit down, just stood back of the desk.

"If Dingle weakens, I'm going to use you in this first game," he said.

"Swell." Harry pulled at his belt and waited.

"If you can't hold up," continued Dutch, "we're letting you go."

Mallon didn't say anything, just stood with his head lowered, and the manager went on hurriedly.

"—Hate to do it, Harry, but you know how it is on these farm clubs. Got a kid coming up from the New Mexico League, and—"

"Okay," Mallon said, and he went back through the clubhouse. He paced out on the field and went through his warmup while the stands filled. It was a nice day, sunny and warm, and in ten minutes his uniform was staining with sweat, even though he was not bearing down. Sweeping through his motion, he threw the fast one to Schulte and it hopped a little. The squatting catcher said, "Hey, hey!" and grinned at him. If I can't do it today, thought Mallon, wiping beads of moisture from his forehead, I never will be able to.

Jerry Dingle, the starting pitcher, got through five innings. In the top half of the sixth, Dunn booted an easy roller, and the second baseman relayed a double-play throw into the boxes, and Dingle went up like a kite. Mallon walked down to warm up again.

He had thrown a dozen pitches when he heard an angry roar, and turned to see that Dingle had walked a man. Bearing down harder, Harry waited for the call, but Dutch kept Dingle in until he had a two-nothing count on the batter. Then the manager waved, and Schulte pocketed the ball.

"All yours, Harry," he announced, and Mallon turned and went toward the mound. He pitched with enormous concentration, and the batter grounded to short. The next man took two curve balls for called strikes, and then lifted a high pop fly to the first baseman. That brought a roar of approval from the crowd, and Harry tipped his cap and faced the plate again.

He threw a ball, a hopper that just missed the corner. It was a close call, and the partisans in the boxes let out a roar of protest. The third-base runner was cavorting madly up and down the line, trying to draw a throw, but Harry wheeled and threw ball two, inside. Hogan came out then, shucking his mask, and told him not to give the guy anything low. Mallon wiped his damp sleeve across his forehead and nodded.

Rocking on the slab, he poured the ball in, high and inside. The batter lashed at it, and the ball skittered down the third-base line into left field. Two runners came across while Mallon watched the dugout anxiously. He broke a tremendous curve into the next batter, and followed it with a knuckler that danced over the outside corner. Settling his shoulders, he turned his bent head slightly, then back, and threw another hook.

The batter caught it breaking, and there was that same sharp crack. The drive dropped into right field, rolled to the fence, and two more runs came in. Harry sighed and folded his glove. When Dutch came out of the dugout, Harry nodded and started off the mound. It seemed a long way to the gate, and the scattered booing in the stands didn't help. Up in the press box, Eddie Landrum typed a few lines rapidly, a pleased look on his plump face.

THE clubhouse was empty. Harry sat down on a bench and lighted a cigarette. His eyes slitted against the plume of smoke, he removed his shoes and damp socks and regarded his bare feet thoughtfully. It seemed hard to believe. While he was showering, he thought of all the clubs he had been on: they stretched all the way from an Arkansas town team to the Tigers. Seventeen years of it, even in Panama and Venezuela . . . When he was in his street clothes, he shoved his cleated shoes and gloves into the canvas bag, and walked out of the clubhouse.

Henry, the head groundskeeper, was lolling outside on the heavy tarpaulin. "Through early, Mistuh Mallon," he called out genially.

"Yeah," said Harry. "Sure am, Henry." Then he walked under the cool stands and out to the bus stop. While he was waiting, he heard several roars from the ball park. Feeling edgy, he crossed to the little liquor store and got a quart of bonded bourbon. He shoved it in the bag that held the tools of his trade and rode to town in silence, a quiet, tanned man with his felt hat too straight over his eyes.

He didn't want to face Carol; that was the main thing. So he got off the bus and walked along until he came to the Turf Grill. It looked reasonable, not too hoity-toity or too crummy, so he went inside. Going to a back booth, he sat down and ordered a setup. The slatternly waitress nodded and shuffled off. When she came back, she spilled part of the ginger ale, scribbled a check, said, "Don't put the bottle on the table, sport," and drifted off to charm someone else.

Harry poured a good shot and covered it with an inch of ginger ale. For an hour, he sat drinking slowly, and the bourbon flowed like warmth in the pit of his stomach. He was thinking of how much money they had in the bank, and how long it would last, and what they would do when it was gone.

Finally he put the bottle back in the bag and got up. The cashier, a neat man with scar tissue over both eyes, rang up his sale and asked him if everything was okay.

"Sure," said Harry. "They wait on you here like one hog waits on another."

The cashier paused, and geniality drained off his face. Harry stood waiting, thinking if the guy moved around the register he was going to swing and then knee. But the cashier only grunted and dropped his change on the counter. A nickel fell on edge and rolled off on the floor. Ignoring it, Harry gathered up the other coins and walked outside. He went to the hotel reluctantly. When he got there, the room was empty.

Putting the bottle on the bureau, he looked around. All their personal stuff was gone—everything. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he ran his fingers through his thinning hair and tried to figure it out. Maybe she heard it on the radio; maybe she knew I was washed up, and took a powder. But that idea was too painful to think about. Still, the cheap room was absolutely empty, except for the furniture.

Frowning, he got up to get the bottle and that was when he saw the note tucked in the side of the mirror. It was only two scribbled lines, from Carol, and said that she had found a new place and he was to come right out. The address was 4726 Weston Road.

Relief hit him first, and then anger. He shoved the note in his pocket and grabbed the bottle and bag. At the desk, the porter told him Mrs. Mallon had paid the bill. He got a cab and on the way out to the Weston Road address, he had another touch of the bourbon.

IT WAS a new development. Hundreds of houses stood in it, freshly painted, and more new ones were going up. Number 4726 was next to the corner, a green cottage with a picture window and a connected garage. That will be convenient, Harry thought, in case I ever have a car. The yard was plowed up, but no grass had been planted, and there were no shades or blinds on the windows. The place smelled of paint and cedar. There was no rug on the living-room floor, and the only furniture was a new chair and sofa. A kid was sitting in the middle of the sofa.

"Mrs. Mallon here?" Harry asked, from the doorway, and the kid looked up.

"Yes, sir. She's in the back."

Harry grunted and put the bag down on the bare floor. This may not be the ugliest kid in the world, he thought, but he could certainly put up a spirited battle for second place. The gangling boy had a mop of uncombed red hair, jug-shaped ears, and freckles the size of grapes. He wore faded blue dungarees that were too tight and a yellow sweater that was torn at both elbows.

"You—unh—live here?" Mallon asked, and the boy stared in surprise.

"No, sir. Mrs. Mallon had me come over and help her unpack, and then she let me look at this." The boy nodded at the book he was holding. Walking over, Harry saw that it was his scrapbook, the black volume with the broken binding. Standing

BUTCH

"Want your alarm set for an hour later? You'll probably need a little extra sleep after all this hub-bub"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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there, at right angles to the boy, he saw the subhead on a pasted clipping—*Mallon Three-Hits Bosox*. That was another log on the fire, so he leaned down and took the book out of the boy's hands.

"Okay, Red," he said curtly. "You better beat it."

"Yes, sir." The boy got up and went out the front doorway like something fired from a cannon. Harry heard tapping sounds so he went back toward them, carrying the bottle. Carol was in the kitchen standing on a wooden crate and driving nails in the wall. She looked around, said "Hi," and turned again, her face twisted in concentration.

Harry found a glass and washed it under the tap. "What's the deal?" he asked casually. "You rent the joint?"

"No," she answered. "I bought it."

"Well"—he poured a drink and added water—"you better unbuy it. I got canned this afternoon."

CAROL drove another nail, and then another. She's going to hit her finger in a minute, he thought. Doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference about the house. Maybe take a little loss, but down here you can always sell a house. The drink tasted good, and he lifted his head.

"Was that supposed to be a human being in the front room?" he asked, his voice edged with anger. "Be better if we figured out what we're going to do before we start having company. I ain't got a job any more, and—"

"Where is he?"

"I run him off." Harry lifted the glass again, but he never got it to his mouth. Carol came off the crate and slapped it out of his hand. Eyes blazing, she slapped him twice across the face, once with the palm and once backhanded. They were meaty blows that drove him backward.

"Now, baby—" he said.

"Don't baby me!" She was so mad she was tiptoeing with fury. "You pitched your seventeen years, you got a little money in the bank, you even shut the Yankees out one time. What more can a sharecropper do?"

"I didn't expect—"

"So you drop down a league or two every year, and then you haven't got anything. You shouldn't have. You were a good pitcher, and you threw it hard as you could until it wasn't there any more."

Harry started to say something, but she told him to shut up, and went on crowding him into the corner.

"And I had to watch it. Why do you think I quit going to baseball games? You were through two years ago in Mobile. Now they tap you out and you blubber like a slob and pick up a load before you come home. Well, I've had enough, hardhead. I went to bat for you as long as you had a chance. But now I quit!"

My God, she looks beautiful, he thought, rubbing his cheek; she looks about eighteen years old. Fury had tightened her up and put a flush in her cheeks. When she started out of the kitchen, he grabbed her by both arms. She pivoted fiercely and kicked him in the shins, and he swore and turned her around.

"Take it easy, champ," he said hurriedly. "It's a nice house. Relax. I'm sorry. Only don't walk out, because I need you, and I'm a slob like you say but I'm sorry."

She relaxed slowly. She stepped away from him and patted her hair, but her glance was still hostile. "You better find that boy and apologize," she said coldly.

"Okay, okay. Where do I find him?"

"Two blocks down the road, on the right-hand corner. His name is James Emerson."

Harry turned and went toward the front door. He didn't have to go the full two blocks, because the redheaded kid was sitting on a stack of lumber staring at the road. Harry climbed up beside him.

"Look, kid, I'm sorry. How's about coming on back to the house? You got me jammed up with Mrs. Mallon."

The boy poked at a knothole. "Don't reckon I want to go anyplace I ain't wanted," he said, in a treble tone of great dignity.

"Yeah, I know." Mallon lighted a cigarette and sucked on it deeply. "No question about it, I gave you the bum's rush. But I had something on my mind. Now why not give me a break?"

"Well . . ." The boy's thin wrists protruded from the sleeves of the sweater; he had big hands. "Just that if I don't," he said defiantly, "I won't have anyplace to eat. Mrs. Mallon came to the home and asked them if I could eat dinner at her house, and they said all right, but—"

"The home?" Harry looked up and followed the boy's finger. A huge building of faded red brick took up most of the next block. "Look, Jimmy," Mallon said earnestly, "I'm sorry. Let's walk on back, huh?"

"Well—all right." They climbed off the lumber stack and went back down the sidewalk. Mallon noticed the boy's hands again; they were big and square-fingered. In the living room, he got the scrapbook and sat back down on the sofa. Turning the pages, he pointed out the stories and sketched in the background stuff—like Hubbell's square pants, and Dizzy's clowning. The boy moved closer until he was right over the book, and that's the way they were when Carol walked in.

"You might have time to throw a few before dinner," she announced, and went back into the kitchen. Harry got the gloves out of his bag, and the boy followed him to the back yard. Through the open kitchen window, Carol heard Harry ask what the boy liked to play. Jimmy said pitcher, so they began. The ball went thudding back and forth, and Harry let out a yelp of delighted surprise. He walked over under the window and told Carol that the kid had a natural submarine motion, just like Ad Liska. She nodded, and the ball began to thud back and forth again.

Well, I made it, she thought, pushing the hair back from her damp forehead and turning the steaks. One of her hands dropped and she patted the letter in her apron pocket. The letter was from Bob Darritt, of the Tigers' farm system. In a friendly, kidding way, it asked how Harry was doing in the sticks, and if he would be interested in scouting the section for Detroit. Not much money, but it was something permanent, and Darritt said he would jack the ante up as fast as the front office would stand for it.

She gave the letter another pat, as though she were afraid it might vanish. That stupid oaf, she thought—to think I would buy a house when we were nearly out of a job. Doesn't he think that I can read a box score, after all these years?

OUTSIDE, in the gathering dusk, Harry let out a roar and told the boy to lay off the dinky hook until he was ordered to throw it. Jimmy laughed, and Carol smiled and flipped the kitchen light on. After she had called them inside, and sent Jimmy to wash up, she poured a bottle of beer for Harry and turned to watch the steaks. He sat in the corner and talked at her back.

"Got the best natural delivery I ever saw—about a three-quarter motion, underhanded, and it really takes off."

"You think he might make a pitcher?" She was attentive to the stove; it was a very casual remark.

Mallon belched slightly and regarded his beer with a judicial air. "Could be," he said. "If somebody kept him from throwing those dinkies too soon and wised him up."

Carol nodded and handed him the letter. Turning, she inspected the steaks carefully. Behind her, he sighed and the precious piece of paper crackled in his fingers. Later on, she thought, I'll tell him how I picked the boy out of a sand-lot game over at the home. But not right now; one shock at a time. Later on, he'll come pussyfooting around, very serious, and ask if maybe we couldn't adopt the monster.

"You know," said Harry Mallon, teetering in his chair, "this ain't a bad little joint."

Smiling slightly, she began to put the dinner on the table. THE END

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MAC SHEPARD

SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

IF YOU'RE UNDER FORTY-FIVE, chances are you never heard of an obsolete American institution which was called—at least in this department's section of the country—a "cozy corner." So we'd better begin by explaining that it was a pipe dream of interior decoration which blossomed in one corner of a good many living rooms back in the nineteen-aughts.

Its motif was heavily Near Eastern. Standard equipment included some imitation Persian draperies supported at the corners by spears, a Turkish rug and taboret, a divan with too many cushions, and a fancy lantern with a colored glass chimney. In the plushier models, papier-mâché shields and horses' tails were pinned to the draperies, and an Oriental water pipe stood on the inlaid surface of the taboret. They all added up to what, so help us, was considered a thing of beauty and a mark of elegance.

We've been thinking about cozy corners recently, after many happy years of forgetfulness, and television is responsible. For video sets are exerting a gravitational pull on most of the furniture and all of the inhabitants of today's living room, and the resulting concentration has revived memories of a far-off time. This tendency toward bilious retrospect was heightened by a piece we read in the Wall Street Journal.

The story dealt with television's impact on the furniture market. It's been quite an impact. TV viewing apparently requires an entirely different type of settin' equipment. As a result, folks are buying furniture like mad and Grand Rapids hasn't been so happy since the overstuffed davenport was invented.

But all this new video-type furniture isn't really new at all. Most of the pieces are reproductions of things that were common when a cylinder phonograph was the hottest gadget for home entertainment. For instance, the hassock has reappeared in the parlor. So have swivel chairs, and furniture with casters. Likewise the folding deck chair (early Cunard period).

We've been wondering, with an occasional shudder, what the living-and-looking room is going to be like with all these revivals of vintage equipment. And having wondered, we're going to venture a couple of predictions.

Take hassocks. We foresee some enterprising manufacturer bringing out a hassock in the shape of Gorgeous George, couchant. This could be sat on during the quieter programs and grappled with when the rassling matches come on.

A California hobbyhorse company is promoting its product as the ideal perch for younger members of the family while watching Westerns. That will never do. If an epidemic of domestic crises is to be avoided, somebody will have to come out with hobbyhorses in adult sizes.

For those TV addicts who can't bear to take time out for meals there is now a tray that snaps onto your chair. This, we predict, will shortly be replaced by an upholstered version of the one-arm lunchroom seat.

Even the nation's taste in antiques may be altered by television. We expect to see a lot of stiff, straight-backed colonial furniture banished to the attic, where it will be exchanged for a golden oak piece, dating from the McKinley administration, which both swivels and rolls.

Maybe our predictions are all wrong. But even the present state of affairs makes it seem that one furniture maker was putting it mildly when he said that television had revolutionized the American living room. And it looks from here as if it will be up to the furniture people themselves to save us from a return to the cozy corner as a by-product of video. It may take some doing, but we believe that when the showdown comes, they'll have the good taste and good sense to keep television from revolutionizing us right back into the cluttered era of beaded portieres, Morris chairs and fringed leather sofa cushions with pictures of feathered Indians on the front.

Undercover Survey

A FEW WEEKS AGO we started putting together a little dossier on pajama wearing, and we have now collected a store of information that is almost as intimate and statistical as the Kinsey Report. We have facts and figures from both the pajama industry and the government. And the knowledge we've gained while assembling them has turned out to be quite a social asset.

We find that we can perk up almost any dinner-table conversation with a few remarks like these: Did you know that 98.5 per cent of American wives prefer to have their husbands hit the sack in pajamas? Or: It might surprise you to know that, in France, three out of four men wear only the tops of their pajamas.

The richest lode we've tapped to date is the section marked Pajamas in a Department of Agriculture pamphlet called Men's Preference Among Selected Clothing Items. This document, apparently, is the result of a $100,000 government survey which Senator Styles Bridges recently cited. Quotes from it are practically guaranteed to hold any company enthralled.

Would you ever have guessed that rich men have more pairs of pajamas than poor men? Or that pajamas are worn more in cold climates than in warm? Or that the more education a man has the more likely he is to sleep in the nightwear under discussion? Seems amazing, but that's what the book says. Nor is that all. It also reveals that about half the pajama wearers buy 'em themselves, while a third leave the selection to their wives.

This last item caused us a little embarrassment the other night. One of our mathematical-minded friends wanted to know, "Who buys the pajamas for the other one sixth? Do their girl friends pick out their nighties for them? Or are they maybe smuggled in by the Communist underground?"

The book didn't say. So we guess we'll have to write to Washington and find out. And while we're at it, there's another question bothering us which the Agriculture Department might be able to answer: What the hell business does the government have spending 100,000 of its citizens' dollars to find out what the male taxpayer wears to bed?

The more we think about it the more we feel that when bureaucracy invades the bedroom, it's carrying Peeping Tom-foolery a little too far.

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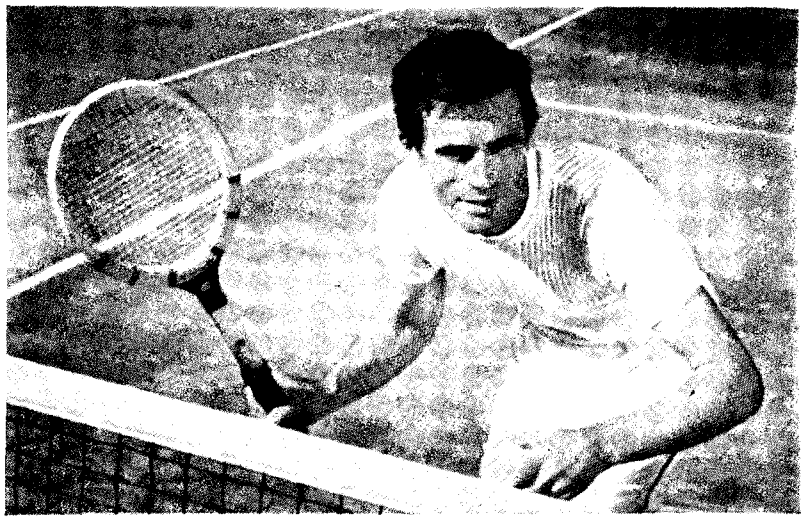

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